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THE

HAPPY HOME,

AND

PARLOR MAGAZINE.

REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER, EDITOR.

VOLUME IX.

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Errata

Charles E. Davis, Jr.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PROSE.

	PAGE		PAGE
Family Scenes of the Bible—		Blanche,	197
The Fatherless and Motherless One,	12	My two Vacations,	198
Death of a Parent,	87	What shall be done with the Boys,	246
The great Sacrifice,	163	The Lessons of the Street,	258
Brothers at Variance,	239	Katherine Howard, fifth Queen to Henry	
Parental Indulgence,	315	VIII.	263
Parental Partiality,	391	Ministering Angels,	267
Faults of Accident and Intention,	21	Patience,	270
Duty of Daughters,	23	The Bible, and the Spirit of our Age,	272
Physical Education; Laws of Health,	25, 101, 253	The Words we Speak,	275
&c.,		The Lesson of Sorrow,	277
The Education of English Girls,	28, 107, 185, 329	Household Consecration and the Mis-	
Self-denial for Childrens' Sake,	31	sionary Work,	325
Arthur Graham; or, The Unloved Home,	33	Lessons on the Downward Course of Sin,	331
Anne of Cleves, fourth Queen to Henry		Spending Money,	335
VIII.	43	Filial Obedience of Christ,	337
Hints for Husbands,	46, 127	How Old art Thou,	341
Dew Drops of Wisdom,	93	The double Vow of Amendment,	343
The first Lump of Sugar,	95	Amusements,	352
Encouragement to Praying Mothers,	98	Darkness before the Dawn,	357
Self-help,	104	Courtesy and Charity,	362
Home,	105	Showing off Children,	399
Disagreeable Duties,	109	How a Mother can Bless her Children,	401
The Cæcque's Noble Daughter,	111	Gumption,	405
Parental Severity,	114	Indulgent Parents,	406
Busy-bodies,	115	Nervous Women,	407
Ramble in Judea,	121	An Appeal to Young Men,	411
This Side and That,	132	Obligations of Women to the Christian	
A Good Start,	170	Religion,	416
What shall I Play,	172	Young Lucy and Old Elsie,	418
The Downward Tendency of Sin,	174, 256	Katharine Parr, sixth Queen to Henry	
Little Charlie,	177	VIII.	480
The Rod as a Medicine,	183	Unwritten Music,	435
Walks about Zion,	187, 284, 347	Death of a Village Pastor	439
Evenings at Home and Abroad,	192		

POETRY.

New Year's Address,	11	A Ray of Light,	252
Orphans,	20	Thou hast Woven the Spell,	262
The Lambs of Jesus,	32	Sorrow,	271
Thou hast Woven the Spell,	45	Reminiscence,	274
Good Heart and Willing Hand,	50	Parental Indulgence,	324
The Death of a Parent,	94	Life,	330
The Empty Cradle,	97	The Sabbath Bells,	328
The Light of Home,	100	"Tis the Fashion,"	333
The Stormy Petrel,	119	The Pilgrim and his Staff,	340
The Sabbath School,	126	The Joy of doing Good,	356
My Early Home,	134	The Voyage of Life,	361
The Martyr Sacrifice,	169	Family Music,	368
He Doeth all Things Well,	176	Parental Partiality,	398
To a Young Friend gathering Flowers,	192	Bereaved,	404
Life Sculpture,	196	Spring,	414
Brothers at Variance,	245	Wilt Thou not Pray for Me,	338
Death,	251		

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Ichneumon,	51	"In a Minute,"	227
Jemmy Button,	52	Temperance Alphabet,	229
How James got Hooked,	52	Tobacco Money,	230
Charlie's Wish,	53	Swarm of Bees,	230
"I'm afraid I told a Lie,"	54	The Urus,	287
How he got a Place,	55	Infants Sabbath School; Festival at the	
Boasting,	55	West,	288
A Sabbath School Boy's Reply,	56	A Hymn for the Little Ones at Home,	291
A Mother's Gift to her Son,	57	"Monkey Shines,"	291
A True Hero,	57	Good for Nothing,	292
The Warning Bell,	58	The Jackall,	369
The Reason Why,	58	An Old Story,	370
The Rhinoceros,	135	A noble little Temperance Girl,	371
The Children under the Wood,	136	The Hornet's Nest,	371
Mr. Clay to the Boys,	139	The Tree that never Fades,	372
Little Rain Drops,	140	Four little Children,	372
You can Never Rub it Out,	140	The Sable,	441
The Zebra,	224	"By Jingo,"	442
Good for Evil,	225	Chuck full of the Bible,	443
How the little Girl lost the Ride,	226	The Little Pet,	444
Who is the Coward,	227	A Tale of a Mouse,	445

PLATES, CUTS AND MUSIC.

The Crowning of Esther,	2	Flower Plate,	235
Mock Orange,	3	Spring is Coming,	237
Winter,	5	Urus,	287
Death of Jacob,	82	Eli and his Sons,	310
Tea China Rose,	83	Dahlia Perfection,	311
The Wife's Song,	85	Oh! I will Love Thee,	313
The Rhinoceros,	135	The Jackall,	369
Murder of Innocents,	158	Jacob's Partiality,	385
Flower Plate,	159	Fruit,	386
The Wife to her Husband,	161	Mutual Hearts,	388
The Zebra,	224	The Sable,	441
The Meeting of Esau and Jacob,	234		

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS,	59, 141, 208, 373, 446
EDITORIAL GLEANINGS,	64, 146, 212, 293, 380, 459

WINTER.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY J. W. T.

p

1. When Jan - u - a - ry's cold winds sweep the
2. Who yearns not gifts of char - i - - ty to
3. Sure I will run, nor fear the win - try

moor, And croak - ing ra - vens
bring? From whose heart goes the
wind, And to the nee - dy

WINTER, Concluded.

seek the shelt'ring wood ; O, who does not
fer - vent prayer not up, That God will make
poor some boun - ty bear ; As God's own stew -

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

pi - ty then the shiver - ing poor, And
the wid - ow's lone heart sing, And
ard : and with cheer - ful mind Com -

The second system of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

Ritard.
yearn to give them rai - - ment, fire and food ?
fill with joy the friend - less Or - phan's cup ?
mend them to the Lord, who an - swers prayer.

The third and final system of the musical score. It begins with the instruction "Ritard." above the vocal staff. The system concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

THE HAPPY HOME'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

EDITORIAL.

ALL hail to my patrons! A Happy New Year,
With "shots in the locker," and much of good cheer;
Like tides of the sea, flow blessings you need,
But not like the tides, may they never recede;
From the birth of the year till it dies in December,
May your good things be great, to make you remember
How life runs along like a stream in the vale,
With blossoms of beauty, deep crimson and pale,
Peeping out from the grass, green, waving and bright,
And sending up fragrance to answer the light.
Yes! a year of blest hours and moments be thine,
To gladden your hearts like the fruit of the vine;
No trials to sadden a scene of the year,
To sever a tie, or elicit a tear.

To aid you a little, I'll come to your door,
Twelve times in the year, no less and no more,
And speak to you all in the language of truth,
From the gray-headed sire to the light-hearted youth.
Both maidens and matrons, the young men and old,
Good mothers who smile, and bad mothers who scold,
Wise fathers who rule, and poor fathers who don't,
And the girls and the boys who utter "*I won't*,"
And the girls and the boys who are wiser than they,
And their dear, loving parents ever obey,
With others who mix in the circle of home,
And some who go forth to traffic and roam,
Shall find on my pages a word for them all,
As oft as I come to make them a call.

So to scatter your path with roses I'll try,
And leave the sharp thorns to wither and die;
And through the fleet months of the swift-rolling year,
With logic and sense try to make it appear,
That my presence, within your dwellings so fair,
Is needed, of course, to fill up your share
Of comfort and joy, of virtue and peace,
Of which I will promise to give you a lease.

If I fail in my logic to make it appear
 That you need me to read through the whole of the year,
 And you turn me away with an answering "No,"
 'Cut my acquaintance,' and tell me to "go,"
 Why, then I shall take it with a crest-fallen look,
 Return to the shelf, and die like a book.

And now, with a word I'll go on my way,
 Rejoicing I hope, as some people say;
 Whether life is an age, or only a span,
 I must hie to my work and do what I can.
 May the good Lord smile on your shadowy way,
 And measure his grace to gladden your day,
 And fit you to live on the gifts of his love;
 As heirs of his bliss in mansions above:
 O, then, you will ripen for peace in the skies,
 As other years come and this year dies,
 And leave, at the close of a life full of care,
 A happy home here for a better one there.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XIII.

THE FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS ONE.

EDITORIAL.

THE engraving does not indicate that the loneliness and sorrows of orphanage were ever experienced by her who is receiving the royal crown. But the ways of Providence are often mysterious and wonderful. We look with amazement upon the strange vicissitudes through which some persons pass, emerging from each successive one brighter and brighter, and finally attaining an eminence with which their early condition and prospects present a striking contrast. God leads them in an unexpected way, and every step bears them onward and upward. Such was the life of *ESTHER*, whose early years were saddened by the death of both her parents. This severe affliction of itself is quite sufficient to invest her history with thrilling interest. An orphan's lot, especially if the orphan be a girl, always appeals

* Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

more or less forcibly to human hearts. It awakens deep and tender sympathy in behalf of her who is left so solitary and forlorn in this world of trial and temptation. The prayers of the good attend her, and even the kind wishes of the sinful, as she goes forth alone and single-handed to meet the ills of life. Death has not only smitten down her parents, but also deprived her of a home. She may have a residence with some kind friends, to whom she is endeared by strong ties of affection, and from whom she receives every kind attention possible; and yet such a home is not a home, because it is unblest with a parent's love. She can say with the "Orphan Ballad-singers," in the beautiful poem by Miss Landor :

"We have no home—we have no friends;
They said our home no more was ours,
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had fill'd with flowers;
The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.

"We wander'd forth 'mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er,
The songs we used at home to sing,
Alas, we have a home no more!"

"How sad it always is to me to look upon a motherless babe!" said a lady, with the tears falling down her cheeks, as she sat holding an infant, whose mother was borne to the grave a few days before. "Sad, indeed!" replied another—a response that comes from almost every heart. There are few whose hearts are untouched by this spectacle of real life. All are ready to adopt the language of another, "What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single sentence—no mother? We must go far down the hard, rough paths of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—*no mother*—without a struggle and a tear. . . . Deal gently with the child!

Let not the cup of her sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathising coldness. Is she heedless of her doing? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, O remember, 'She has no mother!' When her young companions are gay and joyous, does she sit in sorrowing? Does she pass with a downcast eye and languid step, when you would fain witness the gushing and overflowing gladness of youth? Chide her not, for she is motherless; and the great sorrow comes down upon her soul like an incubus. Can you gain her confidence? Can you win her love? Come, then, to the motherless, with the boon of your tenderest care; and by the memory of your own mother, already, perhaps, passed away, by the fulness of your own remembered sorrow, by the possibility that your own child may yet be motherless, contribute as far as you may to relieve the loss of that fair, frail child, who is written, 'Motherless.'"

But the affliction of Esther was greater than this, for she was both fatherless and motherless. The record is, "And he brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle's daughter; for she had neither father nor mother, and the maid was fair and beautiful, whom Mordecai, when her father and mother were dead, took for his own daughter." She was probably left poor and homeless, and hence obliged to depend upon the kindness of her relatives. She was transferred to his abode in Shushan, where she evidently enjoyed every attention that could be bestowed upon an orphan. We do not learn how old she was when this great change occurred, but she was probably quite young. She had scarcely bloomed into womanhood when she was exalted to the throne of Persia, so that she must have been a mere girl when her parents died.

She lived with Mordecai in a humble way until a singular providence called her into notice. Ahasuerus, king of Persia, became exasperated with Vashti, his queen, because she refused to enter his presence when he commanded, and consequently he put her away, and made arrangements to have the fairest maidens of the land selected, and brought into his presence, that he might choose one from the number to fill the place of Vashti. Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, "Let there be fair young virgins sought for the king, and

let the king appoint officers in all the provinces of his kingdom, that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto Shushan, the palace, to the house of the women, unto the custody of Hegai, the king's chamberlain, keeper of the women; and let things for purification be given them; and let the maiden which pleaseth the king be queen instead of Vashti. And the thing pleased the king; and he did so."

Among the maidens who appeared competitors for the king's regard was Esther. She was distinguished for her grace and beauty, and her modesty and goodness were equal to her personal charms. Probably she would have shrunk from such an experiment if she had been left entirely to her own choice. But Mordecai regarded her a worthy competitor for such a place, and had strong faith that she would bear away the palm. He therefore advised her (as we judge from the way the narrative runs) to cast in her lot with the rest. Many a looker-on might have laughed at his 'folly,' as they would call it, and wondered that one so poor and lowly could expect his adopted daughter would be exalted to a throne. But the hand of God was in it; and the young and beautiful Esther was destined to be a queen.

"So Esther was taken unto king Ahasuerus, into his house royal, in the tenth month, which is the month Tebeth, in the seventh year of his reign. And the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti." Now her condition and prospects are widely different from what they were when she shed the first bitter tears upon the graves of her beloved parents. The sorrowing little girl, going home with her uncle to reside, perhaps weeping and almost heart-broken, bears little resemblance to the happy, joyous, lovely queen in the picture. And it is worth while to inquire how an orphan girl was qualified for such a place. It is generally conceded that parentless children who go astray are more excusable than erring ones whose parents still survive to counsel and guide them. It is not so surprising that, inexperienced as they are, they should make shipwreck of their hopes when death deprives them of their natural guardians and counsellors. They

are but lambs, and left without a shepherd, are exposed to ravening wolves that prowl about their paths. When we see one of these young wayfarers caught in the meshes of the law for some offence, and are told 'he is an orphan,' his crime lessens in our view. Our sympathies are stirred in his behalf, and we feel that his punishment ought to be mitigated to some extent. The judge partakes of this feeling, and the jury sympathise with it. It is said that the history of many abandoned females is briefly this—"Their parents died, and left them homeless. They went forth to seek a livelihood among strangers, and they fell victims to artful seducers." Not long ago a young woman was found intoxicated in the streets of Boston. She was taken up by the police, and conveyed to the watchhouse. Her countenance and whole appearance indicated the lowest degradation. Her face was bloated and scathed with strong drink. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her hair dishevelled and matted. Her clothes were exceedingly soiled and torn, and her feet almost bare. And yet the traces of former intelligence and beauty could be seen. When the spell of intoxication had passed away, and inquiries were made concerning her life, the beginning of her sad tale was, "My parents died when I was a child." Ah, yes! This is the commencement of many a dark and fearful life, fraught with disappointment, sin, and woe. She wept, and turned away from their graves to earn her daily bread. She came to the city for work, but sought in vain. She felt lonely and sad, and yet there were none to whom she could tell her tale of sorrow. Her grief increased, and soon was changed to agony. She became desperate, and sought to bury her sufferings in the intoxicating cup. The orphan was lost in the drunkard.

If we turn to the statistics of our houses of Refuge and Reform Schools, we learn that a large proportion of the inmates are orphans. Hence, reports by the trustees of these benevolent institutions class "early orphanage" among the prominent causes of crime. The inspectors of prisons in the State of New York, reported that of 732 convicts, about 400 of them lost one or both their parents before sixteen years of age. The inspector of prisons in England, for the year 1845, reported that out of 70 boys and girls under 18 years of age, 50 had lost one or both

of their parents. Similar statements are made by other inspectors of prisons in this and other countries, showing that orphans are far more likely to be ruined than the children of living parents.

But in Esther we have an orphan who never swerved from the path of rectitude, and whose character would vie in worth and loveliness with those of the most highly favored daughters. Without enjoying any marked advantages for becoming distinguished for genuine excellence, she, nevertheless, won an enviable reputation in this regard. And now, returning to our former inquiry respecting the manner of her becoming qualified to occupy a post of honor and distinction, we say, *that her sincere and devoted piety was the secret of her remarkable success.* Without this she might have proved ungrateful to her uncle for his kindness, and given her young heart to the vain and empty things of the world. This served to modify her views of earthly possessions, and caused her to see and feel that there is something higher and better for which to live, than her own personal enjoyment, and imparted to her behavior a chastened modesty which is the charm of the female sex. When she became competitor for the favor of Ahasuerus, she asked not, as others did, for special and splendid decorations, to set off her personal attractions; but she presented herself before him with "nothing but what Hegai, the king's chamberlain, the keeper of the women, appointed." The same pleasing demeanor characterized her on this memorable occasion, for which she was so well known and beloved elsewhere. Subsequently, when her own people were doomed to cruel massacre by the wicked Haman, and she was besought to enter the king's presence unbidden to sue for their lives, she did not undertake the hazardous experiment in her own strength, but she required the Jewish people to fast and pray for three successive days, while she and her maidens did the same. Her counsel was, "Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day. I also, and my maidens, will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." Here piety, discreet, hopeful, and trusting, became her support and guide in an exceedingly trying hour. In short, from beginning to end,

religion was the one thing that gave peculiar lustre to her character, and sincerity to her conduct.

In view of Esther's remarkable life, we are forced to the conviction that dying parents have occasion to look hopefully upon the *pious* children whom they leave behind in this world of sin. It must be an unspeakable trial for fathers and mothers to bid farewell to their sons and daughters, and die. But when Christian parents are about to depart, knowing that their children are destitute of religion, and perhaps opposed to the serious view of life which it teaches, their dying pillows must be filled with thorns. The thought should stimulate parents to be faithful in moral and religious instruction while they live, that their offspring may early become the followers of Christ. Then, if death summons away the parents first, as he probably may, they will depart in comparative peace, since they know that their children are left with the best possible safeguard. Inherited riches might do them incalculable harm; but poverty and the Christian religion will ensure them a bright career.

Orphans themselves do well to read the book of Esther over and over. They cannot become too familiar with the life of one so renowned in sacred history, and so worthy of general imitation. Though their parents are unexpectedly called away, they are not to conclude that the world, in consequence, closes all its gates to honor and emolument against them. There is still a good inheritance in store for them if they will but seek it with energy, perseverance, and high Christian principles. But so sure as they run into the paths of pleasure and folly, because their parents are no more, the world will scorn and oppress them, and push them down lower and lower in degradation. It is for them to say, mainly, whether good men will smile or frown upon them. They can win the former if they try; they will share the latter if they live careless of right, and opposed to the claims of God.

We also learn in what way benevolent efforts in behalf of orphans should be directed. At the present day much is done for this unfortunate class. They have become very numerous, especially in our large cities, where intemperance destroys so many men and women. It is evident that the most promising course to pursue is, to gather them into families or charitable

institutions, and there subject them to religious instruction and example, and, if possible, bring them savingly to Christ. Allow them to run in the streets uncared for, as the newsboys of New York city have done heretofore, and the State must erect almshouses and prisons for their future abode. The seeds they sow in the streets will spring up, and yield an appalling harvest of sin. Early vicious tendencies will ripen into the blackest crime. How much better it is to prevent than to cure this vice and crime! It is cheaper, besides being more consistent with Christianity, which is the glory of our land. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," says the old proverb. Experience and observation confirm the truth of the maxim by their combined testimony. By pecuniary and moral considerations, we are urged to care for this afflicted class before the tempter has them in his grasp. The uncle Mordecais, who are ready to welcome the homeless Esthers to their firesides, and make them members of the family group, are too few in number to meet the demands of the present time. Though such private kindness and generosity are frequently exhibited in these modern days, still public charity also is required to care for all the orphan outcasts in the land. Let it be seen in providing suitable intellectual and Christian nurture for the little children, whose minds and hearts are famishing for nutriment more than their bodies. Another says, "The almshouse and the jail are foul blots on the face of nature, marring the beauty of God's world, covering in their unsightly magnificence the view of the church and school-house. Lay their corner stones silently. Build them in some secret place, and blush to own that, in free America, we boast of our prisons! If you do not remedy the evils I have pointed out, and take charge of the little children, your houses of correction, almshouses and jails, will swell and increase, and will stand in massive, sombre magnificence, monuments to the folly of mankind."

How men would mock at Pleasure's shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do. *Heart Music.*

ORPHANS.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

PSALMIST.

THY father may leave thee, and go, —
 The days of his pilgrimage o'er;
 And the tears of thy grief unavailing flow,
 For the hand which shall lead thee no more;
 For the eye that beamed fondest on thee,
 For the voice which spoke joy to thine ear;
 Alas! thine affliction that eye shall not see,
 That voice thou shalt never more hear;
 But the blessing of God shall descend on thine head.
 Though the years of thy father be numbered and fled.

Thy mother may leave on thy cheek,
 The balm of her kiss and depart,
 And thou be unable thy sorrow to speak,
 From the depths of thy desolate heart;
 Though gone in the wealth of her love,
 The gladness her hand could evoke,
 The smile which was wont thy kind deeds to approve,
 The lips which but tenderness spoke;
 Yet God will be near thee, thy comfort and stay,
 Though the mother who bore thee be taken away.

We read in the Scriptures of truth,
 Of one who an orphan became;
 Yet Jehovah himself was the guide of her youth,
 She loved his adorable name;
 By the grace of this favor alone
 Her modest and lady-like mien.
 In SHUSHAN prevailed with the King on his throne
 To crown her his beautiful Queen.

For orphans, God still taketh care;
 The lowly he setteth on high; —
 Though helpless, and friendless, they need not despair,
 For God hath a fatherly eye; —
 He opens to honor the way
 For orphans — the lambs of his fold —
 He knows when the wicked would make them a prey
 And extendeth his sceptre of gold.
 When parents forsake them the Lord takes them up,
 And crowns with rich blessings their sorrowful cup.

FAULTS OF ACCIDENT AND INTENTION.

EDITORIAL.

It is an admitted principle that the *motive* determines the quality of the act. If I injure a person accidentally, I am not condemned by the verdict of mankind. But the same injury inflicted through malice brings down upon me the condemnation of men, and the vengeance of the law. This principle is not only admitted, but also universally reduced to practice. Of course, if it applies to parents, it may to children. If we make a difference between the accidental and intentional faults of adults, then we ought, and must, do the same with the faults of children. Yet, it is very common for parents to correct a child for an accident as severely as they would for intended wrong. In the surprise and excitement of the moment, they speak or strike with unwise severity. Without even thinking of the child's motive, or whether he had any particular motive about it at all, he is visited with what is supposed to be summary justice.

To illustrate:—A father drove home a load of wood, and left it standing at the door while he went in to eat his dinner. His two boys of ten and twelve years of age, who had already dined, glad to have the opportunity to assist their father, ran out and unloaded the wood. Before the father had finished his repast, they bounded in at the door, with laughing eyes and cheerful words, to announce that "the wood was off." They expected to see a smile light up the face of their beloved father, inasmuch as they did the work wholly to relieve him of the task. But to their surprise a frown met them, and then bitter words of censure, because he meant to have the wood thrown off upon the other side of the wagon. The boys' hearts sunk within them. The whole thing was a failure. They meant it should be a glad surprise to their weary, working father, but it proved only a great annoyance. Would it not have been better for that father to have suppressed his disappointment, and made the best of the mistake, in lieu of the excellent intentions of his sons? He might have commended them for their kind purposes, and, at the same time, showed

them how much better it would have been if they had first consulted him.

A girl caught up the broom one day, when she saw that her mother was weary and half sick, and ran into the sitting-room to set it in order. The mother usually did this part of the work, but the daughter sincerely wished to aid her at this time. In her impulsive smartness, dashing on with more vigor than usual, doubtless, she hit a vase with the handle of the broom, and there it lay at her feet in a thousand fragments. Before she had scarcely time to recover from her surprise, her mother, hearing the crash, came running into the room, and seeing her favorite vase broken on the floor, poured forth a paragraph of biting censure, which could not properly be called "correction." Instead of waiting for an explanation, she hastened to administer rebuke. Probably the daughter wished heartily that she had not resolved to save her tired mother a few steps. But how much better for both mother and daughter, if the former had stopped to learn the intentions of the latter, and acted accordingly.

It is clear that this way of correcting the young, without any regard to the motives that control them, may inflict lasting injury upon their characters. The tendency is to diminish their confidence in their parents, and lead them to suppress future kind inclinations to aid them. It may warp and distort the heart for life.

It is far better to be deliberate and discriminating, and give a child credit for all he deserves. Indeed, it is safer to give him a little more credit than he deserves, and thus err on the side of charity, rather than appear too severe, and shake his confidence, or wound his affections. It is well to form the habit of asking what a child means by this and that fault, and correct him only according to the motives by which he is actuated. Another course is unphilosophical and unreasonable.

If in one poor bleeding bosom,
I a woe-swept chord have stilled ;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled ;
If I've made for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow brave and strong,
Then, my God, I thank thee, bless thee,
For the precious gift of song.

CHITWOOD.

DUTY OF DAUGHTERS.

MISS M. I. BISHOP.

HOME is the throne of woman. Here she wields the potent sceptre of the social affections! It is the garden which God gave her to adorn, when he exiled her from Eden. And here the holy flower of a blameless life buds and blossoms, and yields the sweetest fruits that ornament this lower world.

But among all which makes home lovely, among all the traits that may render woman truly a "little lower than the angels," there is not a virtue—perhaps not a grace—more eminently beautiful than filial piety.

The relation of parent and child seems more than dimly to shadow forth the ordering of a more glorious scene of existence, and to bespeak the love and obedience which exalted intelligences pay to their supreme Head.

Graceful, indeed, is it in youth to pay to age and experience, the honor which is its due; and no symmetry of form, no perfection of feature, render her half so lovely as deferential love and affectionate attention, yielded by a daughter to her father.

Yet it is to her mother that the child, at home, may take the brightest flowers of heavenly duty, and binding them in a wreath of gentle offices, lay them at her feet.

Mother! How much there is in the word! Go, ye happy throng who are blessed with a mother—go, in imagination, at least, to where you kiss her pale forehead, that never again will smile at your dutiful affection, and you will estimate more fully the privilege which is *now* yours.

Oh, the word mother, syllabled on the marble, is graven less deeply by the chisel, than it is impressed by Providence on the heart. And *then* will every loving word, every gentle act by which you lightened her cares or softened her sorrows, come pressing round the heart like crowding angels.

Pause, ye bright beings, who are preparing to tread with a light step, the measure of life, and think how you may bring soft blessings in thick, fast dew-drops, upon your life, by loving and assisting your mothers. Spend not your time, at least your

whole time, in picking up shells, wreathing flowers, and weaving moss-baskets.

You might collect all the shells of the ocean, and have yourselves (as some one expresses it) but "the fossil remains of a heart."

You may wreath all the flowers of the garden in one cluster, yet if the honey of useful industry is not found in the flower of your life, their faded leaves will be but an emblem of your withered opportunities.

None would have you suspend, or neglect, the accomplishments belonging to your age and situation, yet do not make elegant accomplishments the sole business of life.

Reflect that there are such things as heavenly accomplishments, and they are often acquired in the patient performance of the ordinary duties of life.

The eye of God follows you with favor when you remit some favorite pursuit to assist your mother in tiresome details of family arrangement.

When you lay down the embroidery frame, or the pencil, to assist in some uninteresting, household task, you are adding the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit to every grace you had before.

Oh, there may be music in Heaven over your dutiful love, as you steal away from your instrument to take some little matter off your mother's hands, and thus give her an opportunity of visiting the sick, or attending to some charity.

Deem it not beneath the refinement of a lady to know how to fashion a garment, or prepare a dish. Think nothing beneath you, by which you may glorify God, by doing good to man. Great wealth may not be yours, but the wealth of a generous heart and active hand are themselves a fund, which may roll a revenue of glory to God through your whole life; and she who spends youth in thus being the handmaid of her mother is preparing to make her life a blessing to all.



Mother! thou didst watch my infant eye,
Drink the earliest beam of earthly day;
And I saw thy cheek, when thou didst die,
Lighted up with heaven's first morning ray.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH, &c.

NUMBER V.

BY WM. M. CORNELL, A. M., M. D.

Cleanliness of the Child—Daily Ablution necessary—Child of the uncleanly Doctor—Value of a good Nurse, and nuisance of a bad one—Neglect in the Domestic Education of Girls in this matter—Indian training of their Children—Benefits from the proper use of Water.

THE proper management of children, as it respects *cleanliness*, is of great importance. Lavoisier found that the amount of excretory matter from the skin of an adult was one pound and fourteen ounces daily. This discharge is necessary to health. The vast importance of attending to this matter, then, may be readily seen.

The necessity of removing from the child any obstruction to the free escape of this material must be manifest to all. No adhesion of extraneous matter should be allowed, as it will, in the first place, obstruct the passages designed for the escape of this pernicious excretion, and, in the second place, it will cause distressing excoriations and permanent cutaneous disease. It is, therefore, evident that too much attention cannot be paid to the cleanliness of children.

The following incident may not be out of place here:—The writer remembers hearing a physician once remark, that “this constant washing and scrubbing of children was quite unnecessary, and did more hurt than good.” This remark greatly amused a young lady, who, the preceding evening, took one of the same doctor’s children in her arms, but speedily put it from her, remarking to a friend, “It was strange that people could not have their children smell sweeter.” From the day of its birth till it is able to attend to itself, the child should be thoroughly washed every day. At first the ablution should be performed with warm water and a soft sponge. Care should be taken that it be not exposed long enough to take cold. As the child grows stronger, or the weather warmer, the temperature of the water may be lessened, until, at length, it may be used nearly, or quite, cold. If cold water is used, it should

remain in the nursery over night. It is not necessary to use soap, except with those parts of the body which are more apt than others to collect impurities, as the hands, or arms; and, even on these, it will be better to use it but sparingly. Brown soap is better than white, as it is not so apt to cause the skin to crack, which proves very annoying to the child. In all cases, great care should be taken to dry the surface well with a soft napkin, especially where there are folds of the skin, as between the nutes, on the front of the neck, in the arm-pits, &c. Neglect of this precaution will be sure to cause excoriations, or bad sores. In fat children, it will also be advisable to dust the parts with fine flour, or starch sifted through a muslin bag. These will absorb the secretions from the surface and prevent friction.

Great care is necessary in attending to the natural evacuations of a child, and that care, if exercised judiciously, will be well repaid in early establishing habits which will greatly promote its cleanliness, and prevent much inconvenience on the part of the mother, or nurse. If we hear the complaint that the child is "dirty," we may pretty generally charge the fault to the nurse.

The hair must be carefully combed and brushed; and the eyes, ears, and all other openings from the interior of the body, must be thoroughly cleansed, as well as the skin.

It may not be inappropriate, in this connection, to say a word respecting a good nurse for the sick, as formerly it has been shown how to select a good wet-nurse for the infant.

Next to the physician, a good nurse for the sick, and, above all, for the sick child, is of vast importance. It is about as necessary that the nurse should be trained to the business, as that a physician should be properly educated. Many of the women who attempt to fill this station are totally incompetent for such duties. They are unclean, ignorant, unmannerly, ill-tempered, peevish, self-conceited; in a word, the paragon of all that is theoretically or practically unlovely and unloveable. Such nuisances should ever be kept at a distance from every child, and especially from every sick one. A nurse should ever have the law of kindness on her lips, cheerfulness in her countenance, affection beaming from her eye, and decision in all her

actions. There are many such good nurses. No young woman should consider her education completed, or herself qualified to become "an helpmate for any man," without such a knowledge of physiology and the laws of health, and of domestic economy, as will qualify her for a good nurse. This knowledge should ever form a part of female domestic education; and, it may be added, to the shame of such education, that many of our young ladies in fashionable life, who are desirous to enter the married state, are not competent to make a cup of good tea, or a bowl of gruel, or even milk porridge for the sick. They have been taught to dabble in French, and to repeat *hic, haec, hoc*, and to play and sing some frivolous song, or, perhaps, dance to admiration, but the important knowledge of nursing a sick husband or child has never been acquired.

I have been led to introduce some other duties of nurses than those pertaining to the cleanliness of children, because they are so generally remiss in all their duties.

Perhaps there is hardly another case where "the iniquity of the fathers" (I should say of the *mothers*), is so severely "visited upon the children," among men, as where they are kept uncleanly. While people generally love to see, and take great delight in the cleanly and sweet child — while such a child is the joy and admiration of all who behold him — the first impulse of our nature is to shun or despise the dirty-faced, uncleanly urchin, and the second is to condemn his indolent mother or nurse.

The Indians, or the so-called Aborigines of our country, it is said, were accustomed to plunge their recently born infants into cold water, and to continue this as a daily practice. This was cleanly and healthy training for those who were able to bear it, as those only who were hardy and would make a robust race survived, and the others were killed. So it is with us; the strong and healthy child is made stronger and more healthy by the cold bath even from its birth, while the feeble child sinks under the chilling operation.

It is not so with the *tepid* bath. It is perfectly safe, and, instead of being debilitating, is often refreshing. Brice, travelling in Abyssinia, says, "A luke-warm bath afforded him more refreshment and vigor than a cold one."

The signal benefit of a proper and judicious use of water is—the child thus treated is hardy; his limbs are strong and straight; all his organs grow in due proportion; the circulation of all the fluids is natural and equable; the texture of the flesh solid; the nerves well-strung; the skin smooth and soft over the whole body; the cheeks ruddy; the eyes sparkling; and every limb, and motion, and look, testify that water was not made in vain.

THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY REV. J. C. BODWELL.

STEP into Moseley's in Summer Street, and you will see one indication of a good time coming for our daughters—ladies' boots, with soles of a thickness which it will cheer every *man's* heart to look at—and *fashionable* too—the very latest fashion! Now, is it not matter for rejoicing, and even for devout gratitude, that it is actually fashionable for women to wear shoes which will keep their feet dry and warm?

Our countrywomen have long endured great and cruel hardships in this particular, compelled to wear so flimsy an article as if all the shoemakers were in league with consumption and death; while their husbands and brothers have walked by their side in boots which protected them from all harm. This hardship and cruel inequality of the sexes has been national, as the custom of pinching the feet of women has been peculiar to the Chinese. European women have been wearing all along the very same description of boots and shoes which is now first becoming fashionable with us, never dreaming of anything else as at all consistent with common sense. English duchesses have worn shoes from time immemorial which our country misses would have considered very vulgar. And so English duchesses have retained their plumpness, and bloom, and joyous health to fifty and sixty years of age, while our women have lost the last rose before thirty, and have gone in frightful numbers to an early grave.

This whole subject of the training of our girls must undergo

a thorough revision. Many other things need looking after besides shoes. Our climate has, unquestionably, something to do in transforming the round and ruddy Anglo-Saxon lass to the pale and slender miss of Boston and New York. But sadly defective education does a great deal more. The differences in the training of English and American girls begin in the nursery, dating from the first *weeks* of existence, and extend over the entire period from infancy to ripe womanhood. As it is my desire to furnish something that may be useful rather than entertaining, I shall speak very plainly, and somewhat in detail.

One of the first maxims applied to the management of both girls and boys in England is, in the words of one of their old physicians, "*Plenty of flannel, plenty of milk, and plenty of sleep.*" I am quite sure that a great many of our young mothers do not understand the importance of every part of this maxim. It does not require a professional eye to discern that many an infant suffers from want of the flannel, although the inexperienced mother has no conception of it. The child looks warm, and is warm to the touch, but is irritable, restless, unable to sleep. Were you never troubled through the night without knowing the reason, till you awoke in the morning and found that, though you had not had any sense of chilliness, yet you had wanted more covering to make you sleep quite soundly? Infants require a great deal of warmth, and cannot be healthy without it.

As to food, every mother in England understands that an infant must not be fed with all kinds of trash, gingerbread, cake, pie, &c. Nothing of the kind is permitted to be given to them. The shops of London—grocers, druggists, and pastry-cooks—abound in simple articles of diet, prepared especially for infants, as "biscuit powder," "baked flour," "tops and bottoms," "patent American corn flour," "arabica revelenta," &c., &c. "*Plain, simple, and nutritious,*" is the rule here. Through the entire period of childhood, and even of youth, the diet of English girls is extremely simple. No tea and coffee, no hot bread—indeed it is a very common rule in well ordered English families that no bread must be cut, for old or young, till the second day from the baking—and very little of pastry or sweet-

meats of any kind. Plain bread and milk, and fresh beef and mutton, roasted or boiled or broiled—not baked nor fried—with plenty of vegetables, make up the principal food for English children. Pork, veal, and salted meats are allowed very sparingly, as all English mothers know that they are difficult to digest, and especially injurious to a child that has the slightest constitutional tendency to scrofula.

A well-lighted nursery is considered indispensable, as it is well understood that a dark nursery will kill a scrofulous child. Their odious and abominable window-tax, modified and relieved to its worst feature within a few years, makes Englishmen anxious to get as much light as possible into their dwellings, whereas we cover our houses with windows to an absurd extent, and then, still more absurdly, and very injudiciously, beyond all question, shut out nearly all the light with blinds.

English children must have abundance of fresh, outdoor air, every day if possible; and an important part of the duty of the nurse-maid is to take the children out several hours every fine day, including the infant. One of the most beautiful pictures in the London parks, and indeed everywhere all over England, is the innumerable nurse-maids, themselves radiant with health, with their still more innumerable children. Thus the English girl is early trained to a habit and love of walking which she never loses, and in this way secures round limbs, an expanded chest, and ruddy countenance while still a child. It is hardly necessary to say that the shoes of English children have thick soles, and that their clothing throughout is very carefully adapted to the season and the weather.

I am afraid American mothers will laugh when I say that the mothers of England are very particular not to allow their children, before they are old enough to walk, to sit much on the carpet, as it is a posture unfavorable to erectness and fulness of figure. They are, therefore, taught with special pains to roll themselves on the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all which has a direct tendency to secure a perpendicular spinal column and broad full chest.

It is a beautiful feature of English families, that the children, instead of being pushed into a precocious maturity of dress, and manners, and habits, are *children* all along; their parents love

to have it so—simple, free, joyous, playing, laughing, and romping all they can. It is not the least of the advantages of this, that when womanhood comes, as come it will in spite of everything, it sets easily and gracefully upon them.

English children do not go to fashionable parties, or keep late hours. It is a special study to provide for them abundance of *healthy* sports, and, above all, to make home radiant with cheerfulness through the day; and, when the night comes, the young misses, instead of staying up and being called *ladies*, are called *girls* and sent to bed.

SELF-DENIAL FOR CHILDRENS' SAKE.

EDITORIAL.

PARENTS ought to be willing to practice self-denial for the sake of their children. If they entered into the marriage relation with proper views and motives, they expect, of course, to deny themselves of much personal ease and comfort for the good of their sons and daughters. Yet this is not always the case. We meet with fathers who cannot endure being "tied up" at home even for a single evening with the children. They prefer, when the labors of the day are over, to seek some recreation at the post office, or in the depot and stores, where merry company drives dull care away. Besides, it is not their business to tend babies, and rock the cradle; that is the work assigned to woman, while the father earns the daily bread of both. There is some truth in this, certainly; but there is a great deal of fallacy. The father should be willing to lighten the toils of his wife. If occasionally compelled to forego a night's sleep that he may share with her a measure of the necessary watching, he should not repine. He may labor hard through the day, but this is not sufficient reason for his enjoying uninterrupted sleep, while his worn and weary companion keeps up her nightly vigils. He should expect some discomfort with his children. If he will have them, he ought to adapt himself to the circumstances, and be willing, not only to labor more, but to sleep less, and forego some forms of pleasure which he finds in social life.

It is worse still when a mother is unwilling to practice self-denial for her offspring. She voluntarily became a wife, and now she ought cheerfully to bear her part of a mother's watch and care. Yet some mothers can scarcely submit to the trials of this new relation. It confines them at home so much as to become burdensome. They cannot go to this lecture, nor that party, nor leave home to be gone as long as they please, and this is really too hard, they think. Their feelings and complaints say that these trials are more oppressive than these "troublesome comforts" are worth, although they would not declare it in so many words. For this reason many mothers among the rich leave their children to the care of irresponsible nurses, never knowing what kind of an experience the poor little creatures have. Neither do they care, apparently, so long as they can enjoy visiting, journeying, calling, and seeking pleasure just as they did before their wedding day. Miserable mothers! Inconsistent, unreasonable mothers! Did they not know, before their marriage, that mothers have additional duties, trials, and cares at home? And were they unwilling to share them? Then they never should have been married. When we behold one of this class of mothers, we cannot refrain from the inference, that, when the offer of marriage was received, either she was too childish to appreciate these consequences, or too much elated with the idea of having a husband to allow them to exert any influence over her decision.



THE LAMBS OF JESUS.

The Lambs of Jesus! who are they,
But children that believe and pray—
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

The Lambs of Jesus! they are meek
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

The Lambs of Jesus! oh, that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

ARTHUR GRAHAM;

OR, THE UNLOVED HOME.

BY C. A. M.

"Oh, mamma, are you going out to-night?" exclaimed Arthur Graham, as his mother entered the parlor one evening, an hour or two after tea, dressed as if for a large party. "You promised to help me find out my new puzzle." The clear, childish voice of the little speaker trembled, and his quivering lips told a keen sense of disappointment that he could not have expressed in words.

Mrs. Graham stopped before the mirror to give the last touch to an elaborate toilette which she had supposed complete before entering the parlor, and replied carelessly, "Yes, Arthur, I am going to Mrs. Lee's. I did not know of the invitation when I promised to help you about your puzzle. I was out when it came, and Bridget laid it on the mantel and forgot to tell me of it on my return. So I don't see but you must try to puzzle it out alone. You will have the parlor all to yourself this evening. But don't neglect your lessons. Attend to them first," and Mrs. Graham was about leaving the room when Arthur again exclaimed, "But you *promised*, mamma."

"Well, haven't I told you the reason why I cannot fulfil my promise? You don't expect me to stay at home every evening to help you over a foolish puzzle, do you?" replied Mrs. Graham, a little pettishly.

Arthur looked troubled. "But, mamma, you are out so much, and it is so lonely here, without anybody, evening after evening."

"Why, Arthur, one would think I was never at home. I was there last evening. Why didn't you bring your puzzle out then?"

"No, mamma, you said in the morning that you thought you should be at home, but you know you went to the concert."

"Well, the evening before—"

"You went to the Tuesday night lecture."

"And Monday evening I attended the Lyceum lecture. That brings it to Sunday evening. I was at home then, though, to be

sure, Sunday evening is hardly a proper time to puzzle out games."

"No, mamma; don't you remember you and papa went out to call on Mr. and Mrs. Grey, because they were to leave in the first train on Monday morning?"

"Upon my word, Arthur, you have a most remarkable memory," answered Mrs. Graham, coloring slightly. "Yes, I recollect now I did not know they were in town till I saw them at church, and it would not do to slight them. But it is hardly the thing for a boy of your years—scarcely ten—to call your mother to account for every evening passed from home, and I shall not allow it. I am at home as much as I can be, consistently with a proper degree of attention to the claims of society and religion. So now go on with your lessons."

Just then a servant came to say that the carriage was at the door.

"Oh, mamma, just wait one moment and tell me where Cape York is. I have looked all over the map and can't find it."

"No, Arthur, I cannot stop. I dare say you will find it, if you look diligently." Mrs. Graham was leaving the room, but turned back for a glove that she had dropped, and she could not avoid seeing that Arthur's eyes were full of tears. Her mother's heart smote her, and, going to the table where the boy sat, she kissed his cheek.

"Come, come, Arthur, don't be a baby. Leave that question, and I will help you find the answer in the morning. Good night, my son."

"I don't know but it is true," she murmured to herself as she descended the stairs, "I am away from home, evenings more than I ought to be, perhaps. I will not go out so often in future," and, with this faint quietus to her conscience, she entered the carriage and drove to Mrs. Lee's, where, in the excitement of the gay scene around her, she soon forgot the disappointment of Arthur, and the reproaches of her own heart.

Not so the boy. He sat resting his head on his hand, just as his mother had left him. The inducement to prepare his lessons quickly and diligently was gone. He had promised himself a happy evening at last, with his puzzle and his mother's aid and society, and his nimble fingers had flown over his slate

until his arithmetic lesson was mastered. Then came geography, and this task, too, was nearly finished, when his mother's entrance into the room, dressed to go out, put to flight all his beautiful anticipations of a happy evening. And with them vanished all interest in his uncompleted task. After setting listlessly for some time, gazing vacantly and sadly on the dull map before him, he pushed it away, exclaiming aloud :

"Mother ought to have staid at home. She promised she would. It isn't right, there!" and gathering up his books and slate, he threw them on the sofa, and sauntered to the window. It was a splendid night. The moon was full, and beneath its bright beams the soft glories of a clear winter night were everywhere visible. The boy's eye fell on a sheet of solid ice in the distance. It was the pond, now frozen hard, and over its strong surface he could distinguish forms passing and repassing, in all the excitement of that most exciting pastime, skating.

"And I am cooped up at home, and alone at that," he again exclaimed. "I don't see why I can't be out as well as mother. To be sure, I promised never to go without leave, but what of that? If I had asked permission, I dare say it would have been given," and, snatching his cap, coat, and skates from their places in the hall, he ran hastily through the passage, out into the night. If his conscience whispered, "You are doing wrong," he heeded it not, and its voice was soon lost in the noise of the merry pastime. Yet not entirely. There was something wanting to complete his happiness, and he returned home at an early hour, and hardly daring to offer his accustomed prayer, he hastily undressed, and threw himself into bed. There was no mother's hand near to tuck the bedclothes warmly around him, and no mother's ear to listen to his confessions—if he had any to make—of the faults of the day past, or his recital of its little trials and temptations, so, with a troubled and unhappy heart, the boy at last dropped asleep.

It was a day or two after this that Arthur received a summons, on his return from school, to go to his mother's dressing-room immediately. With a trembling hand he knocked at the door, and was bidden to "come in."

"Well, Arthur," said Mrs. Graham in a constrained voice as he approached her, "What account can you give of yourself on the evening I attended Mrs. Lee's party?"

The boy hesitated, commenced a reply, and then, hiding his face in his hands, burst into tears.

Mrs. Graham went on in the same constrained tone. "I heard accidentally this morning that you went upon the pond, skating, against my positive commands, as you well know; and besides, you have not seen fit to acquaint me with the fact since, which might, in some degree, have atoned for your fault. Now —"

"But mamma," interrupted Arthur, "I meant to tell you, but I have had no chance to see you alone since. Indeed, indeed, I would have told you last night, but you know you invited company, and they staid so late — and you didn't come to my room before you went to bed. Oh, how I wished you would? I lay awake ever so long, hoping and longing for you to come. I was so unhappy that I could not sleep. Oh, mamma, I wish you would come to my room after I am in bed as you used to do. There are so many things I think of then that I should like to tell you; but you never come now. And then the evenings, too, are so lonely! I should not have gone skating that night only I was so vexed and disappointed to have you go out when you promised to help find out my puzzle."

"There it is again," exclaimed Mrs. Graham. "Of course it was all my fault. You naughty, ungrateful boy, after all I do for you, to talk in this manner! You disobeyed my positive commands, and there is no excuse for you. Now, as a punishment, I forbid your going out to skate at all for a month. Remember, I expect implicit obedience. Now you may go."

Arthur was an affectionate, impulsive boy, but he was also proud. He had been upon the point of throwing himself into his mother's arms as he finished speaking, but now the whole current of his feelings was changed. He felt that he had been too severely censured; that his avowed penitence and desire to confess his fault had been disbelieved, or at least overlooked, unheeded; and with a firm, proud step, and a compressed lip, he turned and left the room. Bitter feelings had been born in his heart, and this event, which might have been made of so much benefit to the boy, had it been judiciously and kindly improved by the mother, only served to implant a spirit of rebellion and pride in his bosom.

A cloud sat upon Mrs. Graham's brow as her husband entered a few moments after Arthur's exit. He observed it.

"What is the trouble, Mary?" he asked.

Mrs. Graham told him what had just passed. "And I feel that perhaps I was a little too severe with him," she added. "I think he was sorry, and really meant to confess his fault. But he is always harping on my going out, as if I ought to immure myself for life on his account! I took good care of him when he was an infant, and expected to deny myself the privileges of society, and so on then, but now I think it is a pity if I cannot go out once in a while, but must stay in-doors for ever, to keep him company. Really, he is too great a baby, but I have stopped his whining this time, I think." Mrs. Graham was excited, as people who suspect themselves in the wrong usually are.

Her husband looked at her for a moment in surprise. "My dear, this is hardly a motherly, to say nothing of a Christian spirit. Arthur is a boy who craves society. I think he inherits your social disposition in a high degree, and it is not strange that he objects to staying at home alone so often."

"So often, Henry? You seem to have taken up Arthur's tune. I am sure I go out but seldom, or, at least, not oftener than I am obliged to. Would you have me give up all society, and turn nun at once, on Arthur's account? I think you are unjust, positively cruel," and the tears rushed to Mrs. Graham's beautiful eyes—whether tears of aggrieved affection or of proud displeasure, it were hard to tell.

Mr. Graham was not a demonstrative man himself, and the sight of tears was always too much for his philosophy. "Well, well, my dear, don't cry about it. I dare say you mean to do right; and Arthur is a little too exacting, perhaps. All it is, try to stay at home with him as much as you can. It pleases him, and should be a benefit to him. Home, you know, should be made attractive to the young people, and, I am sure, my dear, there is no one who can make home more attractive than yourself. There now, haven't I got off a compliment? So dry your eyes, and come down to dinner. The bell rang five minutes ago."

The command not to go skating for a month was a sore trial to Arthur. Through the whole four weeks the weather was remarkably fine, and the pond was thronged with skaters.

"Come, Arthur," said William Forbes to him one Saturday afternoon, as they met at the corner of the street, "hurry home and get your skates. I'll wait here for you. Come, hurry, man."

Arthur did not stir.

"Down in the mouth, my boy? What's the matter? Don't your mother know you're out?"

This slang allusion to his mother brought the blood into Arthur's cheeks, and the remembrance to his heart of her unjust prohibition—for very unjust it seemed to him. "I wish you would stop that talk, Bill," he retorted angrily.

"Hey-day, what's to pay now? *Won't* your mother let you go, though? My! I should like to hear my mother tell me I should'n't go skating. S'pose I'd mind her? Not I. And I don't believe you're such a baby, either. Come, now, be a man, and get your skates. Its splendid skating! There has'nt been such for two winters back, and won't be again for two winters to come."

Arthur hesitated. There was a struggle in his heart. He recalled the morning on which his mother issued her prohibitory command—the impulse that he had felt to fall upon her bosom and weep tears of penitence and regret—the repulse that he had met—the many lonely hours he had passed since in the solitude of a home uncheered by a mother's presence and a mother's smile—and the evil in him conquered.

"Wait a moment, Bill, and I'll get my skates;" and though he knew that his companion was one whom his mother did not approve, and though he felt that her command, severe as it was, and, to him, unjust, ought to be obeyed, he had gone too far to retract. So, with a stealthy step he entered the house, and, snatching his skates, rejoined his companion, and was soon skimming over the pond with the merriest and the fleetest. But was he happy? No. He was yet a novice in the way of sin, and this bold step almost startled him. He went home restless and unhappy.

"Mother may find this out, too, the best way she can," he

said to himself as he stole up to his room on his return. "She didn't believe that I was sorry before, and, of course, she won't now. Besides, I shall have no chance to tell her. She'll go to the Saturday night prayer meeting, I suppose. Oh dear, I wish I had a brother or a sister, or somebody. Its horrid lonely at home."

Poor boy ; it was no excuse for his sin, but was it not pitiable that to him home was not "sweet, sweet home," that no halo of love and gladness hallowed the spot which should be to each of us the happiest and the best beloved of all ? And who was to blame for this ? Oh, ye mothers whose eyes chance to rest upon these pages, see to it that ye make home a charmed place to your children. Call no sacrifice too great by which their happiness and well-being may be promoted. Gather around them pleasant and instructive books, provide innocent games and pastimes for their amusement, and let it be "mother's" smile and "mother's" participation that gives zest and sweetness to the whole. Especially if but *one* looks up to you with a child's love, and a child's needs in its pleading face, let that one be to you a sacred link to bind you to your home. Think how lonely must be the hours to that little heart when "mother is away," and do not let every call of the busy world without lure you from the dearer world within your own doors. There may be occasions when you must be absent, but let these be the exceptions, not the rule. In your daily walk for exercise, choose an hour when, engaged in study or in sport, he will not miss your presence. Regulate your response to the claims of friendship and society by the higher claims of the little one, or, it may be, the group of little ones at home. And let it be a cheerful offering that you lay upon this altar of domestic love. Let the children see that their mother *loves* home, and they cannot help catching the infection. Depend upon it, in no way so much as in this—the making home the most attractive place on earth to your children—can you form within them those high principles of virtue and goodness which are essential to their future happiness and well-being both for this life and for the life to come.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed since we looked into the unloved home of Arthur Graham. Let us look again.

It was a cold, wet day in March, and Mrs. Graham stood moodily at the window, apparently watching the rain drops as they pattered on the pavement below, but really absorbed in her own thoughts, which, from the expression of her face, seemed anything but agreeable. No letters had been received from Arthur, who was in his last year at college, for some three weeks back, and perhaps she was imagining a thousand unwelcome reasons for the delay. At all events, her first question to her husband, as he entered the room, was an anxious inquiry if he had brought a letter from Arthur.

"No," he replied, "but I have one directed in a strange handwriting, and post-marked New Haven, and I presume it concerns him."

He broke the seal, and proceeded to read its contents. Mrs. Graham, who was anxiously watching his face, observed its expression change.

"What is the matter, Henry?" she exclaimed. "Read it aloud. Quick; anything is better than this suspense."

He groaned aloud. "Arthur is expelled—ruined!" he exclaimed. "He and William Forbes have been detected as ring-leaders in one of the gravest offences that could be committed in college life, and,—but you must read it yourself. I have neither the heart nor the voice to do it." He threw the letter to his wife, and sank on the sofa, his frame shaken as only the frame of a strong man can be shaken.

Mrs. Graham uttered a passionate wail of despairing grief. "God help us! Arthur ruined! There must be some dreadful mistake. Oh, whatever he has done, it is William Forbes who has led him on. I always said he would be the ruin of Arthur. Oh, my son, my son!"

A step startled her, and a mocking laugh ran through the room. Arthur stood before them; a strange pallor on his face, and an unwonted dullness in his once lustrous eyes. Both parents started to their feet.

"Bill Forbes my ruin?" he repeated, clenching his fist and advancing a few steps toward his mother. "I tell you it was you who ruined me. You drove me to Bill Forbes for the society I failed to find in my own home. Home! it was no home to me. It was a prison, and I was glad to escape from it into the streets.

Evening after evening, week in and week out, I was expected to stay hived up in this very room, while you were out, heaven knows where—at a party, or a lecture, or a vestry meeting—anywhere and everywhere but in your own home, I tell you——”

“For the love of heaven, Arthur, stop!” exclaimed his father, “do you not see you are killing your mother? Leave the room, sir.”

“I intend leaving the world, sir, shortly, and——”

“What do you mean?” interrupted his father. “This is no time for jesting, sir.”

“Father,” replied Arthur, suddenly dropping his defiant tone, “I will be frank with you, for to you I owe nothing but affection and respect, and it becomes me to remember it at this hour, the last I may ever see on earth. Wait, and let me explain. I could see nothing in life worth living for, and I felt that my further existence could be only a source of mortification to us both. Do not blame me for what I have done in view of this. It is beyond recall, but, before I die——”

“Arthur, Arthur, what are you talking about? You have not——”

“Taken poison? Yes; what was there left for me but that?”

The unhappy father laid his fainting wife on the sofa, and staggered to the bell, which he pulled violently.

“Call Dr. Gay as quickly as possible,” he said to the servant who answered it.

“Father, it is useless,” returned Arthur, “I am beyond all human help,” and even while he spoke, a pallor deadlier than before overspread his face. He moved towards a chair, but before he could reach it, he fell heavily to the floor. The noise, almost unconscious as she was, aroused Mrs. Graham, and, with a strength imparted to her by terror and the exigency of the case, she assisted her husband to raise the unfortunate young man, and lay him on the sofa. Medical assistance immediately arrived, but it was of no avail. The poison had done its dreadful work but too surely, and before another hour, the once attractive and brilliant Arthur Graham lay a pallid corpse. The story of his untimely end is soon told. Unable to bear the disgrace of his expulsion from college—dreading to return to a home made repulsive to him by the associations of his early life—yet scorning

flight as implying the consciousness of guilt—too weak to confess his fault, yet too proud to deny it—he had made the dreadful choice of the self-destroyer. Wanting courage to face life, he had committed the terrible mistake and the awful sin of a suicidal death.

Mrs. Graham never recovered from the shock occasioned by the fearful fate of her only son. From that hour she abandoned all society, and, shut up in her own room, she refused for a long time to see even her most intimate friends. Even her faithful pastor was denied admittance; but, as time passed on, and her dreadful mistake became less terrible to her under the influence of penitence, and a heavenly comforter showing her the way to peace through a reconciling Saviour, she became less secluded in her habits, and occasionally saw her minister and a few other Christian friends.

Oh, was not hers a terrible reaping of the bitter fruits of maternal unfaithfulness and neglect? Some may say that this is an extreme representation of those fruits. Extreme only in its tragic termination. True, every neglected child does not become a suicide, but how many homes are darkened and embittered by the living presence, or the harrowing remembrance of a ruined son or daughter, whose death, under any circumstances, could hardly be more terrible than their daily life of sin and error—ruined, too, by unhappy home influences—in some cases, it may be, by over-indulgence, but oftener, far oftener, by criminal parental neglect, and by a failure on the part of parents to make home more attractive than the streets, more attractive, in short, than any other spot on earth; for I believe that where the former has slain its thousands, the latter has slain its tens of thousands.

“Come thou to life's feast,
With dove-eyed meekness and bland charity—
And thou shalt find even winter's rugged blast
The minstrel-teacher of the well-tuned soul;
And when the last drop of its cup is drained,
Arising with a song of praise, go up
To the eternal banquet.”

L. H. S.

ANNE OF CLEVES, FOURTH QUEEN TO HENRY VIII.

BY S. E. HORNER.

JANE SEYMOUR had been in her grave but one short month before Henry boldly attempted to supply her place. "But the broken heart of his first queen, the bloody scaffold of the second, and the early grave of his third consort," placed his conjugal reputation at a discount. And as his matrimonial attempts at the neighboring courts were all unsuccessful, he *concluded* to remain faithful to the memory of his last wife. After the lapse of two years, his attention was attracted to the house of Cleves; and he demanded in marriage the hand of Anne, daughter of John III., Duke of Cleves, and for political reasons his demand was complied with, although his character for brutal sensuality caused some hesitation. Anne was born in Dusseldorf, Sept. 22, 1516, and was educated a Lutheran. Her miniature was sent for his inspection before the contract was decided, for Henry was very fastidious as to the personal charms of his wives; and as he found no fault, the treaty was concluded, and the princess bade a last adieu to the home and friends of her childhood. Henry was now impatiently awaiting her arrival, and to while away the time, he sent to execution "the venerable Abbot of Glastenbury, the Abbot of Pendring, and two others; an ominous preparation" for the reception of his fourth bride. When Henry first looked upon Anne, he felt that he had been deceived—that, too, on a tender point, as her miniature represented her far more beautiful than she appeared, which deception was owing to the fact of her beauty having suffered from small-pox, the cruel ravages of which no artist would copy. Henry's disappointment was so severe that he hardly maintained a decent deportment, and his disgust was so great that the gift of sables which he designed to present with his hand, was deputed to another. And as the king spake no Dutch, and the lady no English, it was impossible for her to charm by conversation. Henry vented his ill-humor on all who were instrumental in bringing about the alliance; and as she had been partially contracted to the Duke of Loraine, Henry wished to consider that an obstacle to the fulfilment of his contract; but as he was assured that it was long before annulled,

he could find no way of escape, and unwillingly submitted his neck to the matrimonial yoke. After every possible mortification short of being sent back to her own country, Anne became queen-consort. Her dress on this occasion was a "robe of cloth of gold, embroidered with large pearls;" her jewels were magnificent; for Anne, though possessed of the poorest taste, had by far the richest wardrobe of any of Henry's queens. And her face, though not beautiful, bespoke great sweetness of disposition: but her meekness and amiability were of no avail; and, as a new star was in the ascendant, Henry determined to obtain a divorce, on the grounds of the precontract to the Duke of Loraine. And before five months had elapsed, the clergy unanimously pronounced the marriage null and void, and Cranmer granted a divorce to the pair he had so recently united. Henry had so indulged his taste for sending indiscriminately to the block, the innocent with the guilty, as to inspire such fear in the bosom of his gentle consort, that when the messengers waited upon her to acquaint her with the decision of the court, she fainted and fell to the ground, before she had time to understand that she was divorced, not condemned; and when at last she comprehended the true state of the case, she expressed her willingness to resign her joyless honors with an alacrity for which the king was not prepared; and, remembering the devotion of Katharine, the only woman who ever truly loved him, he could not believe "that any woman could give him up without a struggle." Anne's prudence, which, together with her ignorance of the English language, gave her an appearance of stupidity, after her divorce gave way to much sprightliness of manner, and, "wearing a new dress every day," she so heightened her personal attractions as to give rise to the opinion that Henry was a second time to make her his queen. She was adopted as sister to the king, and well provided for pecuniarily; and, although at the time of separation, verbal leave was given her to make her home in England, or elsewhere, it is probable had she chosen to return to her native land, that leave would have been withdrawn, for no doubt she was retained as hostage for the good behavior of the Duke of Cleves, who, though burning with resentment at the indignities heaped on his sister, was powerless to avenge them while she remained in England. She, however, took the matter easily, and passed her time pleasantly at her

palace of Richmond, where her little court resembled a happy household. She formed an "intimate friendship with the Princess Mary, who was her senior by a few months;" and showed substantial kindness to the Princess Elizabeth. And even when the death of Henry left her at liberty to return to her own country, she having acquired the English language and become English in her tastes, chose to remain where she was loved and respected by all to whom her excellent qualities were known. Her last public appearance was at the coronation of Mary, where she enjoyed the precedence which "was insured to her by Henry VIII!" at the divorce. "Two of her brothers died insane, but nothing appears to have ever ruffled the tranquil temperament of this amiable princess, who, in the most difficult and trying situations, conducted herself with great prudence." She endeared herself by her kindness to all her dependants. And, although bred a Lutheran, died a Catholic, in the 41st year of her age; showing by her will the same minute regard to the comfort and happiness of others which so characterized her life. She was, by the orders of Queen Mary, buried in that place of kingly sepulchre, Westminster Abbey, where her partially finished monument may still be seen.



THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

Thou hast woven the spell that bound me

Through all the changes of years:

And the smiles that I wore when I found thee,

Have faded and melted in tears.

Like the poor, wounded fawn from the mountain,

That seeks out the clear silver tide,

I have lingered in vain at the fountain

Of hope — with a shaft in my side!

Thou hast taught me that Love's rosy fetters

A pang from the thorns may impart;

That the coinage of vows and of letters

Comes not from the mint of the heart.

Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion.

And warbles in bondage her strain,

I have struggled to fly thy dominion,

But I find that the struggle is vain.

MORRIS.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

It is not my purpose to stand forth as the champion of my own sex, for that has been done already by abler pens than mine. The moralist has prepared his essays, the poet chanted his lays, and the orator startled the multitude by his eloquence, each and all to tell of the dignity, purity, and heroism of *woman*.

But a higher inspiration has glowed from their souls, as they have portrayed her, filling in a beautiful manner, with an inimitable grace, the position of a *wife*—man's helpmeet as ordained in Eden—yet have their loftiest strains, their sweetest peans, and their holiest words been reserved to describe the *self-sacrificing, devoted mother*.

The gems which glisten in fame's coronet become dim, the laurel gained upon the field of blood withers and fades by the side of the simple evergreen which loving hands have twined around a mother's brow.

All this is beautiful, and our hearts yield assent to it; yet we are perplexed and disturbed as we search for the original from which the picture is drawn.

Now, I would inquire, why is this? If the wife and mother is such an angel, why are we so little impressed by her holy presence? No one, probably, will deny but that with noble instincts and powers, *woman* comes far short of her capabilities; and that too often, instead of being the cheerful, reliable companion of her husband—the teacher, comforter, and guide of her children—she sinks into an irritable, fault-finding member of the household, who, by a perversion of those laws of influence which God created only for good, is rearing a family that shall go forth with untrained passions to curse the world.

I know this is true. My words have been well weighed. I know a mother's heart, too; and that while it is full of love and yearning tenderness, yet it strangely comes to pass that only the bitter word finds utterance.

Let me say, before proceeding, that if what I write does not admit of a general application, yet there is a large class in the community to whom it will be of deepest significance.

Will my "hints for husbands" be kindly received, if I allude to "*woman's rights*?" I have never been to Rochester, Syracuse, nor Saratoga, to attend a convention; I have never heard a woman lecture in my life; and yet I am fully persuaded that she has *rights* which are not *practically* recognized by the other sex.

Do you ask what these *rights* are? She has a right to be assisted in the performance of her duties; a right to be watched over tenderly, not alone in her hours of sickness, but in her days of weakness; a right to lean upon the strong arm of her husband; a right to be placed at all times in as favorable circumstances as possible to shed around her the light of a happy home; and last, but not least, a *right to live her appointed time upon earth*.

Do you grant this, and insist that she has all that I ask for her? Let us see. I have allowed that a wife and mother sometimes becomes all that your hearts in their saddest, bitterest moments ever suggested—a dark shadow across the path of your life. Would that you could see yourself accountable for this heavy pall; would that you could see where you have ignorantly, thoughtlessly, not *wilfully*, sinned.

Were the thought to be indulged for one moment that a fond heart, which had entrusted its happiness to your keeping, was sorrowing, and you knew, but cared not for its griefs, time might be employed to a better purpose than in finding the avenue to such a soul!

My friend, can you recall a time, just in opening manhood, when you caught a glimpse of a bright, beautiful picture? Fair and lovely to the undimmed eye of youth, you determined to become possessor of just such a one, and so you toiled early and late that you might call the treasure your own? You gained the coveted prize, and a *home*, ay, "*a happy home*" was yours. Around it you planted your choicest flowers, and wisely determined that no poisonous weed should ever mar its beauty, no noxious reptile ever invade its sacred precincts.

Ten, perhaps fifteen or even twenty years have passed since; the colors have become almost obliterated on memory's canvass; bitter herbs are growing all around the dwelling, and everything goes to show that the skilful, careful gardener of other days has left the premises, or busied himself elsewhere. Which is it?

Let us drop the figure and inquire why, while the wife of your choice, the children of your love are among your blessings—why are you not as happy as you expected to be? God surely intended that the greatest amount of earthly happiness should exist in the family, and yet you are happier amid the hurry and vexations of business, at the political caucus, or in the lecture-room, than in that sacred hour which brings you home and finds you surrounded with only the members of your family.

Did you ever realize, that in becoming a parent, new duties grew out of your relation as a husband? Can you recall that day, a long time ago it seems, when you felt a little piqued by a hasty answer which your wife gave you, quite unlike her usual manner of reply? You retorted angrily (it was the first unkind word you had ever spoken to her), and when you went to your work you felt dissatisfied with yourself and everybody around? You would have been more thoughtful if some good spirit had whispered in your ear that the purest, holiest friendship, like the delicately woven fabric, is most easily marred.

Your wife did not like to tell you that she was conscious of a painful feeling of irritability that constantly pursued her, and which she could not control, however much she might struggle against its exhibition. You ought to have known that there are mental manifestations which are the result of physical causes, and however unpleasant they may appear, the subject of them is no more deserving of censure than is the maniac for being a madman.

When you reached the climax of earthly joy, and looked upon a lovely child, whose life-blood was a mingling of that pale sufferer's and your own, how foolish seemed all the hasty words that had been uttered—how trivial all the petty differences that had arisen!

Those were happy days, days of deep, pure joy, that followed; every wish was anticipated, and the language of one heart was expressive of another:

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden, were more blest.

With returning strength came the foolish desire to be "*as smart*" as other young mothers, and so she worked harder than she was able that you might not be burdened with unavoidable expense.

That same lying spirit, which in Eden told our first parents they should not die if they transgressed the laws of God, has been into many a paradise since, whispering the same base assertion, and a poor feeble woman has believed it, and been led to make exertions which God never designed, and her nature positively forbid. For her temerity she has received the sentence of a lingering, living death, while, with a mother's joy, she has pressed her first-born to her bosom.

Do you ask what is all this to you? Much; very much. Have you labored some day until you became so wearied that the very food necessary to sustain life became tasteless and "palled upon your senses?" If you have, you can remember the utter prostration that came over you, how soul and body seemed incapable of making the slightest exertion, and one earnest longing was for rest! You thought it hard to labor thus; you were sure you should "*break down*" if you should follow such a course. Well, it was hard; but there is a member of your family that has thus toiled on for weeks and months, with this longing unsatisfied, while from her enfeebled constitution another has drawn its life and vigor.

You betrayed the trust committed to you when you became so familiar with that pale face that you could go forth into the health-giving air, cheered by God's sunlight, and not be reminded how much more important were these stimulants for that life which was slowly ebbing away.

Tell me not that all the suffering which falls upon woman is because she was first in transgression. God's curse was heavy, but there are limits to its crushing power; there are moments of relief amid its terrible woe. Young husband, let me warn you to watch carefully, for your wife is dying; yes, dying. The rose for the last time has mantled her cheek; the laugh, if it rings out again, will be hollow and mocking, and every step she takes in her starlight course will lead to the grave.

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

In storm or shine two friends are mine,
Go forth to work or play;
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
Tis willing Hand ! 'Tis Cheerful Heart,
The two best friends I know,
Around the heart come Joy and Mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine — 'tis bright ! Come dark — 'tis night
Come cold — 'twill warm ere long ;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke !
Merrily sound the song !

Who falls may stand, if good Right Hand
Is first, not second best ;
Who weeps may sing, if Kindly Heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humble board has dainties pour'd
When they sit down to dine ;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water's good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong,
So heavily fall the hammer stroke !
Merrily ound the song.

Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare.
Their looks are fire — their words inspire —
Their deeds give courage high,
About their knees the children run,
Or climb they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long —
So heavily fall the hammer stroke !
Merrily sound the song. MACKAY.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

THE ICHNEUMON.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

The little Ichneumon is nearly as big
As a small Maltese cat, or a young Guinea pig,
In Egypt they tame him and keep him so fat,
That he goes by the name of Old Pharaoh's Cat.

A fierce little fellow, as brave as a Pole,
He chases a serpent right into his hole,
He heeds not the fangs of the viper or asp,
If he once gets his victim secure in his grasp.

He always is hungry and ready to eat,
No matter what kind, if it only is meat,
A serpent, a lizard, a bird or a mouse,
If he chances to meet, he will 'down with his house.'

The negroes who live on the banks of the Nile,
Are often alarmed by the fierce Crocodile,
Which crawls out at noontime and lies in the shade;
But the little Ichneumon is never afraid.

He kills all the young ones he finds on the land,
He digs up their eggs which are hid in the sand,
And proves quite a blessing to folks on the Nile,
He is such a staunch foe to the grim Crocodile.

Then, dear little reader, pray never complain,
That God has made any poor creature in vain,
But learn from Ichneumon, that you, if you would,
Though small, may be useful, by doing some good.

Be thankful indeed that God did not you make,
To live on a lizard, a toad or a snake,
But gave you a soul and sent Jesus to tell
How "to cease to do evil and learn to do well."

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

JEMMY BUTTON.

Do all my young readers know how much they are indebted to the Bible? Perhaps some of you have not thought much about it, so that if I should tell you that some fathers, who live where Bibles are unknown, value a bit of iron, or a shining bead, more than their little children, you would scarcely believe it. But this is true. Some years ago, a missionary by the name of Williams, went to carry the gospel to Patagonia. He found the people in a very degraded condition, knowing nothing about God or their souls. He met there a little boy much brighter and sprightlier than others around him, and he desired to send him home to England to be educated. But how should he induce his father and mother to give him up? Would your parents willingly consent to let you go away with strangers many thousand miles? No. But there children are not so dear as they are in this country. The missionary concluded to buy the boy; and how much do you think he paid for him? A thousand dollars? Ten thousand dollars? Not so much as this. He bought him for A SINGLE BRIGHT BUTTON. Yes! He took the brightest button he could find among his possessions, and offered it to the father for his son, and he accepted it. The little fellow left his home, and was carried in a vessel to England, where he was called JEMMY BUTTON, because he was purchased for a button.

Now if Jemmy's parents had always enjoyed the good lessons of the Bible, they never would have sold him so cheaply; indeed, they would not have sold him at all. The Bible benefits children in many ways they do not see. You are more indebted to it, boys and girls, than you are to all things else.

HOW JAMES GOT HOOKED.

"Father," said James, as they came around the dinner table, on which a baked haddock was smoking, "if I had been that fish, "I wouldn't have bitten the hook."

"Would not?" responded his father, "Why not?" "Because then I should not be hooked," replied James.

"I am afraid my little son bites at worse hooks sometimes than the haddock did," said Mr. C. —

James was much surprised at this turn of the conversation, and it was very natural for him to ask,

"What hooks, father?"

"Well let us see. Yesterday some wicked thoughts told you to take my knife without permission, and father would never know it. They promised you a good time at whittling; but you cut your finger, and thereby exposed your disobedience. Not long ago, Ned Valentine promised you an apple if you would play truant at school with him, to ramble in the woods. You knew it was wrong, but you bit at the hook and came home with your coat half torn off. Even this morning, your mother told you to rest your feet 'on the cricket at the fire to warm them, but your wilful heart said 'no, put them on the front of the stove, and so you got burned. Now here are three-times that you have

been *hooked* quite recently. In the first case, the wicked thoughts baited the hook with pleasure. Ned Valentine baited his with an apple; and your wilful heart, in the third case, did not bait the hook at all, but you bit the bare hook."

James looked very much ashamed; for he saw plainly that he was worse hooked than the haddock. And his father added,

"You are not so wise as a fish which will not bite after it has been hooked once; for you continue to do so after you have been hooked again and again. I hope that you will hereafter learn as readily from experience as a fish, and try to be as wise."

CHARLIE'S WISH.

"I wish it would always be the Fourth of July," said Charlie to his father, on the day after the celebration of our National Independence.

"What for?" replied his father; "to have all this noise and confusion from the beginning to the end of the year?"

"So that I could have fire-crackers every day," answered the wide awake urchin.

Now, Charlie was allowed to use fire-crackers only on the Fourth of July, and he had enjoyed himself finely on the day before, so that he wanted more of just such sport.

"Do you think that God would be pleased with your life, if you did nothing but play?" inquired his father, "and do *you* think you should be pleased with yourself if you had a heart for nothing but Fourth of July frolic?"

"I think I should have a grand time," said Charlie. "I didn't get half enough of it yesterday, and I should like to have enough of it once."

"Well suppose we should have Fourth of July all the time, and everybody should enjoy it just as they did yesterday, what would become of you, and the rest of the children?"

"Just what became of me yesterday," answered Charlie.

"Perhaps not," rejoined Mr. Ropes. "Who would perform the labor necessary to support us all, such as cultivating the earth, and weaving cloth for apparel, if we had this jubilee always? People don't work on this day. Stores are closed, shops and factories are shut, and farmers leave their fields. I think you would be glad to return to the old way of having it once a year, after trying it a while. You would want bread to eat and clothes to wear."

"I never thought of that," added the boy, "I think it would be better not to have it more than once a week."

"And more," continued Mr. R. "where would you get the means to buy so much sport? How much did it cost you for fire-crackers yesterday?"

"Twelve cents."

"And how much for other things did you spend?"

"Only five cents, father."

"Well there are seventeen cents to be multiplied by the three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, which would amount to more than *sixty dollars*. How would you get so much money as that?"

"I never thought of that before," replied Charlie.

"There are a good many things you never thought of, I fear," con-

tinued his father. "It is well that all your wishes are not granted. You should remember that God placed you here, not to have sport all your time, but to be useful."

"When I become a man," interrupted Charlie, "I expect to be useful."

"Not if you always have it the Fourth of July. If you would be a useful man, you must aim at some good now, and feel that you have something to do besides playing. You must prepare for future usefulness. Also remember that God's way is always the best way. If he orders that the Fourth of July, or anything else, should occur but once a year, it is best for you, and all of us, that it should not occur more frequently."

CULLED FLOWERS.

"I'M AFRAID I'VE TOLD A LIE."

A true little girl was Nelly Dawson; this was seen in her face; for she was accustomed to speak the *exact* truth. She had been taught to do so. Her parents did not rely upon nature to give her sincerity, any more than to give wheat to their fields, or roses to surround their house. Her mother did not deem it enough, to insure good children, to *let them alone*, and forbear to plant evil; she well knew that good must be planted seasonably, and nourished and cherished with tender vigilance.

When Nelly was very little, she came one day, with a very sad face, to her mother saying, "Mother I'm afraid I've told a lie."

"Why do you think so my dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," said she, "when Fanny asked me if there were any pears under the big tree, I told her no; but when Norah went out to get some for tea, I went with her, and we found two beautiful ones on the ground."

"They might have fallen after you were there."

"I guess they were there then, for they were under the leaves of the currant bush, and I shouldn't have seen them if it hadn't been for Norah. Was it not wrong for me to say there were none there?"

"It was wrong for you to say certainly there were none there; you should have said you thought there were none; but it was not a lie unless you wished to deceive her."

"I am very glad, then, but I am sorry to make mistakes; I suppose it is not quite right to make mistakes, is it?"

"Not to make them carelessly; and it is very wrong to have a positive habit; a way of thinking that we cannot be mistaken."

Thus, with the fear of falsehood as the greatest of evils, Nelly's soul became that delightful spectacle, a mirror of truth, no crooked, indirect, feigning and affected ways were hers. She knew that when she came into the spiritual world, her lips could not utter what in her heart she thought not; and that thoughts and feelings are there seen in their true light, and all shams and disguises worn here but drag the spirit to the abode of the wretched

HOW HE GOT A PLACE.—BOYS! READ THIS.

A colporteur in Montgomery county, Indiana, says: "I stopped one morning at a blacksmith shop. The forge was glowing brightly and the anvil ringing merrily. But as soon as I opened my bundle and showed them the beautiful new books, the men left their work and gathered round me. One was a young man of twenty-five. He told me that when he first left home to earn a living for himself, his mother gave him a Bible. He put it into his pocket and started. He went to shop after shop, but without success; all were full. Not discouraged, he determined to try yet once more; but here came the same cold answer 'We have enough.' Tired out and almost disheartened, he sat down upon a block in the shop; and having nothing else to do, pulled out his mother's Bible, and commenced reading. Soon the owner came along, and seeing him reading, asked, 'What book are you reading?' 'The Bible,' was the reply. 'You can go to work,' said the owner; 'I will furnish you employment.'"

Boys! never be ashamed to be seen with your Bible. "They that honor me, I will honor, saith the Lord." — *Christian Herald*.

BOASTING.

Anna Strong was a sad little boaster. Though she meant to speak the truth, she was so vain and thoughtless, that no one could believe her.

She always wanted a long lesson. She would say, "I can learn it all; it is not too hard for me;" though when her class was called out to recite, she was very often sent back to her seat to study.

If anything was to be done at home or at school, Anna would always say, "I know how; please to let *me* do it;" even if it was a thing she could not do at all.

Miss Eaton was Anna's teacher. One day she wanted some one to point to the names of the cities on the large map, so that all the girls in the class might know where to find them.

"O, let me do it," said Anna "I know how as well as can be."

"Yes, you may do it," said Miss Eaton; but Anna could not point to a single name that her teacher called.

"You are like a silly little pigeon I used to hear about when I was a little girl," said her teacher.

A bright-eyed little girl, raising her right hand, said, "O please tell us about the pigeon."

"The story," replied Miss Eaton, "is, that when the pigeon first came into the world, all the other birds came and offered to teach her how to build a nest.

"The cat-bird showed her its nest all made of sticks and bark; and the sparrows showed her theirs, which were woven with moss and hair. But the pigeon, walking about in a very vain way, and turning her head from side to side, said 'I know how! I know how to build my nest as well as the best of you!'

"Then the black-bird showed his nest, which was fastened to some reeds, and swung over the water; and the turtle-dove said hers was easier to build than all, for it was quite flat, and made only of sticks laid together. But the pigeon turned her pretty head as before, and said, 'I know how!'

"At last the birds left her. Then the pigeon found out that she did not know how at all; and she went without a nest, until man took pity on her, and built a pigeon-house, and put some hay into it."

"Now, children, though the story of the pigeon is only a fable and not true, yet you may learn from it a very useful lesson."

"Little boys and girls, who are vain boasters, are laughed at by others, and only deceive themselves. Like the silly pigeon they say, 'I know how!' but they often find to their sorrow, when it is too late, that they do not."

"Remember, my dear children, that when you once learn to do any thing well, you will not need to boast of it."

A SABBATH SCHOOL BOY'S REPLY.

[A correspondent of the *Christian Times* records the following anecdote which was recently related in the John Street prayer meeting in New York. It was told with a great deal of spirit, and many an eye brightened with tears and smiles during the recital:]

The speaker it seems was a man deeply interested in Sunday Schools, and while crossing the ferry to attend one in Brooklyn, he noticed a bright-eyed boy with books in his arms evidently going to a similar place. He began to converse with the boy, and finally proposed that he should go with him up to Harlem: (this is a great pleasure resort but a few miles out of the city.) He looked at the man in surprise and said:

"Sir, did you never read the Commandments?"

"Commandments! what are they?" said the gentleman.

"Well sir, there is one which says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

"Well, what of that my boy, will it not be keeping it holy to go to Harlem?"

"No, Sir, and I shall not go with you."

"Here the gentleman took a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, and to try him further said, "See here my lad, won't you go with me, if I will give you this?"

"No Sir," not if it were twenty-five dollars. But" — looking up archly into his face, — "I should like that money, sir."

"What would you do with it?"

"There is to be a missionary collection at our school to-day, and I want it for that."

The gentleman to test him still further again proposed that he go to Harlem, when it would be his and then he could use it on the next collection day.

"No, Sir," said the boy, bringing down his foot with great earnestness — "I shall not go Harlem. God will not bless money got by Sabbath breaking. I rather you would keep it."

By this time the gentleman thought best to unveil himself. He made inquiries relative to the boy, and learned he was a son of intemperate parents — in his first years of life he had been utterly neglected. But he was found out by some of the benevolent societies of the city, kindly cared for, brought into school, thence to Sunday School, and by his teacher led to Christ.

I have rarely heard the story of any child whose history I would so like to follow as this boy's. He will make his mark as a good man, and I have no doubt that eternity will reveal great good through him accomplished, in the name of his Master.

A MOTHER'S GIFT TO HER SON.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
 When other days shall come;
 When she who had thy earliest kiss,
 Sleeps in her narrow home
 Remember, 'twas a mother gave
 That gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
 The holiest for her son;
 And from the gifts of God above,
 She chose a goodly one.
 She chose for her beloved boy
 The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
 The parting hour would come,
 They might have hope to meet again
 In an eternal home.
 She said his faith in that would be,
 Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
 Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
 And bid him cast the pledge aside,
 That he from youth had borne,
 She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
 If *he* or *she* had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
 Goes with this holy thing;
 The love that could retain the one
 Must to the other cling.
 Remember, 'tis no idle toy,
 A MOTHER'S GIFT! REMEMBER, BOY!

A TRUE HERO.

Paul and James were brothers, one nine and the other twelve years of age. They attended the same school. James, the youngest, was ill-tempered and obstinate, but much beloved by Paul. The teacher one day was about to punish James, when Paul stepped up and said to him —

"I wish you would punish me and save my little brother."

"My dear Paul," said the teacher in surprise, "You are one of my best boys. You have done nothing to deserve punishment. I cannot punish you, my boy."

"But," said Paul, "I shall suffer more to see my brother's disgrace and punishment than I should from anything you can do to me."

"Why, Paul," said the teacher, what do you mean? I cannot punish you."

"My brother is a little boy, younger than I am," said Paul. "Pray, sir, allow me to take all the punishment; I can bear anything from you, sir. Do take me and let my little brother go."

"Well, James, said the teacher, what do you say to this noble offer of Paul?"

James looked at his brother and said nothing.

"Do let me be punished, and let my brother go," urged Paul.

"Why Paul," said the teacher, "do you wish to receive stripes instead of James?"

"Jesus gave his back to the smiters," said Paul, "and received stripes for

the good of his enemies. James is my brother ; Oh, sir, do forgive him and let me be punished."

"But James does not wish me to forgive him," said the teacher. "Why should you feel so anxious about it? Does he not deserve correction?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Paul, "he has broken the rules, and is sullen and wilful and somebody must suffer. Do take me and spare my brother."

Paul threw his arms around his brother's neck, and wept as if his heart would break! This was more than James could bear. His tears began to flow, and he embraced his generous brother.

The teacher clasped both in his arms and forgave James, for he was more sorry for his conduct, than if he had been punished ten times.

THE WARNING BELL.

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill, or well.
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a psalm of delight.
But if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.
And should we on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'Twill with its tones serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.
And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive with main and might,
To shun the wrong and do the right.
And the bell's warning voice ne'er slight.

CONSCIENCE.

THE REASON WHY.

A little fellow came running into the house exclaiming, "Oh! sister Mary, I've such a pretty thing. It's a piece of glass, and it's all red. When I look through it everything looks red too, the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "It is very beautiful; and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember the other day you thought everybody was cross to you. You said father, mother, and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red because it is red. — You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross too. But when you get up in the morning in a good humor, loving and helping everybody, they too will seem kind and loving towards you. Now, remember, brother, and always be what you wish others to be — kind, gentle, loving; and they, seen through the beautiful color of your disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

OUR MAGAZINE.

THIS number of the *HAPPY HOME* appears considerably enlarged. In addition to the eight new pages pledged by the publisher, he has also enlarged the page itself, so that each one is wider and longer. In this way there is gained in matter about eight pages of the former size, in the sixty-four pages, making an increase of sixteen pages of matter, or one quarter more of reading than we have had heretofore. We have made some other changes, as in the heading of the juvenile department. We have other changes in view, which will materially improve the magazine to take place as soon as the increase of subscribers will justify the expense.

Readers should bear in mind that the expense of engraving such a series of Scriptural plates as appeared in the work last year, is very heavy, and although we ought to have a much larger subscription list to meet these outlays, we shall continue to furnish them, trusting that each reader will do what he and she can to circulate the magazine, by saying as much to their neighbors in its favor, as its merits will justify.

We are glad to welcome again to our columns Professor Lawrence, of East Windsor Theological Seminary, who will continue to give sketches of his travels in Judea. Other able pens will furnish their contributions to the work as heretofore.

We are more thoroughly convinced than ever of the importance of the mission which this monthly was originated to fulfil. If it accomplishes no good, it will not be because the field of its labor is narrow and sterile, but rather in consequence of a lack of interest in those whose benefit it seeks or perhaps a want of ability or judgment in conducting it. We know that a periodical having the object and scope of this is needed in every part of the land, and though we fail to carry out the original design of the work, and to elevate it to the high standard which it ought to attain, yet that need will exist, imperative and wide-spread. We trust however, to do something in a humble way, towards meeting this pressing demand of the age. At any rate, we shall give our feeble energies to the work another year, trusting that Providence will smile benignantly upon our labors, and add his blessing.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

LAST year is dead. Its living realities are no more ; for time past, like loved ones gone to the grave, never returns. It lives in recollection, influence, and inspired hopes or bitter regrets ; but it is a gone reality for all that, and is lost in the fathomless ocean of time fled, as rivers are lost in the sea. Yet for all these departed moments we are accountable to God, and shall meet each one of them when we meet our Judge. Each of them separately, as it slips away from our grasp, goes a messenger, for or against us, to the throne. *Saved or lost* is inscribed upon each, according as it is improved, or misspent. Many a careless wayfarer of earth will be comforted at the last tribunal by these wasted fragments of life. To others they will be golden prizes, each comparatively small in itself, but in the aggregate yielding an everlasting treasure which the ransomed spirit would not exchange for a thousand worlds.

Change has come to every fireside. To some it has been change for the better, filling the soul with joy and gladness ; to others, change that has made the heart sad, and started tears from weeping eyes. Yes Death—that inexorable messenger of God—has visited many a hearthstone upon his cheerless errand. Here a father has been called away, and there a mother, while sorrowing children are left to share the loneliness of a smitten home. Husbands have parted with their wives, and wives with their husbands, while helpless babes have drooped as summer flowers in the arms of love. Death is ever busy ; and the dear ties of existence sadly snap at his coming. Yet it is well. How often the grovelling thoughts are borne upward thereby to celestial realms, where there is no more pain and partings ! How often the affections that have entwined these earthly objects as idols of the heart, are broken away, and transferred to him who alone has rightful claim to them all ! It is well, then, to commune with death, and hold thoughtful converse with the grave.

The last year was remarkable for great events. The laying of the Atlantic Cable, the opening of Turkey and China more effectually to the spread of the gospel, and especially the general revival of religion throughout the country, will ever entitle it to the claim of a memorable year in the annals of the past. All of these events, and others too, have been glorious for the church, and have pushed her forward toward the final conquest of the world.

The new year upon which we have entered will have its vicissitudes and stirring scenes. It is well that we cannot pry into its unknown future, to see what experience of joy or sorrow will be ours. The veil of uncertainty and mystery that conceals it will be lifted only as a wise

Providence metes out our portion from day to day. Already the great Arbiter of human destiny may have said of some of us, as he did of one of old, "This year thou shalt die." Somewhere in the twelvemonth upon which we have entered, the unwelcome messenger may cross our path, and the grave open to receive us to its cold and cheerless bed. This too, will be well, if a blissful hope of immortality brightens our setting sun. For death is life to the repentant and pardoned soul. The exchange of earth for heaven, whether it be made in early or later life, is not a bad exchange. The flesh indeed may shrink therefrom, "fond of these trifling toys," but the ransomed spirit will spread its pinions joyously for the skies.

PUFFING PERIODICALS.

WE are quite disposed to call some of our editorial brethren to an account for their manner of speaking of certain periodicals, which have not the entire confidence of religious people. We refer now to the editors of certain *religious* newspapers, and not to the secular press. It is to be expected that those who have charge of secular news-sheets will not exercise that discrimination with regard to the *moral* tendency of periodicals that ought to be expected of those who are pledged to the cause of religion. This subject has weighed upon our mind more or less for some years; but it was recently revived by the sight of a favorable notice in one of our staunch religious weeklies of a certain monthly, which many parents will not allow in their families. The notice referred to contained but *two* words, but they were very expressive. They were as follows "ALWAYS GOOD." Now this commendation appeared to us more unwise, because only a short time before, a parent told us that said monthly was taken by one of his children this year, but on no account would he allow it to come into the family another season as it furnished very little useful reading, and a great deal that was light and barren. Another parent was asked why she had subscribed for the same work, and she replied in substance, "For the sake of the plates to please my children. The reading matter, I confess does not suit my taste." Here the opinion of parents and of said editor come in conflict. Said periodical always has excellent engravings, and very fine fashion plates, and if the editor means that these are always good, let him say so. But such a notice as the foregoing implies that the magazine is worthy of the patronage of Christian people and may be welcomed to the family as it is "*always good.*"

This is only one instance of puffing objectionable works that we have noticed from time to time, and we bring this up to illustrate more clearly the point we have in view. Religious papers ought to give such notices

of periodicals, if they give any at all, as Christian readers can rely upon. A father wants to subscribe for a magazine for his daughter, and his eye falls upon such a notice as the foregoing, and he says, "that must be a good thing, for Mr. —, the excellent editor of my paper, says so:" In consequence of the favorable notice he subscribes for the magazine, when he really wants and needs one of a high moral and religious tone. It is of no small consequence what kind of a periodical goes into the family. Few things appertaining thereto are more important. Should not religious editors bear this in mind, and speak of the *moral* tendency of such works, if they speak at all?

We recollect that, about five years ago, when HARPERS' MONTHLY had depreciated into such light, flashy literature that many Christians repudiated it, a certain religious weekly paper continued to speak favorably of it. We saw notices of it in the same column with those of some periodicals of admitted high moral character, and they were longer, and far better. We are not alone in our observation. We have often heard the same evil spoken of by competent judges.

In these days especially, when the world is flooded with light reading, that has no higher purpose than to amuse, there is need of discrimination on the part of those who control the religious press. Independence, also is necessary to speak out plainly and pointedly against whatever tends to corrupt the heart or cheat the mind.

Some one may say, 'perhaps the editor of the Happy Home is disappointed in not seeing his own magazine spoken well enough of.' We reply, on this score we have no fault to find, since all these editors have spoken as well, and even better, of our work, than we anticipated. They have spoken so favorably that it has required considerable independence to say thus much in the way of fault finding.

"NEW-FANGLED NOTIONS."

It is amusing to hear some people talk about "new-fangled notions," as they call many of the improvements and inventions of modern times. Perhaps they may have purchased formerly some new thing, which turned out to be a humbug, and ever since they have been afraid of improvements upon the old ways. Whenever a new invention is presented for their notice, or improvements suggested in the way of performing certain work, they meet it with the stereotyped phrase, "Another new-fangled notion." Yet, some of these same persons follow the fashions with the utmost devotion. They change their bonnets and dresses as often as the seasons come and go. A *new* style, though it be inconvenient and even absurd, is not "a new-fangled notion;" for they apply this phrase only to inventions and improvements relating to useful purposes. If fashion says

wear a bonnet as large as an umbrella, or so small that it can scarcely touch the head, it is not a "new fangled notion" by any means. They are perfectly willing to try it, at considerable expense, too, of time and labor. Perhaps it is fortunate that we do not all see things alike.

TEMPTATION AND POWER.

It is said that the Sandwich Islanders, as they were when the missionaries first went to teach them, believe that the strength and valor of the enemy whom they killed passed into themselves. The idea was very prevalent among them, and it was not without its benefits. It is certainly a poetical idea, and it may serve to teach us a good lesson with regard to temptation. It is not unfortunate that a Christian meets with many temptations, provided he triumphantly overcomes them. It is really fortunate that he is thus assailed by them, if he comes off victorious. For the strength of every temptation, that he resists, and treads beneath his feet, passes into himself. He becomes stronger to contend for the faith. He has more moral power to meet other temptations that may beset his path. The adversary has less and less encouragement to attack him. Let him keep on in this way of resisting and discomfiting the tempter, and so much moral power and fortitude will pass into him as to make him really invincible. He will finally attain a moral eminence from whence he can look down upon his foes as from Pisgah. He will not fear the shafts of the tempter any more than he does pattering rain-drops. As the eagle soars so far and high heavenward that he is beyond the reach of the gunners' shot, so the soul of such a saint dwells in a region that is unpierced by the fiery darts of the wicked.

CHILDREN LEARNING OF CHILDREN.

It is said, and it is probably true, that little children will learn to talk and walk quickest in the society of other children near their own age. They more readily learn to use the tongue and the feet from each other than they do from adults. The same fact applies, doubtless, to other periods of childhood and youth, and it teaches an important lesson, viz.: Within certain limits, and under proper watchfulness, it is necessary that children should have the society of each other. It is a school, a discipline, for them. It would be very unwise to seclude them from juvenile companionships, and keep them in the society of adults, to make them manly or womanly. A child ought to be a child until it attains that age when God would have it put away childish things. A son or daughter will perform the mission of life better by being a simple-hearted child for a series of years. True, children may learn a good deal that is bad of each other, but this is like the mixture of good and ill everywhere else under the government of God. The good exceeds the ill.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE TRUE WIFE.

The following tale of joy and sorrow will be read with deep interest. The narrative contains a very important, as well as a thrilling fact :—

I well remember the time that I ventured home in a state of intoxication. I knew my situation, and dreaded that my wife should discover it. I exerted myself to conceal it. I affected to be witty, affectionate and social, but it was a total failure. I felt the fatal poison momentarily increasing. I saw the inquiring eye of my wife fixed upon me with a look of unutterable grief. It was only with her aid that I was able to reach my pillow.

All restraint was soon swept away, and I came home night after night in a state most revolting to the feelings of a delicate, affectionate wife. In vain my amiable companion wept and expostulated. I was too much entangled and corrupted to break away either from my vices or associates. They neither feared God nor regarded man. I was led captive by their devices.

I became, I will not say an infidel, for I was too ignorant of the theory of skepticism to be one. I became a mocker. "Fools make a mock at sin," and such a fool was I. I knew just enough of the Bible to make it my jest book. I saw that this part of my conduct was extremely painful to my pious wife, and tried to restrain myself from trifling with the Bible in her presence; but I loved to raise loud laughter among my boisterous companions, and the indulgence served so to strengthen the pernicious habit, that I was often detected in the use of this offensive language.

It was not till I became a father that her touching appeals on this subject reached my conscience. "Must this child," she would say with tears, "be trained up under these baneful influences? Must he be taught by parental example to despise and ridicule the Scriptures with his lisping tongue before he is able to read their contents, or realize their heavenly origin?"

Her son had now become an interesting little prattler, imitating whatever he heard or saw. I perceived, with a sort of diabolical pleasure, that the first effort of his infant tongue was to imitate my profane language, the recollection of which now sends a thrill of grief and horror through my bosom. In vain did his sorrowing mother endeavor to counteract the influence of my wicked example. I continued to swear, and he to imitate my profanity, unconscious of its turpitude.

On a certain occasion I returned from one of my gambling excursions and found my wife and child absent. On inquiry I ascertained that she had gone to her accustomed place of retirement in a grove

some distance from the house. I knew that she had gone there for devotion. I had been accustomed to see her retire thither at evening twilight, and though I thought her piety unnecessary, I had no objection to it as a source of enjoyment to her; but that she should take her child with her, excited my surprise. I felt a curiosity to follow her. I did so, and took a position unseen by her, but where I had a full view of her attitude and features. She was kneeling beside a rock, on which lay her Bible before her. One hand was placed on its open pages; the other held the hand of her fair boy, who was kneeling beside her, his eyes intently fixed on her face. She was pale and care-worn. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were chasing each other down her cheeks, as she poured forth her burdened soul in prayer—first for her husband, that he might be reclaimed and saved; but, especially, did she plead with God that her son, whom she unreservedly dedicated to him, might be saved from those sins which were taught by his father's example. "Save him," she cried with agony, "save him from taking thy great and holy name in vain; and give his anxious mother wisdom, fortitude and grace, effectually to correct and break up the habit of profane ness."

She succeeded in conquering the habit in her child; and when she had cured him, I resolved to abandon forever the use of language which had caused her so much pain. I did abandon it from that time. I was now effectually reclaimed from this vice. But my habits of intemperance were daily becoming like brass bands. My morning and noon and evening dram, my loss of appetite and trembling nerves, proved the strong grasp it had upon my constitution.

My wife was in the habit of setting up at night till my return, however late it might be. She had, no doubt, in this way saved me from perishing, as I was often too much intoxicated to find my way even to the door without her assistance.

One cold night I had been out till a late hour, but returned free from intoxication. On coming silently to the house, I saw my wretched wife through the window, sitting over a handful of embers, with her babe and her Bible in her lap, and the big tears gushing from her eyes. In attempting to enter the house, with a fresh resolution on my tongue, I fainted, and fell on the floor.

Upon the return of consciousness I found my wife had drawn me to the fire, and was preparing me a bed, supposing my swoon to be the usual effect of ardent spirits. I sprang to her side, fell on my knees, and before her and heaven vowed never to taste another drop of anything intoxicating. I was then thirty years old. Years have since passed away and my vow is still unbroken.

THE TOAD AT HIS REPAST.

Blackwood's Magazine, has some very instructive remarks upon the toad, which we copy, out of respect for these harmless creatures who are so staid and singular in their habits.

Few of our readers most probably have ever observed the toad at

his repast. It is performed with electric rapidity, and with more than telegraphic precision. The tongue is doubled back upon itself and is tipped with a glutinous secretion. The moment the beetle comes within range the tongue is shot forth with an unerring aim, and quick as lightning the captive is withdrawn. They are invaluable in a garden. M. Jesse, in his gleanings, complains of gardeners destroying them, of savagely cutting them in two with their spades. We hope not. Horticulturists of such "gross ignorance" ought themselves to be extirpated. The beauty and vigor of our flower border we have long ascribed, in a measure, to a select family of toads, which we tenderly protect, and some of which have now reached a patriarchal age. M. Jesse, mentions that Mr. Knight, the eminent nursery man, keeps a great number of toads in his stoves, for the purpose of destroying the wood-lice that infect his plants, and that they do not seem at all affected by the heat even when it reaches 130 degrees. We are surprised at this latter statement, which does not agree with our observation. We have observed that the toad in very hot weather seeks shelter under foliage or buries himself amongst the soft mould. In the evening he emerges from his concealment, and no doubt then employs his protusile tongue. Mr. Buckland mentions a curious use of toads. They are employed as insect-traps.

A brigade of marauding toads are conducted into the garden in the evening. They make a famous supper, but in the morning their entomological employer, by a gentle squeeze, compels them to disgorge their evening meal, "and in this way many curious and rare specimens of rare and minute nocturnal insects have been obtained." "There is just now," says Dr. Buckland, "a plague of ants in many of the London houses, which defy extermination. I strongly recommend those who are troubled with those plagues to try whether a toad or two won't help them." Most certainly. They clean melon frames of these insects and why should they not perform the same friendly office in the drawing-rooms of London citizens? Nothing but prejudice can prevent the adoption of the excellent suggestion. And yet the prejudice exists, and they are a loathed species. Toads from time immemorial, have been persecuted by school-boys, and you cannot wander through a village on a summer day without seeing defunct and flattened specimens of these unoffending creatures. Innocent of literature it would be tracing the cruelty of the urchins to too high a source to ascribe it to the "ugly and venomous" toad of Shakspeare, or yet the more odious imagery of Milton. And yet from the erroneous natural history of the two great national poets the idea may have originated, and thus been handed down from one race of school-boys to another.

While toads are not truly venomous, and lack the specific apparatus which really venomous reptiles are endowed with, there is an irritant secretion in the glands of the skin which is more or less injurious. When a dog seizes a toad, this glandular fluid is squirted out, and his tongue and lips are burned as if with a strong acid.

The metamorphosis which frogs and toads undergo is complete and remarkable. In their tadpole condition the respiration is performed by gills, and is aquatic. In their adult state their gills are converted into true lungs, and can breathe atmospheric air alone. The spawn of frogs and toads is very distinguishable. The spawn of the former is found distributed through the whole mass of jelly, while that of the latter is soon arranged in long strings, and generally in double rows.

CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.

The *Boston Transcript* publishes an interesting chapter of first things that furnishes much important information. It is as follows:—

CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.

THE first savings' bank was instituted in 1816.

The first auction in England took place in the year 1700.

Violins were invented in 1477, and introduced into England by Charles II.

Gas was first introduced for lighting the public streets about the year 1816. It was first used in Birmingham.

The first English Parliament convened on the 15th of November, 1213.

The first attempts to establish fire insurance were made in the reign of Charles II.

The first life-boat was invented by M. Berniers, director of the bridges and causeways in France, in 1777.

The coach is a French invention. The first coach seen in England was about 1553. In 1626, the vehicle was first plied for hire..

The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present round Italian peasant hat and the French hood.

Hats appear to have been first used about the year 1400.

The earliest mention of forks occurs in a book of travels published in 611.

The first composer who set an opera to music was Francesco Barbarini, an Italian artist; and the piece to which he gave the garb of harmony was "The Conversion of St. Paul." It was brought out in Rome in 1460.

The first steamboat used in Great Britain was the Comet, a small vessel of forty feet keel, and ten feet and a half beam, with an engine of three horse power, which carried passengers on the river Clyde, in Scotland, in 1811.

Steel needles came first into England from Spain and Germany. They were first manufactured in London by a German, in 1565. English needles are now accounted the best that are made.

The first horse ever seen in Canada was brought to that country from France, in a ship which arrived at Tadoussac, on the 20th of June, 1647.

Gov. Joseph Dudley, who was born at Roxbury, in Massachusetts, Sept. 23, 1647, was the first native of America that held a seat in the British House of Commons.

The first use of the oath upon the Gospels is dated 528. Oaths were

used by the Saxons, in judicial proceedings, in 600. The oath of supremacy was ratified by Parliament in 1535. Till 1550, the common oath ended with the words, "so help me God and all saints."

The first medical degrees conferred in America were by King's College, New York, in 1769. The first medical work published in America, was "A Brief Guide on Small-pox and Measles," by Thomas Thatcher, of Massachusetts, published in 1667.

The first book of principles of political economy was the treatise of North, in 1691, entitled "Discourses on Trade." Nothing of importance appeared in England from that time till the publication of Stewart's "Principles of Political Economy," which was superseded by Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

The first book stereotyped in America was "The Larger Westminster Catechism," revised by A. McLeod, D. D., New York, stereotyped and printed by J. Watts & Co., for Whiting & Watson, June, 1813. 12mo. Two copies of this work are in the New York State Library.

The gathering of autographs originated in Germany, about the year 1550, when persons of quality took about with them elegant blank books for the signatures of eminent persons or valued friends.

The first "King's Speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We;" it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of being the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace," and "My Liege," were the ordinary titles by which Henry V. was addressed. "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VII. was the first English "Highness." Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty," and James I. prefixed to the last title "Sacred and Most Excellent."

HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL.

FROM *Olive Leaflets* we extract a pleasing anecdote concerning William Ladd, the well known president of the American Peace Society, in its early days:—

William Ladd was the president of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principle of peace, carried out, would maintain good will among neighbors as well as among nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject—had not thought much about it, as I dare say my young readers have not; and he believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was best, and fair, to strike right back again, without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender; or, if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would "give him as good as he sent."

He then had a farm, and a poor man, who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order, and, in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's wheat field, and did much mischief. William Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbor, and tell him he must mend the fence, and keep the sheep out. But

the sheep came in again, and William Ladd who was a very orderly man himself, was provoked. "Sam," he said, "go to that fellow, and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheat field I'll have them shot." Even this did not do; the sheep were in again. "Sam," said William Ladd, "take my gun, and shoot those sheep."

"I would rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam! why, there are but three; it's no great job."

"No, sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I am not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning. Why didn't he mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message. It made him mad, and so he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said William Ladd, "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw Sam half smiled, but I said nothing. I got into my buggy, and drove up to my neighbor's; he lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over. When I drove up to his house, the man was chopping wood. There were few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened. "Neighbor," I called out. The man looked sulky, and did not lift up his head. "Come, come, neighbor," said I, "I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must meet me half way." He perceived I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon. "Now, neighbor," said I, "we have both been in the wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now let's both face about, and both do right and feel right. I'll forgive you, and you shall forgive me. Now, let's shake hands." He didn't feel quite like giving me his hand, but he let me take it. "Now," said I, "neighbor, drive your sheep down to my south pasture; they shall share with my sheep till next spring; and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we'll start fair." His hand was no longer dead in mine; he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And that little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society." —

BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE.

WE learn many a good lesson from the merest babes, as the following from *Life Illustrated* shows. —

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a pic-nic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstasies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no songs of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain — even Hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"Oh, look out for the blue sky!"

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I don't care, mother," said he, when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours, "If I haven't seen it, I know there is blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky, a whole heaven full of it—clear, glorious blue sky, such as only greets us after a weary storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice; "there is blue sky!"

Then the little head dropped for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother!" exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, cos you see there ain't no place where I could have gone to—God only covered it up with clouds, didn't he?"

THE WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE *New Orleans Bulletin* pays a tribute to the self-denying labors of females in that city, in administering to the sick and dying, during the prevalence of the yellow fever of late;—

"In this divine work, woman, as usual, is the chief agent. Woman! wherever there is pain to be relieved, the broken hearted to be raised up; where gaunt poverty and raging fever hold terrible carnival, where delirium and the death-rattle drive men from the abode of misery, there is found woman. And nowhere else does the peculiar and innate beauty of her true nature shine out with so serene and steady and divine a light! nowhere else does the bravery of her moral heroism appear so resplendent, so enviable. We know not how many there are who are at this moment engaged in conflict with sufferings and the plague in New Orleans; but it is certain that the number is by no means insignificant, and it is equally true that they are devoting themselves to it with a courage a zeal, and a faithfulness that would astonish those who know nothing of their labor of love.

"It must not be supposed that these women, young and middle-aged, many of them delicate and educated, the ornaments of society, only go where and when they are called upon for assistance. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, with the slight protection of their bonnets and parasols, they take the streets, they explore the alleys, they seek out those who would otherwise never receive the blessings of their presence. They push into the abodes of the lowly, the crowded and filthy apartments where the epidemic rages with the greatest power. Nor must it be supposed that they confine themselves to the yellow fever alone. They relieve suffering wherever they find it, and take care of the destitute sick whatever be the nature of the disease. Very touching, as well as terrible, are some of the scenes which some of these light robed messengers of mercy have witnessed.

"In one place on Girod Street, they found a German family of eight persons in the second story of a house, seven of whom had the yellow fever, and the eighth, an infant, lay a *corpse* by the side of its sick mother, who, in her delirium, was all unconscious that her little one had been released from its sufferings! The little corpse was let down outside, lest its mother should become conscious, and the shock be too great for her to bear. In another case, a well educated woman, a native of Philadelphia whose father, we understand, is living and wealthy, was found almost entirely destitute, and upon whom the progress of the fever had gone too far to be arrested. She soon passed from her sorrows, unwilling that her father should know anything of her fate. We might mention the particulars of other cases almost as touching as these, but our space forbids it.

"Surely these Christian ladies are engaged in a work that is truly Godlike."

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

An Exchange discourses as follows upon Washington and Irving; —

"We have been told that, when Mr. Irving was a child five or six years old, he was walking one day, with a favorite Scotch servant-woman, in Broadway; not the Broadway of our times, in which Presidents and Generals are lost in the crowd, but that quiet little thoroughfare, which, starting from the Battery at its court-end, ran on, through rows of modest dwelling-houses, and still more modest shops, to the fields and gardens around the Park. In one of these shops there was a little more stir than usual, with a little bustle, too, of curiosity about the door, which attracted the good woman's attention; and, on looking in for the cause, she saw that General Washington was there. Seizing her young companion by the hand, she drew him forward, and led him right up to the General, exclaiming: 'Look here, sir; here is a bairn that is named for ye.' Washington laid his hand upon the child's head, and from that day to this, the blessing of the 'Father of his country' has rested upon it. It is impossible to recall this little incident without reflecting, how mysteriously is the web of life woven! To Washington it was a trifle, dwelt upon, perhaps, with pleasure for a moment — told, it may be, to his wife, on his return home — and then forgotten, amid the thousand anxieties of his position. He had just entered upon his duties as President under the new Constitution. Grave cares, intricate questions of state, were weighing upon him, and what time had he to bestow anything more than a smile and a caress on this child of stranger, even though bearing his own name? What would have been his sensations, could he have foreseen the future career of that child! How would his cares have been lightened, what a thrill would have shot to his heart, what a fervor would have glowed in his benediction, could some friendly voice have whispered in his ear, 'This boy will one day bear his part in the great work of raising his country to the first place among the nations; he will compel her reluctant kindred beyond the sea to recognise her genius, as you have compelled them to recognize her power; he will fill public stations with dignity, and adorn private life with all the gentler virtues; and when, at last, after many wanderings and many labors, he shall come to make his

home upon the banks of that stream which was the scene of some of your greatest trials and noblest achievements, he will devote the mature wisdom and temperate eloquence of a green old age to the story of your life, and indissolubly unite his name with yours in a work which shall be the guide and the delight of the remotest posterity!"

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

SOME of our readers have read the following poem by RALPH HORT, and we call the attention of such particularly to its moral:—

The world for sale! — hang out the sign;
 Call every traveller here to me;
 Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
 And set me from earth's bondage free?
 'Tis going! — yes I mean to fling
 The bauble from my soul away;
 I'll sell it whatsoe'er it bring: —
 The World at Auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see;
 Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
 It is not what it seems to be:
For Sale! It shall be mine no more:
 Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
 I would not have you purchase dear,
 'Tis going — *going!* I must sell!
 Who bids, who'll buy the Splendid Tear?

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold;
 Who bids? but let me tell you fair,
 A baser lot was never sold;
 Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care!
 And here spread out in broad domain,
 A goodly landscape all may trace;
 Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain;
 Who'll buy himself a Burial place?

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
 That beauty flings around the heart!
 I know its power, alas, too well!
 'Tis going! Love and I must part!
 Must part! What can I more with Love!
 All over the enchanter's reign!
 Who'll buy the plumless, dying dove,
 An hour of bliss — an age of pain?

And Friendship — rarest gem of earth,
 (Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
 Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
 Who bids for Friendship — as it is!
 'Tis going — *going!* — Hear the call;
 Once, twice, and thrice! — 'tis very low!
 'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
 But now the broken staff must go!

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride —

I part from all forever now ;
 Grief in an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my heart to bow.
 Poor heart distracted, ah, so long,
 And still its aching throb to bear ;
 How broken, that was once so strong ;
 How heavy once so free from care.

No more for me life's fitful dream,
 Bright vision, vanishing away ;
 My bark requires a deeper stream,
 My sinking soul a surer stay.
 By Death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod ;
 The best of all I still have left —
 MY FAITH, MY BIBLE, AND MY GOD !

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

The *Eclectic Review* discourses sensibly upon this important theme. The reader will find much in the extract below to reduce to practice :—

“The instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself, she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness, with grace, to the stately tree ; but if it outgrow, as if to protect or to conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she should induce her husband to take her advice and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered about their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both. One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is the maintenance of man's self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each ought to be to the other. To the formation of the manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must see in the other's love the reflection of the character desired. Hence the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that would otherwise be lost forever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman to love more tenaciously than man, her might surpasses his so far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing love without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition, by exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs until they become as white as milk, and then add to them a pint of boiling water, and the grated rinds of two lemons; sweeten to your taste, and stir the mixture over the fire until it seems to be thick enough for use, and then some rose-water may be added, after which give the whole a scald, and pour it into cups. To be served cold.

PUMPKIN CUSTARD.—Mix with one quart of stewed pumpkins six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, some nutmeg, and as much sugar as you like.

BOILED PUDDING.—Soak some stale bread in one quart of good milk, then add six eggs well beaten, a little salt, and as much flour as you think will make it thick enough. Put it into a bag, and boil it an hour. Raisins may be added if you like them. Serve it with sauce.

NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.—Peel six good apples; take out the cores with the point of a small knife, but be sure to leave the apples whole; fill up where the core was taken from with sugar; place them in a pie dish, and pour over them a nice light batter, prepared as for batter pudding, and bake them an hour in a moderate oven.

GINGER CAKES WITHOUT BUTTER.—Take one pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of ginger, a pint of water, two pounds of flour, and the dry peel of two or three oranges; pound and sift the ginger, and add a pint of water; boil it five minutes, and let it stand till cold. Pound the orange peel, and pass it through a sieve. Put the flour on a paste board, make a well, and put in the orange peel and ginger with the boiled water. Mix this up to a paste, and roll it out. Prick the cakes before baking them.

TO MAKE INDELIBLE INK.—Put six cents' worth of lunar caustic into a bottle, and to it the eighth of a gill of vinegar; let it stand in the sun from ten to fifteen hours: and in another bottle put two cents' worth of pearlash, add one cents' worth of gum arabic, and about a gill of rain water. The first preparation is the ink; the second is the preparation to be placed on the linen.

STARCH POLISH.—Take one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax; melt, and run it into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter of a dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.

BLUEING FOR CLOTHES (Better and cheaper than indigo).—Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it, and put it in a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and add one quarter ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a *large* washing.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from the original Greek, with Chronological arrangement of the sacred books, and improved divisions of chapters and verses. By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. Boston : John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 423.

In the last issue of our magazine we spoke of this work and promised to notice it the present month. We do not feel competent to criticise a work of this character in all of its features ; and yet its leading characteristics can be easily understood. They are (1) A literal translation of the New Testament. It is generally admitted that some words and phrases of the original language might have been rendered into better English than it is : that is, there are words and phrases now in use, which express more appropriately the meaning of the original text. The author of this work has so rendered them. (2) He follows the sense of the text in the division of chapters and verses. His translation presents only chapters and paragraphs, and in our view it renders the text more intelligible to the common reader. (3) The several books and epistles are arranged chronologically, or, according to the time they were written. By this arrangement, Thessalonians, Galatians and Corinthians come before Romans, while Hebrews is the last before Revelation. We suppose there is a question as to the time some of these epistles were written, yet we do not feel competent to decide of the correctness of the author on this point.

These are the leading points of the work. In respect to the first, there are more changes in this new translation than we expected to find. We had supposed that necessary renderings of the original language into English pertained only to here and there a word ; but there are changes on every page, so far as we have examined. It is true, many of them are slight, and do not alter the meaning of the passages at all. Some of those renderings are more polished and forcible than the old translation, although the meaning is not changed ; while in other instances we much prefer the former rendering. For instance, in Matt. 8th chapter, Christ's rebuke to the unbelieving cities reads, "Woe to you Bethsaida ! for if the mighty works which have been done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have *changed their minds* long ago," &c. The old translation is, "Would have repented," which we prefer, although the meaning is the same. So "the place of a skull" is rendered "The place of a cranium," which is decidedly a poor exchange. We also prefer "hell" to "Hades" and good old fashion "pounds" to "denari." It is doubtful if common readers would know what is meant by "denari," while they could easily understand "pounds." We see no need of using these unfamiliar words when the old ones in our present version express the same thing and are easily understood. True this is a literal translation, but is it not better to depart from it a little, if the common people can better understand it in consequence ? The work, however, is a valuable one to preachers and students of the Bible generally. We are glad to see it, and the author is deserving of great credit for his long and persevering labors to produce it.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND BIBLICAL REPOSITORY. Edited by Edwards A. Park and Samuel H. Taylor, October, 1858. A good number of this elaborate work, containing seven articles. There is one on "Baptism a Symbol of the Commencement of the New Life" by Rev. H. L. Wayland, of Worcester, Mass. son of Dr. Wayland, of Providence. He has presented a very important view of the subject.

POPULAR POISONS. We have received another package of Tracts on tobacco, from Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg. They are all good, excellent, and we heartily wish they might be used to annihilate the last cigar and

quired that now exist. These tracts will do good if circulated. Let the benevolent send to Mr. T., at Fitchburg, Mass., for them. One dollar will purchase several hundred pages.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. 12mo. pp. 373. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company. The contents of this volume are well known to the public, it having appeared in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*, from the pen of Dr. Holmes. The articles, as they appeared, received general and indiscriminate commendation, and so has the volume which contains them. But we confess that it is a kind of writing for which we have very little taste. Of its kind, it is of the first water, for no writer can excel the well-known Doctor in this style of composition. We acknowledge that it contains the following points: (1.) Wit and humor. (2.) Many capital hits. (3.) Dry, cutting sarcasm. (4.) Beautiful comparisons, which constitute, in our view, the best part of the volume. 5.) The Doctor's racy style, choice selection of words, easily and forcibly expressed. But the leading object of the work is to create laughter. This appears to be its highest aim, and to this we object. We like to laugh, and have done our part of it faithfully thus far in life; but this is no reason why we should love to see a gifted mind expend its powers upon a volume just to excite the risibles. Writing merely to amuse readers is not a very high aim, and this appears to be the only object of this volume. True, it is the Doctor's *forte*, but it is not always best for men to labor too much at their *forte*. The volume will not do injury; neither will it do good. People will read and laugh, and, on the whole, that will end it, unless perhaps some autocrat of the *dinner table* should shake his sides over it to his physical advantage.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE. By Rev. W. E. Boardman. 12 mo. p.p. 430. Boston: Henry Hoyt. This is a valuable book, well adapted to the present times. It is divided into three parts. (1.) What it is. (2.) How Attained. (3.) Progress and Power. These parts are well filled up, containing between twenty and thirty sketches of character illustrative of the important truths presented. It is a book for every Christian *now*. Not the least valuable thing about it is that it is *timely*. Young converts especially should read the work, as it will aid them in beginning the new life aright. For Sabbath School libraries it is one of the best of books. We wish that it might be widely circulated, as it richly deserves to be. Mr. Hoyt, the publisher, has just commenced the book business on his own account, in this city, and his name alone, to all who know him, is a promise of a good book.

BIOGRAPHY OF SELF-TAUGHT MEN. With an Introductory Essay. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Company. 16 mo. pp. 648. This valuable work has long been before the public. It originally appeared in two volumes. It is now printed in one. It contains the biographies of such men as Roger Sherman, Thomas Scott, Richard Baxter, Humphrey Davy, &c., &c. The Introductory Essay is by Professor B. B. Edwards, and alone is worth the price of the book. It is a capital work for youth and young men to read. Fathers will do well to purchase it for their sons. Let them see what men in humble life have done by their own unaided efforts. It may inspire sons with high and noble purposes. There should be a copy in every family where there are sons.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST. Tales translated from the German of Rosalie Boch, and Nanie Bing. By Cranermental. 16mo. pp. 291. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Company. This is a volume for the young, handsomely illustrated. It contains four stories, viz.: "The Picture" "County Canvass," "The Inquisitive Boy," and "The Little Ragman." The thoughts embraced in the book are good, and the moral influence of it must be unexceptionable. We are quite sure the young will be delighted with the tales.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Written for children. By E. Cecil. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Company. 16 mo. pp. 258. Several writers have prepared the life of Washington for the young, but we have seen none that

better than this. It is written in a simple style, long words being avoided as much as possible, and it is finely illustrated. A profitable book for parents to give to their children.

ROLLO IN ROME. By Jacob Abbott. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 16 mo. pp. 223. The announcement of a book by Mr. Abbott is sufficient to give it a sale. Few books for the young are more sought than those which he has written. This new volume is fully equal to its predecessors.

THE NOON PRAYER MEETING of the North Dutch Church, Fulton street, New York. Its origin, character, and progress with some of its results. By TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, one of the pastors of the Reformed Protestant Dutch (Collegiate) Church, New York. Published by the House of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. Synod's Rooms, 61 Franklin street. For sale at the office of the Happy Howe, 11 Cornhill, Boston. Price \$1.00 in Cloth.

Dr. Chambers prepared, by request, this volume, as a history of the origin and progress of the Fulton street noon-day prayer meetings, he has executed the work assigned him with great ability, discrimination, and fidelity. In the first three chapters he gives a brief history of the Church in which the meeting originated. Then follows the facts and circumstances of the origin of this meeting and a brief review of its progress and success. The book is full of incidents of thrilling interest which develop, in a striking and convincing light, the efficacy of prayer, and the worship of God's Spirit in the enlightenment and renovation of the mind and heart in answer to united prayer. The hand of God is so clearly visible in the origin, progress and development of these meetings, that skepticism is constrained to acknowledge it to be the work of God. Does any one doubt it, let him read the book and then give his testimony.

THE BURIAL OF THE FIRST BORN; THE LOST LAMB; THE LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL; AND OTHER TALES. These books were written by Joseph Alden, D. D., and published by J. E. Tilton & Co. 161 Washington St., Boston.

The reputation of the author as a writer of juvenile books is commendation enough to secure a favorable opinion of their merits. They are just such books as will interest and instruct the little folks, and as such we recommend them to the notice of parents and children.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following from O. Ditson:—

1. *Day Dreams, or True Love never dies*; a Ballad, by Geo. W. Foster.
2. *Little Dorrit's Love*; Ballad by G. A. MacFarren.
3. *New and Popular Ballads*; by S. Glover.
4. *Alabama, Guipure Waltz*, by H. A. Pond.
5. *Alabama, Amy Effie*, by H. A. Pond.
6. *The Charlton Scottische*; by G. A. Palz.
7. *Quadrilles Sociale*; by Frank Howard.

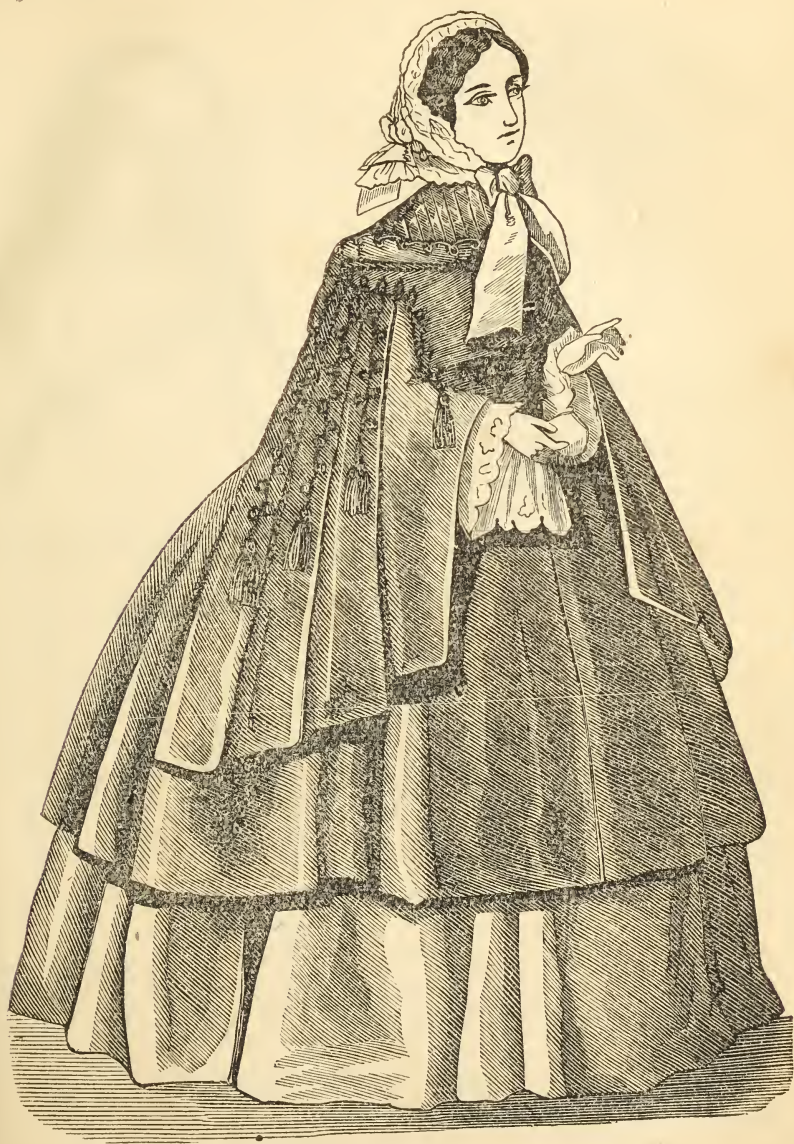
ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—"Obed-Edom." "Thanks for your Flowers." "Courtesy and Charity." "Household Consecration and the Missionary Work."—"My Early Home,"—"Reminiscence."—"Extract from a Discourse."

FASHIONS.



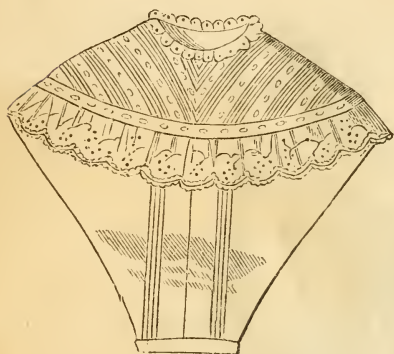
CHILD'S CLOAK.

THE cloak, which explains itself as to its simple and graceful shape, is on the woolen reps introduced the past spring, the colors blue and rich brown. Dress of plaid Valentinia. Drawn satin bonnet, blue and white.



THE OPHELIA.

THIS graceful cloak may be made in black velvet or cloth. It fits loosely to the figure, and has a flowing sleeve, in three flat plaits, each of which is confined by a cord and passementerie tassel. The hood is lined with satin, and finished in the same way. Bonnet of pale blue silk and blonde.

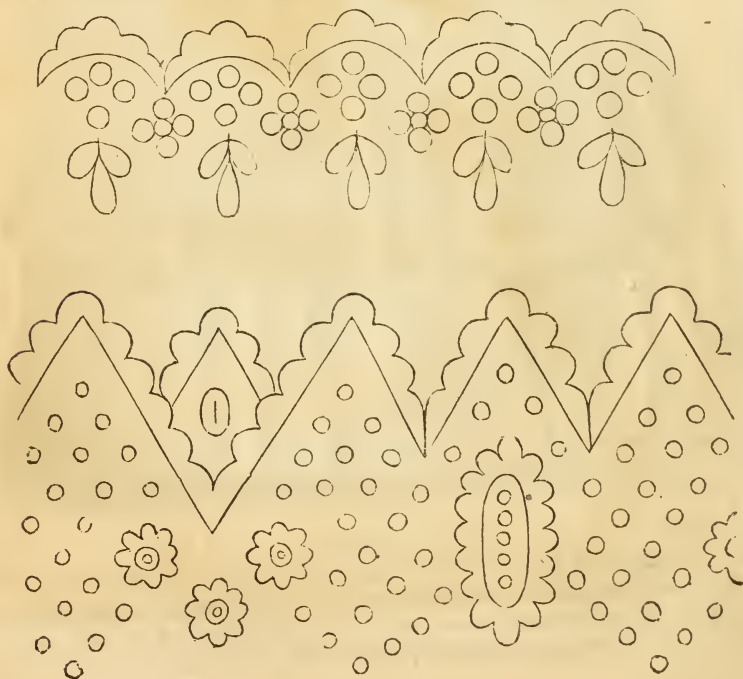


Form of chemisette for evening dress, where it is desirable to have the neck entirely covered. It is formed of insertions of lace or muslin: a narrow frill of lace about the throat; the deeper frill folds over the dress, after the fashion of a *brothe*.



A quilted silk bonnet trimmed with folds of bias plaid velvet.

DESIGN FOR THE BAND OF AN UNDERSLEEVE.







TEA CHINA ROSE

THE WIFE'S SONG.

WORDS BY E. P. DYER.

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL.

Scherzando.

mf

Cres.

1. I will sing you a song Of the fire-side of home, Where
2. There is free-dom from fear, From vex - a - tion and strife, When

THE WIFE'S SONG. Concluded.

peace dwells contented, And joy loves to come, And mer-ry young voi - ces With
my Hus-band at evening Sits down with his wife; And cheer-i - ly talk - ing Of

frol - ic - some mirth Make that spot the sweet - est To me on the earth.
troubles long past, Says arch-ly, "But Lau - ra, I'm hap - py at last."

3. O I love such a man,
With the heart of a wife,
Who finds in her husband
The joy of her life :
I would not be sundered
From him I thus love,
For ought save the blessings
Of Heaven above.

4. And the song which I heard
Was a musical song,
I longed to repeat it,
But feared it was wrong,
Till wife said in earnest
"No doubt it is true,"
And then I determined
To sing it for you. —

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XIV.

DEATH OF A PARENT.

EDITORIAL.

IN the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis we find an account of Jacob's death, after a long and eventful life. His children were summoned to his bedside, as represented in the engraving, to receive his parting counsel, and see him die. They were twelve in number, and each one had made the old man's heart glad or sad according as he had lived well or ill. Alas! that most of them had lived in sin, so ungrateful and reckless as to fill a large portion of the father's life with trouble and sorrow! But a kind Providence had overruled untoward events, in the evening of Jacob's life, to make him peaceful and happy, and smooth his rugged path to the tomb. He enjoyed the unusual privilege of meeting all his sons in the hour of death, and of addressing to them such words as his yearning soul might dictate. Few parents live such a life as his, and few enjoy such a meeting at its close.

Imagination can readily conceive of the touching reflections, and deep, inexpressible emotions that must have filled the mind and heart of the patriarch on the borders of the unseen world: There was the past with its chequered experience of joy and sorrow, though far more of the latter than the former, to awaken thrilling memories, and many sad regrets. His own want of wisdom and even-handed justice, in the management of his sons, which proved the occasion of his sorest trials, must have weighed upon his soul. Then the great iniquities that some of them perpetrated, and especially their unparalleled cruelty to a younger brother, must have been remembered, as the weeping group surrounded his bed. God had unexpectedly and strangely overruled events to bring good out of evil, and light out of darkness; and yet no present manifestation of Divine favor could obliterate from his mind a vivid recollection of the past. The Divine goodness may have illuminated every scene, as viewed from his bed of death, in connection with his entire experience, so as to impart

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1859, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

a high degree of satisfaction, and fill his soul with gratitude and praise, while yet his mind was thronged with affecting recollections.

That all this was true of Jacob in the dying hour, is evident from the words which he uttered. One by one he addressed his sons, not withholding merited rebuke to those who had lived ungodly, nor shunning to enumerate the gross sins they had committed. "Reuben, thou art my first-born, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power; unstable as water, thou shalt not excel, because thou wentest up to thy father's bed: then defilest thou it; he went up to my couch." What a cutting rebuke from the lips of a dying father! How keenly alive that father must have been to his son's iniquity, to speak in this way as he was dropping into the arms of death! How terribly it must have fallen upon the ear of the erring son, who had come from his toils to bid his expiring father farewell!

And there were Simeon and Levi, and others of the twelve, who received like withering censure from those almost speechless lips. How bitter must have been their cup of sorrow, mingled with this worse than wormwood and gall! "But Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall," said the sinking father, rejoicing in the thought. It was the bright-side view which Jacob took of his family when eternity was opening to his vision. It was doubtless a precious thought to him, that one of his beloved sons had lived to honor God, and win the confidence and respect of his fellow-men. The blessing of such a son to an aged parent is inestimably great.

All these things show that the last hours of Jacob were thronged with memories of the past — that his thoughts were gravely occupied with what had been, as well as with what was to be. After reading his farewell address to his children, so sincere and truthful, as a dying man would certainly be, it is evident that the relation of parents and children absorbed his reflections in no small degree.

But the old man ended his counsels. Death waited for the last word to be spoken, and then sealed his lips. "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered

unto his people." His end was peace. Religion had been his support through trials that would have crushed many hearts. As a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest, he was gathered to the fathers.

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The death of a parent is truly a family scene. Parents *may* part with their children — children *must* part with their parents. No tie is too tender and sacred to be snapped by inexorable death. The debt of nature must be paid, and, in the natural order of events, parents must pay it first. Therefore, it is the dictate of reason to regard this solemn event as certain.

The death of Jacob is very instructive both to parents and children. The closing scene of his life is well suited to remind both parties of a *séparation* that will surely occur sooner or later. If they would mitigate the pangs of the parting hour, mutual fidelity must be practiced. This will avoid unpleasant reflections and harassing regrets when the final separation occurs. It is possible for children to fill the dying pillow of father or mother with thorns. It has been often done. It was well nigh accomplished in the case of Jacob. Even with the overruling providence of God in his favor, and the blessed supports of religion, bitter thoughts of children's sins seemed to weigh upon his mind. Thus it was with Howard, the great philanthropist. So far as he himself was concerned, he had nothing to do but to die. His soul was at peace with God, and an approving conscience yielded its delight. But he had a wayward son, and his thoughts could not be withdrawn from his wicked course. Though dying fifteen hundred miles from his home and friends, with only the hands of strangers to close his eyes, he murmured not at this, but grieved and agonized over the wretchedness of his reckless boy. But for this his expiring moments would have been gladdened with light and joy. As it was, however, his mind was gloomed and saddened by thoughts of his ruined son, except when his soul mounted up on the wings of faith, and dwelt in the more immediate presence of God.

This is not a solitary case. Thousands of devoted parents have experienced kindred emotions in the hour of dissolution. Nor is

it difficult for living parents to appreciate this fearful reality. For all deprecate this disobedience and folly of children. All would say with the mother of the late John Quincy Adams, to whom she wrote when he was absent with his father in Europe: "Dear as you are to me, I would much prefer that you would find a grave in the ocean which you have crossed, than to see you an immoral, graceless child."

The thoughtless children, too, in their turn, must experience the reproaches of an awakened conscience. It is quite evident that the recreant sons of Jacob were troubled with remorse when they came to the bedside of their father. Perhaps they would have given all their possessions to have been able to remove the pangs they had occasioned. It is certain that such has been the case with many who have borne their testimony thereto. Said Charles Lamb, "What would I give to call my mother back to earth one day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!" Yes! many sons and daughters create regrets and sorrows for themselves, by their thoughtless disregard of parental wishes. If their reproaches come not sooner, they *will* fall upon them when parents descend to the grave.

How forcibly the example of Jacob reminds living parents of their obligations to act for the highest good of their children. At one time he allowed his partiality for Joseph to exhibit itself in a striking manner. At other times he does not appear to have exercised that judgment and high sense of justice, in the government of his family, which is so necessary. Could he have lived his life over again, there is no doubt that he would have corrected himself in many particulars. The fact should become a persuasive to present parental fidelity. Too much thought cannot be devoted to a subject of so great importance. It cannot be dismissed with impunity to either party. It requires the exercise of all the wisdom, judgment, foresight and grace that can be commanded, to discipline sons and daughters. Even then, a deep sense of incompetency will weigh upon the mind of nearly every parent. After being as faithful as he can, he will still be conscious, doubtless, of failing to guide his children aright in some respects. Let him be deeply impressed with *duty* in this important relation, if he would spare himself unpleasant reflections at the close of life.

It appears, also, that religion affords the only real solace to parents in the hour of death. How dark and drear would have been the closing hours of Jacob's life, without this great support! Often the Christian thought of leaving surviving children in the hand of a covenant-keeping God, who has listened to many a prayer in their behalf, has filled the souls of departing parents with inexpressible joy. We have often known this single thought to be a well-spring of pleasure to tender mothers on the borders of time. Though conscious of leaving their little ones in a cold and heartless world, yet the privilege of committing them to the care of God was enough to remove all anxiety. Probably this thought comforted Jacob in his last moments. To feel that even his ungrateful sons were in the hand of his heavenly Father, who could turn their hearts as the rivers of water are turned, must have been a pleasant reflection. Where else could they be so safe? Who could restrain their evil hearts, if not he?

Yet, it is only when dying Christian parents have the evidence that children who have attained to years of accountability, are truly pious, that they feel entirely satisfied in parting with them. It is not difficult to trace different emotions in the breast of Jacob, as he turned to bid Joseph adieu. He was evidently comforted with the thought that he served the God of his fathers, and that high Christian principle controlled his life. How could it be otherwise? Leave children what we may of this world's goods; let their mental acquisitions be ever so great; let their natural excellences be marked indeed; they are not safe in this world of temptation without genuine religion in their hearts. This is a better inheritance to leave them in possession of, than riches or fame. The nearer a parent is to the eternal world, the more fully he will realize this truth. The celebrated Dr. Bickersteth, whose last sickness was of the most painful character, exclaimed before he left the world, "Have I not ten thousand alleviations of my sufferings? and among the greatest is to have pious children attending my dying pillow." What an inducement is here for parents to surround their children with religious influences, and, if possible, to guide them to Christ! Then, whether death summons them away early or late, they have the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that they leave them in possession of that which is better than gold and pearls.

Is not here an inducement, also, for children to heed the counsels of pious parents, and yield their hearts to Christ? A living minister of the gospel relates that, in his youth, when absent from home, he was unexpectedly summoned to return, as his Christian father was apparently nigh unto death. With feelings that can be better imagined than described, he repaired at once to his bedside. The son was then "without God and hope." He found his father almost in the last gasp of life. He had strength, however, to give utterance to his feelings over the impenitency of his son. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he spoke of the great comfort he should have if his son were only a true child of God. "Then," wrote the son, some years thereafter, "I would have given the world to have been a consistent Christian, not so much for my sake, as for that of my agonized father." Of course higher and holier motives are to actuate a sinner in coming to Christ, but here a subordinate consideration is found in the gratification of parental wishes. An affectionate, devoted child would desire to solace the last moments of a beloved parent as much as possible. Hence, he might reproach himself for having lived unreconciled to God. Is not here an appeal to the children of pious parents to become the followers of Christ?

The death of an aged pilgrim, whose end is peace, especially if he be a father, is truly sublime. Turn to the engraving, and let imagination impart reality to the solemn scene portrayed. Is it possible to conceive of an event more affecting and sublime than the exit of this hoary-headed patriarch? The last link that has bound the family together is to be broken; for when the parents are taken, the family has no longer a centre around which to revolve. Death is to terminate an intercourse that has been unbroken through many, many years. Call to mind all these tender recollections, and then observe the trust and tranquillity, and unfaltering faith of the aged sire, and say if there could be a scene of higher sublimity.

How long the influence of such a death must be felt upon the hearts and lives of the living! Jacob's sons must have often reverted to that parting scene, when their father passed away in triumph. Thereafter, as they were busied about their daily avocations, and cares and duties engrossed their time, the thought of that exhibition of parental piety, in the hour of death, must

have frequently flashed upon their minds. Perhaps the recollection of it exerted a restraining influence over them afterwards. There is no doubt that Christian parents have sometimes accomplished more good by their happy death, than they ever did by their lives. And here is another inducement for fathers and mothers to live for Christ, that their final peace and triumph may impress the hearts of children who weep over their remains.

“The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.” The beauty and grandeur of this passage cannot be fully appreciated, until we take it to the couch of some expiring pilgrim like Jacob, whose sun has a glorious setting. We need to behold the climax of a godly life, when age has dimmed the eye, and made the step tottering, to catch all the meaning of this passage, in its association of grey hairs with holiness. To many, age is an unpleasant and dreaded portion of existence. But viewed in connection with a child-like trust in God, and the rich fruits of consistent piety, it becomes a beautiful termination of this mortal state. Then we can say with the poet:—

“Why should old age escape unnoticed here,
That sacred era to reflection dear?
That peaceful shore where passion dies away,
Like the last wave that ripples o’er the bay?
Oh! if old age were cancelled from our lot,
Full soon would man deplore the unhallowed blot;
Life’s busy day would want its tranquil even,
And earth would lose its stepping-stone to heaven.”

DEW-DROPS OF WISDOM.

No man is master of himself, so long as he is a confirmed slave of any evil habit.

Nothing can be purer than honesty, sweeter than charity, brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith.

When a person loses his reputation, the very last place where he goes to look for it is the place where he lost it.

The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he cannot use his own tools, without cutting his own fingers.

No gift is so fatal as that of singing. The principal question asked, upon insuring a man’s life, should be — “do you sing a good song?”

THE DEATH OF A PARENT,

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Methinks it were not sad to see
The aged Christian die,
When having fought the fight of Faith,
And won a crown on high,
He lays his war-worn armor down,
And goes to take that fadeless crown.

Yet, when upon a father's brow,
Death's signet cold is set,
And lips are sealed whose loving words
We never can forget,
With filial tears who would not weep
O'er that fond father's dreamless sleep?

When no more on a mother's cheek
We print our filial kiss,
Because her soul hath plumed its wings
For fairer worlds than this ;
Must not the children she hath borne
In broken-hearted sorrow mourn.

And yet how calm is filial grief !
True, cherished forms are gone,
And henceforth in our pilgrimage,
Alone we journey on,
Though filial love may mourn them both,
Hope hints of joy, an after growth.

Thus doth fond nature, not in vain,
Amid her griefs and fears,
Suggest some antidote for pain,
She gives us joy for tears,
And makes our night of mourning brief,
Lest we be swallowed up of grief.

While Faith reveals beyond the tomb
That blissful Eden-shore,
Where we at length shall meet again,
Our dear ones gone before,
And mingle love's divinest strains,
Together walking glory's plains.

THE FIRST LUMP OF SUGAR.

EDITORIAL.

"THERE," exclaimed Mrs. Niles, "I never will begin to give another child a lump of sugar at the table. I have been mortified enough." The occasion of this remark was the call of the little two-year-old boy at the tea-table, for a lump of sugar from the bowl. He had very readily learned the shape and use of the sugar-bowl, and many a time had well nigh drowned the voices of guests with his loud cry for a lump. Mrs. Niles could withstand this very well when no company was present, but to have so small a body set up his Ebenezer, and demand sugar in the presence of visitors, was quite mortifying. A refusal was sure to be met by a still more imperious demand, so that she had been known to make a compromise, (as they say at Washington) between her sense of right, and the lower-law appeals of the child. But a bright thought evidently flashed on her mind, at the time referred to. She thought of the first lump of sugar, and reasoned thus: "If I had never given him a lump from the sugar-bowl, the sight of it on the table would not now arrest his attention. It was the *beginning* to give him the delicious sweet that did the mischief." This was good reasoning, and reached the true philosophy of the matter. If mothers would not have their little children mortify them by outcries for this, that, and the other article upon the table, of which they are not allowed to partake freely, they must not begin to let them taste.

It is really a pleasant thing to see "the baby" nibble away at some new kind of food, or some fresh sweetmeat, and to observe how carefully he at first tastes, by the way of learning the value of the article. Many a parent allows the little ones just to taste of something which children should not eat, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they like it or not. There is real satisfaction in seeing a child embrace the idea that an article of food which he is offered for the first time, is good to eat. What parent has not experienced this pleasure? Hence, it is quite a temptation to allow them to *taste*, which is precisely the way to make future trouble, and to require the well-meant and emphatic "No." Some parents have been obliged to say "*no*" a hun-

dred times, to pay for having said "*yes*" once. Children appear to think that one smiling, clever "*yes*," is a pledge for the same sort of replies ever after. So that it is quite important to withhold this affirmative in the first place, when it relates to things that we know must generally be negatived thereafter.

We have seen a child two years old who would play with a peppermint, or piece of candy, for hours, never offering to eat it. Now, children generally love all kinds of sweetmeats, and the dainties are not long on the passage from the hand to the mouth. Why, then, did not this little fellow consume his? The reason is found in the fact that he had never *tasted* of candy or peppermints. They had frequently been given to him, but his parents had taken some pains to take them away, or at least to see that he did not put them into his mouth. He did not know whether candy was sweet or sour, or whether it was made to eat or play with. On the whole, he seemed rather to infer that it was a pretty plaything, and was contented to hold it in his hand, or toss it about. That we have given the real cause of his not being disposed to eat sweetmeats, is evident from the rest of the story. Recently an inconsiderate boy managed to put a good, nice piece of candy into this child's mouth, and his ignorance, or delusion, or whatever you are pleased to call it, vanished at once. Now he understands that candy is candy. He is ready to appropriate it to his own use at once. It is not a plaything now. A single *taste* of it has undone the work of a year and a half, so carefully performed by the parents.

We say, then, to parents, remember the first lump of sugar. Never begin to let your children touch, taste or handle what you do not mean they may touch, taste or handle as long as they live. It is the first lump that introduces a child to the sugar-bowl.

WE suppose there are some virtues that may exist in the worst hearts, even as there are some kinds of fire that will burn under water.

Judgment must be our guide in all cases where our knowledge depends upon institutions,—that is, upon the direct perception of fundamental and essential ideas.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

EDITORIAL.

O, tell us not of memories sad,
That linger round the years
Of sires and matrons who have walked
Through life's long vale of tears :
For sadder memories press the heart,
Oft in the path we tread ;
In joyless troops they cluster round
Our empty cradle-bed.

Though time may fly on swiftest wing,
And age o'ertake us soon,
And cares and pleasures fill the mind,
E'er life has passed its noon ;
We'll ne'er forget the angel form,
That sun-beams round us shed,
While in our humble dwelling stands
The empty cradle-bed.

It speaks to us of other days,
When there a cherub slept ;
Of how he spread his tiny wings ;
And we in sadness wept :
It seems but yesterday he came,
But yesterday he fled ;
And thus 'twill seem so long as here's
Our empty cradle-bed.

Well, let us bow to God who gives,
And takes our blessings bright :
'Tis best for sinners all to have
Some darkness with the light ;
Our Christ hath borne the babe to star
The crown upon his head,
And left — to bless our hearts of sin —
The empty cradle-bed.



AGUR said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches ;" and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our income should be like our shoes ; if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYING MOTHERS.

BY A. S. WILLEY, MISSIONARY TO THE CHEROKEE NATION.

MOTHER! does your spirit faint and sink within you as you reflect how many years you have prayed for and waited for the conversion of your children! Ah! well does she who now addresses you, (for she, too, is a mother) know the deep yearnings of your fond, maternal bosoms, and the heart-struggles in the silent watchings of the night, when none but the ear of the Invisible is open to hear. "He who keepeth Israel never slumbereth nor sleepeth." He it is who hath told you in Holy Writ, that, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Firm and immutable are His counsels and purposes. Trust not, then, to feeble sense, nor give heed to the discouragements which the evil sower would fain cast in your way. As firm as the everlasting hills stands the promise, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." This certainly does not imply that you are to sit down folding your hands in ease, to the neglect of every or any one of the means which the Almighty Father has so abundantly put into your hands. No, you are to be "instant in season and out of season," "sowing beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Watch and pray." "Be not *weary* in well doing," and "Be patient," for in due time we "*shall* reap if we faint not." Then our own hearts are to be kept with all diligence, for out of them are indeed the issues of life and death to the immortals which God has committed to our trust. Meanwhile let us remember that prayer moves the hand which moves the world, and let us use with strong faith this key which opens to us the door of God's Providence, putting into practical use those commands which God gave to His ancient people, contained in Deut. 6th chapter, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th verses. Much reason for gratitude have those children of praying parents, that such has been their heritage. One case is now before us:

During a season of the special visitation of God's Spirit to the community and church in ———, one woman who had probably accomplished more than three-score years in life's journey, presented herself before the church as a candidate for examination,

expressing a wish to profess publicly her love to, and faith in Christ. Hers had been a life of hardy wickedness ; she had set at nought the counsels and ordinances of her Redeemer, and had instructed her children to do the same ; but now it was said of her “ Behold she prayeth,” and her children had recently been led, one after another, to inquire “What shall I do to be saved ?” and one had already openly professed his faith and repentance. Every one is ready to exclaim, Behold what God hath wrought ! Yet God works by means, and those whose hairs have thus grown grey in sin, and whose forms are thus bent by the weight of accumulated years, are seldom seen thus humbled and penitent. The tears streaming down those furrowed cheeks bespeak love and contrition, the fountains of which had long been congealed by a habitual course of rebellion against God. Why is this ? The answer is one — in early years, that now aged woman had a praying, godly mother. Did that mother pray in vain ?

“ Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan’t deceive our hopes.”

Fainting mother, pray on ; never give up the struggle while being lasts. Never, while you are an inhabitant of earth, even though you do not see the results which you so much desire. You may, from those celestial battlements, be permitted to look down and witness the seed which you sowed springing up in your children, to the third and fourth generation. Yet we believe that earnest faith and consistent efforts may witness, at an earlier period, those results so desirable. Said a Christian mother, when about to commit a beloved daughter to the care of him who was hereafter to be her companion and guide in this earthly pilgrimage, “ When she was an infant I prayed and wrestled for her conversion, and received in my own soul the quiet assurance that my prayer should be answered. This assurance I never for one moment doubted, any more than I did the evidence of my own acceptance with Christ, and I saw her, as I trust, at an early age, adopted as a child of God.” All may not receive the assurance of the sure result of their labors and prayers, as did this faithful mother ; and it may be that all praying mothers even do not seek it as earnestly as did she ; but

was she not thus better able to labor for the conversion of that child, with the confident expectation that it might be, by the blessing of God, early accomplished? Christian mothers, let us go and do likewise; for we believe that it is not the Father's good pleasure that one of these little ones should perish.

♦♦♦

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams,
 When evening shades around us fall,
 And from the lattice far it gleams,
 To love, and rest, and comfort all;
 When wearied with the toils of day,
 And strife for glory, gold or fame,
 How sweet to seek the quiet way,
 Where loving lips will lisp our name,
 Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night,
 The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
 How cheering is that twinkling light,
 Which through the forest gloom he spies.
 It is the light of home. He feels
 That loving hearts will greet him there,
 And safely through his bosom steals
 The joy and love that banish care,
 Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
 It peeps from yonder cottage door —
 The weary laborer to greet —
 When the rough toils of day are o'er!
 Sad is the soul that does not know
 The blessings that the beams impart,
 The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
 And lighten up the heaviest heart,
 Around the light at home. — ANON.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH. &c.

NO. VII.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, A. M., M. D.

Female Dress — the Head — Hoops, Use and Injury — Loose Sleeves and naked Necks — Shoes, Boots and Hose.

In the present article we step aside from our original plan, namely to take children from infancy, and follow them, as they grow up, till they become men and women. This digression is made in accordance with a request that something might be said, at present, upon the dress of *adult females*. This request seems so reasonable, and the subject so important that one cannot well avoid compliance.

To commence, then, with the *head*. Sacred Scripture and common decency combine in teaching that the heads of women should be covered. But the modern style of bonnets completely ignores this maxim of common sense. These small affairs, stuck upon the occiput, or back part of the head, kept on, sometimes, by one device, and sometimes by another, and sometimes not kept staid at all, must be very detrimental both to comfort and health; especially, at this inclement season, (the month of December.) To have the whole forehead so uncovered to the wintry blasts of our chilly climate, can by no manner of means give rise to pleasant and comfortable feelings. But this is a less evil than the glaring facts that this nakedness of the forehead exposes our fair friends to many attacks of influenza and neuralgia, complaints exceedingly prevalent among females at the present time. It is, probably, not too much to say, that at least one half of the neuralgic difficulties about the head, especially those in the form of nervous headaches, tic dolereux, toothache, &c., owe their origin to this reckless and foolish exposure. But, a word to the wise on this subject, it is hoped, will be sufficient; and we, therefore, turn to another equally important feature of the present fashionable female attire, namely, "Hoops."

Having, in boyhood, heard many ludicrous remarks respecting the "hoops" worn by our great grandmothers, such as, that their dimensions were so vast that they could not pass through doors of ordinary size, without considerable mathematical calculation to get them into a favorable position, as respected ingress

or egress; that carriages and chairs had to be manufactured of extraordinary dimensions for their accommodation, &c., we never expected to live to see these seemingly fabulous stories of a former age verified by ocular demonstration. But, we confess, no one can tell what wonders this fast age may bring up from the long period of the days of yore.

We find, however, (and since human female nature is essentially the same in all ages, it is no small encouragement to our present efforts) that our venerable "grandsires" warred against that monopolizing custom, till their worthy dames "surrendered without conditions." From the early "History of Boston" we learn that as long ago as the publishing of "Franklin's Courant," the following pamphlet was advertised, "Hoop Petticoats, arraigned and condemned by the Light of Reason and the Law of God, price 3d."

Now, lest it should seem unkind to our good mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, (being of the masculine gender, and withal a physician, who of all men should be tender of female weakness,) we frankly confess that there are circumstances connected with female life, and seasons of the year, when moderately sized hoops may be worn with an augmentation of comfort, and increase of health. But duty compels the statement that such cases are very rare in our climate. In very hot, dry weather, (of which we yearly have but little,) light hoops tend to raise the weight of skirts from the loins and lower portion of the back, and, consequently, take off, by admitting freer ventilation, a part of the warmth which at such a time must be uncomfortable, and lighten the dragging sensation resulting from the weight of the skirts. So much is readily conceded.

But, even then, the evil far overbalances this moiety of good. Constant care is necessary at every change of temperature, from hot to cold, and from dry to moist, lest this *cooling* process be carried too far, and the health of the wearers of these frames become endangered, or essentially impaired. No feeble person, or invalid, however, should risk this augmented *ventilation* at any considerable distance from home, even on a summer's day, unless she have a guarantee that the weather will not change during her absence.

So little has this gear to recommend itself even in summer.

But what shall be said of it for winter? Then it is positively unsafe for health. It is true, some advantage can be devised against this wanton exposure of health and life in winter, by a much increased amount of under dresses. But these, again, aid in increasing the circumferential extension and clumsiness of the body, the former of which is by no means accommodating to the gentlemen, either on the narrow sidewalks in Boston, or in carriages, or cars generally; and the latter surely cannot be viewed favorably as a feminine recommendation by one of the other sex in pursuit of a partner for life.

But, seriously, there are most weighty objections against this now prevalent custom. Of late an eminent physician abroad has raised his warning voice against this pernicious custom. He says, "he has no doubt but in the parturient chamber, he has lost several patients who might have survived this critical period, had they not have been debilitated by colds and irritations and inflammations induced by such a reckless exposure of female health as does, and must necessarily result, from such gear in winter, as hooped petticoats, fashionably called "*skirts*."

If these are facts, and, from the nature of the case, we see no reason to doubt their truthfulness, there are weighty and ample reasons why such a system of dressing should be immediately changed for one safer and healthier.

It has been said that enormous hoops have preserved their fair owners from drowning. This may have been the case, and if so, then there is another item of good to be set to their account. But even then, it is believed, the balance, as it respects the preservation or destruction of life, is *against* the hoops.

Loose sleeves and bare necks are very uncomfortable, we should suppose, in a wintry day. But, if ladies will persist in wearing them, then they must take the risk of colds, neuralgias, headaches and heart-aches which so often accompany them.

Dresses which trail and sweep the streets may be more promotive of health than the balloon ventilators, but they seem to savor of bad taste, and must make work for the washerwoman, and a sale of dry goods for the merchant. The feet of the ladies must claim our closing remarks; and these surely demand some attention. High heeled, narrow shoes or boots are injurious, and

tend to make corns, bunions, and anything but comfortable feeling feet, and a sweet, soft, mellifluous tongue. The wearing of cloth shoes and gauze hose, in winter, is a much too common evil. The feet should be well protected from cold and wet; and this is of far greater importance to females, considering their more delicate organization, than to males. The sympathy between the feet, and other important and vital organs is much greater than is ordinarily supposed. In a word, females have but little to fear upon venturing out in almost any weather, provided they are judiciously and properly dressed; but the present manner of ladies' dressing is, in our judgment, the farthest possible from one which common sense and a due regard to health must recommend.



SELF-HELP.

EDITORIAL.

"God helps those who help themselves," is a maxim which children cannot understand too early. The relation of their own personal exertions to success in life, should be appreciated before the season of youth expires. Without the conviction that they must depend mainly upon themselves, to meet the responsibilities of future life, they will fail to cultivate that energy, self-reliance, and perseverance, which are indispensable to a successful career. It has been too often the case that the sons of wealthy parents have relied upon the assistance which those parents were competent to render, without exerting themselves to achieve great things, as they otherwise would have done. It is probable that the number of successful merchants who commenced life with no other capital than a good head, courageous heart, and two busy hands, exceeds by far, those who may have triumphed over obstacles in their way, through the aid of others. Hence we often find that the children of the learned and the great are mere mental dwarfs, and unhonored members of society; while those of uneducated and almost unknown parents become renowned. In the first instance, they probably rely upon the reputation and aid of honored ancestors, to lift them into notice, while in the other case, the powers of body and mind are

taxed to conquer difficulties and scale barriers in their pathway. The lad will never become competent to command a ship, who never learns to handle a rope or climb the rigging; so the boy who is treated only as a passenger on the sea of life, will continue inefficient, ignorant and unmanly all his days.

This self-dependence always brightens the intellect in proportion as it cultivates the noble qualities enumerated. Look for a boy who has been thrown upon his own resources—to think, plan, and act for himself, and usually he exhibits much mental precocity. The news-boys of New York city, at the age of twelve or fifteen years, are characterized by a foresight, shrewdness and discrimination, that are really remarkable. They appear like *little men* in this respect. They have been compelled to study human nature in the streets, and to think and calculate for themselves, just as men do, and here is the secret of their precocity.

However large the possessions of parents may be, they act wisely only when they teach their children to help themselves. They may be able to furnish numerous servants to wait upon their sons and daughters, but it is far better for the latter to wait upon themselves. They will make better men and women for sharing this necessity.

HOME.

BY M. A. BISHOP.

Calm, peaceful, and tranquil is the word, the sweet word, Home. Like a soft vesper-chime, it rings lullaby to the cares of life, and flings, like the peaceful olive, oil on the waves of earthly turmoil.

Here, the social affections hang their ivy wreaths around all that is sweetest and brightest in life. Here the heart, unchilled in its affections, unfettered by rules of worldly prudence, and unimprisoned by earthly selfishness, meets heart in all the confidence of truth.

Home, it is the Eden of existence, the unfallen Paradise of warm and holy feeling. That spot, gathered from earth's loveliness, bound in a cluster by the hand of its Maker, and presented in all its brilliant beauty to sinless man, was but the Heaven-selected *Home* of an unfallen race.

Its shadow follows like the reflection of a bright angel, and walks side by side, or rather flits on a dove's soft wing, in the path of man, roam where he may.

He may tread the summit grand of holy Lebanon; he may press the sod of sacred, sad Gethsemane, where a Saviour's blood and tears bedewed for him the tree of life. Yet even there his breast would thrill at the word, and turn in all the gushing gratitude of holy thought to home.

He may throw his eye round the gorgeous East; and the trembling wave of its palms, and the rapid rush of the Jordan, and the rich gleam of its minarets, he treasures in bright and beautiful memories for home.

He may linger where Art has exhausted her skill, where History mounts the chariot of the past, where Painting unrolls her glowing canvass—the very ideal of heaven in its rich tracery, where Sculpture points with her inimitably skilled finger, to where life almost breathes in the cold marble, and he consigns the whole to hoarded store of brilliant imagery, for the fireside of home.

The vaulted halls of the Vatican cannot detain the stranger long, and music's softest cadence, stealing through the fretted arches of the Sistine, on a silver note, yields to the sweetness of the bird's song, which carolled so lightsomely under his mother's window.

But why is it that *home* with a magnet power draws the heart continually to itself. Does it not symbolize *Heaven*? Is it not to speak of a home whose walls, moulded of bright immortality, is founded upon the Rock of Ages; where pleasures and where blessings, rich and high and coursing, shall train their resurrection morning glories round the heart; where many a bright-browed angel shall throng to meet the coming stranger, and breathe in liquid tones to the weary spirit—welcome to Heaven, to *home*.



“There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we can't help, and second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.”

“The more grand and noble a man is in his actions, the more simple he ought so be in his conversation and manners.”

THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

NO. II.

BY REV. J. C. BODWELL.

THERE are no public schools in England. This is owing to the fact that the English people consider any system of education which does not include the teaching of the Christian religion, fatally defective. They think that the inculcation of their own religious faith ought to constitute a part of the regular routine of the daily school, and that this school should be under the special supervision of the pastor, by whom they are instructed on the Sabbath. Here is the insuperable difficulty. The churchman insists that his catechism shall be taught, and his minister shall exercise supervision. This, the dissenter cannot of course accede to. Consequently, since both agree in one thing, viz., that any system of education which ignores Christianity, or pushes it into a corner, is semi-infidel, all attempts at comprehension fail, though the experiment has been often made and urged by the combined forces of the Government for the time being, and the clergy of the Church of England. Under these circumstances, all who can afford it send their children to private schools, while provision is made, partially, for the poorer classes, by the "National School" system, on the part of the Church, and by the "British and Foreign School" system, on the part of the dissenters, in co-operation with liberal churchmen, under such distinguished patronage as that of Lord John Russell and the Duchess of Sutherland. Both these have their grand Metropolitan Training Schools for Teachers; both receive partial Government aid, and are under Government inspection; while both are supported mainly by voluntary contributions. There is still a third class of schools, for poor children, originated and controlled by the Independents, and entirely supported by voluntary contributions. These are usually appendages of Christian congregations, and are taught in school-rooms belonging to the congregations, and in many instances substantially built by them, on the same site with their chapels; the children being, for the greater part, the same who are taught in their Sabbath schools, in the same rooms.

This is also a national society, calling itself "The Congregational Board of Education," and has had now, for eight or ten years, an admirable institution for the training of teachers, at Homerton, London, in the buildings formerly occupied by Homerton Theological College, under the well-known Dr. Pye Smith. The "National" is straight-church of England, teaching its catechism diligently, and superintended and controlled by its clergy. The "British and Foreign" is a partial compromise, teaching the Scriptures daily, and usually under the supervision of the dissenting ministers; while the "Congregational Board" rejects all Government aid, and repudiates all Government interference, believing that education is a matter belonging exclusively to the people themselves, in their private and social capacity.

There is one feature which characterizes all English schools alike, higher or lower, and that is the separation of the sexes. Except in the case of very young children, girls and boys are not taught in the same school. The English sense of propriety would be greatly shocked at the idea of young masters and misses fourteen or fifteen years of age, being associated as schoolmates. This is an institution as fixed and immovable, apparently, as magna charta. The course of studies for the two sexes, differs considerably. Girls are taught less of the exact sciences, and less Latin, but more of botany, music and French. History enters much more largely into the education of both sexes than with us. I must not forget to say that abundance of exercise in the open air is reckoned an indispensable feature of the daily routine in all female boarding-schools. This daily exercise is secured by walking, more largely than in any other way, and is not omitted summer or winter, unless the stress of weather is decidedly serious. Another marked feature in the training of English girls, is the entire absence of the high-pressure system. They do not crowd so many things into a given time as we do, or attempt to move so rapidly over the ground marked out. You might search from John o' Groats to Land's-end and not find a single girl with nervous system shattered by too close application at school. The English think that anything in the education of their girls, gained at the expense of health, is purchased at much too dear a price. This idea of the health of English girls is never lost sight

of, from the day they are born, until they are married and leave their father's roof.

Dress, food, temperature of apartments, (ten to fifteen degrees lower than with us, on the average, in the winter), studies and exercise, all are constantly regulated with a strict regard to health. Thus habits are early established which continue through life, and thus a plump form, good health, and cheerfulness, are so general with English women, and last so many years. I never saw an English girl die of consumption through carelessness. Many English girls die of consumption every year, it is true, but in most cases, from the effect of their climate on constitutions born with some latent predisposition to that dreaded disease. It is my firm conviction that the climate of New England is very far better for such constitutions, and that with the same care throughout, the deaths by consumption, with us, would hardly be a tithe of what they are and must be, inevitably, in England.

I must reserve some other matters relating to the social and moral character and habits of English girls, for another paper.



DISAGREEABLE DUTIES.

EDITORIAL.

ALL duties are not pleasant. Although the discharge of them always yields satisfaction, so that we never repent of meeting them manfully, yet it is frequently unpleasant to undertake them. Among these duties are some which parents owe to their children. If they should always follow their own inclinations, how frequently deserved punishment would be omitted! It is nothing but an imperative sense of duty, connected with the highest good of the child, that reconciles them often to this dire necessity. Of course they derive no satisfaction from administering such correction, for this would be hardly consistent with ardent affection. They yield to the demands of duty as they would submit to the amputation of a limb, or the removal of a cancer—for the sake of anticipated good.

But we took up our pen rather to speak of the feelings which some people appear to cherish about other kinds of disagreeable duties. There are some persons who seem to think that many

of life's uncongenial duties ought not to fall to their lot. They have no complaint to utter against those which pertain to the management of their children and sundry other matters. But then there are many other disagreeable things which they meet, to their no small annoyance. They greatly embitter the experience, and cause many dark shadows to pass over the brow. They cannot see why it is necessary to have so many unpleasant things interwoven with life. They thus allow them to mingle some wormwood with nearly all the sweets of this world, so that most of them are bitter-sweet.

Children exhibit this disposition in quite a marked degree, and parents need to take special notice of it. They "do not want" to do this and that, because it is unpleasant. How often parents hear the whining plea, "I don't want to!" He or she is an uncommon child who never utters it. Now, children should be taught to expect disagreeable things. They should understand that these are a part of human experience, allotted for our good. Let the father and mother show them how many duties of this character they themselves are obliged to perform — that no day comes without them — and that they expect to share them while they live. If children grow up with the impression that they ought to be excused from performing unpalatable duties, they will make unhappy men and women when they come to meet the stern realities of mature years. It is not "child's play" to live well in manhood and womanhood. Therefore no lesson that will prepare the young for future responsibilities, should be withholden.



"Now, mother, sing the tune

You sang last night: I'm weary and must sleep;

Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep;

You'll all come soon."

"The fear of God makes no man do anything mean or dishonorable, but the fear of man leads to all manner of baseness."

"If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere."

"Never speak or write when when you are angry or in a passion; for it is always dangerous to put to sea during a storm."

THE CACIQUE'S NOBLE DAUGHTER.

IN his history of the Conquest of Florida, Mr. Theodore Irving repeats, very interestingly, the story of Juan Ortiz, who, with three other Spaniards, fell into the hands of the Indians by stratagem. The four captives were taken to the village of Hirrihigua, the Cacique, who ordered them to be executed on a day of religious festival. Three were shot with arrows; and then "Juan Ortiz, a youth, scarce eighteen years of age, of a noble family of Seville, was the fourth victim. As they were leading him forth, his extreme youth touched with compassion the hearts of the wife and daughters of the cacique, who interceded in his favor.

"The cacique listened to their importunities, and granted for the present the life of Ortiz; but a wretched life did he lead. From morning until evening he was employed in bringing wood and water, and was allowed but little sleep and scanty food. Not a day passed that he was not beaten. On festivals he was an object of barbarous amusement to the cacique, who would oblige him to run, from sunrise until sunset, in the public square of the village, where his companions had met their untimely end, Indians being stationed with bows and arrows, to shoot him, should he halt one moment. When the day was spent, the unfortunate youth lay stretched on the hard floor of the hut, more dead than alive. At such times the wife and daughters of the cacique would come to him privately with food and clothing, and by their kind treatment his life was preserved.

"At length the cacique, determining to put an end to his victim's existence, ordered that he should be bound down upon a wooden frame, in the form of a huge gridiron, placed in the public square over a bed of live coals, and roasted alive.

"The cries and shrieks of the poor youth reached his female protectors, and their entreaties were once more successful with the cacique. They unbound Ortiz, dragged him from the fire, and took him to their dwelling, where they bathed him with the juice of herbs, and tended him with assiduous care. After many days he recovered from his wounds, though marked with many a scar.

"His employment was now to guard the cemetery of the village. This was in a lonely field in the bosom of a forest. The

bodies of the dead were deposited in wooden boxes, covered with boards, without any fastening except a stone or a log of wood, laid upon the top, so that the bodies were often carried away by wild beasts.

"In this cemetery was Ortiz stationed, with a bow and arrows, to watch day and night, and was told that, should a single body be carried away, he would be burnt alive. He returned thanks to God for having freed him from the dreaded presence of the cacique, hoping to lead a better life with the dead than he had done with the living.

"While watching thus, one long wearisome night, sleep overpowered him towards morning. He was awakened by the falling lid of one of the chests, and running to it, found it empty. It had contained the body of an infant recently deceased, the child of an Indian of great note.

"Ortiz doubted not some animal had dragged it away, and immediately set out in pursuit. After wandering for some time, he heard, at a short distance within the woods, a noise like that of a dog gnawing bones. Warily drawing near to the spot, he dimly perceived an animal among the bushes, and invoking succor from on high, let fly an arrow at it. The thick and tangled underwood prevented his seeing the effect of his shot, but as the animal did not stir, he flattered himself that it had been fatal; with this hope he waited until the day dawned, when he beheld his victim, a huge animal of the panther kind, lying dead, the arrow having passed through his entrails and cleft his heart.

"Gathering together the mangled remains of the infant, and replacing them in the coffin, Ortiz dragged his victim in triumph to the village, with the arrow still in his body. The exploit gained him credit with the old hunters, and for some time softened even the ferocity of the cacique. The resentment of the latter, however, from the wrongs he had suffered from white men, was too bitter to be appeased. Some time after his eldest daughter came to Ortiz, and warned him that her father had determined to sacrifice him at the next festival, which was just at hand, and that the influence of her mother, her sisters, and herself would no longer avail him. She wished him, therefore, to take refuge with a neighboring cacique named Mucozo, who loved her and sought her in marriage, and who, for her sake, would befriend

him. 'This very night, at midnight,' said the kind-hearted maiden, 'at the northern extremity of the village you will find a trusty friend who will guide you to a bridge, about two leagues hence; on arriving there, you must send him back, that he may reach home before the morning dawn, to avoid suspicion — for well he knows, that this bold act, in daring to assist you, may bring down destruction upon us both. Six leagues further on you will come to the village of Mucozo — tell him I have sent you and expect him to befriend you in your extremity — I know he will do it — go, and may your God protect you!' Ortiz threw himself at the feet of his generous protectress, and poured out his acknowledgments for the kindness she had always shown him. The Indian guide was at the place appointed, and they left the village without alarming the warlike savages. When they came to the bridge, Ortiz sent back the guide, in obedience to the injunction of his mistress, and, continuing his flight, found himself, by break of day, on the banks of a small stream near the village of Mucozo.

"Looking cautiously around, he espied two Indians fishing. As he was unacquainted with their language, and could not explain the cause of his coming, he was in dread lest they should take him for an enemy and kill him. He therefore ran to the place where they had deposited their weapons, and seized upon them. The savages fled to the village without heeding his assurances of friendly intention. The inhabitants sallied out with bows and arrows, as though they would attack him. Ortiz fixed an arrow in his bow, but cried out at the same moment, that he came not as an enemy, but as an ambassador from a female cacique to their chief. Fortunately one present understood him, and interpreted his words. On this the Indians unbent their bows, and returning with him to their village, presented him to Mucozo. The latter, a youthful chieftain of a graceful form and handsome countenance, received Ortiz kindly for the sake of her who had sent him; but, on further acquaintance, became attached to him for his own merits, treating him with the affection of a brother."—*Noble Deeds of Women.*

NEVER put off until to-morrow, what ought to be accomplished to-day.

PARENTAL SEVERITY.

BY REV. E. ALDEN, JR.

It is worthy of special notice, that in treating of the duties of the various members of a family, the apostle gives this warning: "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." Severity, hence, appears to be the peculiar temptation of fathers, if not of mothers. And as Paul, in one instance, adds: "But bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and in the other — "Lest they be discouraged;" we learn that parental injustice interferes with that Christian nurture which every child ought to receive, and is fitted to exert a disastrous influence upon the young mind.

Parents exceed the limits of their authority in two ways, — by issuing unjust commands, and by an improper manner of enforcing those which, in themselves, are right. They err, perhaps, more frequently in the latter than in the former way. The parent is frequently irritable, expects too much of a child, and looks for results too soon, not making due allowance for feebleness and frailty; in a word, acting towards a child as if it possessed the knowledge and experience of an adult. Too often a parent abuses the authority God has given him, by venting angry feelings upon a helpless child, quieting conscience by the reflection that the child has been disobedient. That may be, yet certainly the parent who administers righteous discipline in an unholy temper, commits great sin against God.

Let us look at some of the evil influences of parental severity.

It diminishes *filial respect*. A sense of injustice is felt at a very early period; and when a parent administers excessive and improper discipline, or exhibits a wrong temper in inflicting chastisement, the youthful subject of this injurious treatment learns to feel contempt and shame towards one whose conduct ought always to awaken profound respect.

Filial affection is also diminished by parental severity. How can a child love a domestic tyrant? And when so harsh a term as this is inadmissible, the repetition of many little acts of injustice and scenes of fretfulness undermines the strong instinctive affection towards parents which God has implanted in the youthful heart. Children see and quickly understand exhibitions of parental

weakness and wrong doing, which the world at large neither sees nor suspects. By degrees the dutiful learn to look upon their parents with mingled emotions, while the naturally wayward begin to retaliate, and to experience aversion, until, in some instances, their feelings become morbidly malignant towards those whom they should love with tenderest affection.

This leads us to another consideration, which is the *disobedience* that naturally results from parental severity. Injustice is the parent of disobedience. A child, when injured, feels justified in disobedience. Love, which is the main-spring of obedience, has been gradually driven out of the heart, and as advancing years or opportunities for concealment favor the child in throwing off fear, it learns to disregard parental authority, and to feel justified in so doing, and finally to set it at open defiance.

Still worse is the injury done to the *moral sensibilities* of a child by parental severity. This course obliterates moral distinctions in the youthful mind, sears the conscience, and brings clouds of scepticism over the soul in respect to the kindness of our Father in heaven. For whom can the child trust and love, if not the nearest earthly friend? And when parental severity disturbs a relation which God's Word uses to illustrate the relation of creatures towards the Creator, how readily does the depraved natural heart of a child learn to distrust God, is confirmed in unbelief, and gives way without restraint to all the unhallowed passions!

In these days, when parental authority is too feebly maintained, we would not utter a word which can be construed to a favoring of subversion of wholesome discipline and a firm maintenance of family government. But we must bear in mind that no government can expect perpetuity, if it fails to address itself to the moral sense. Parental government, sustained by mere force, is its own destruction. Perhaps the prevailing looseness of the ties of the family, and the resistance to authority in the household, may be partially a reaction against the course of those good men who, in the domestic circle, have exhibited sternness in maintaining the right and frowning upon the wrong, but who have not sufficiently tempered their authority with gentleness; who have taught their children to fear them, but have neglected to win their love; who, in every-day life, have too much disregarded such little things as tones of voice, encouraging words, and kindly deeds. Have not

parents some occasion for the reflection that they have failed in the relation of parent and child as much, or more than the erring child? Is it not well for us who are parents to carefully heed a caution given on both occasions, which led the Apostle to specify the duties involved in the fundamental institution of the family.

BUSY-BODIES.

BY REV. R. CASE.

And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business.—1 THESS. iv. 11.

THIS exhortation seems to imply more than that every one should have some business which he calls *his own*, and *attend to it* faithfully, but that he should let other people's business alone. We may express the implied duty, in part, by *emphasizing* "your own;" that ye study to be quiet and to do YOUR OWN business; i. e. in distinction from another's. And this is one way to be quiet; attend to *your own affairs*.

The expression common among us, and sometimes rudely expressed — "mind your own business," — comes very near being a divine sentence. The exhortation of the apostle embraces this very idea, and is uttered in almost the very words; we beseech you to study to be *quiet*, and to *do your own business*.

The spirit of the exhortation is aimed against meddling with other's affairs. And he seems to have in mind a class of persons that has not yet ceased from among men, who have need to make it a "*study*" to mind their own business; so prone are they to pry into other's affairs, and busy themselves with matters that belong not to them. They were called "busy-bodies in other men's matters." They do not seem to have been in the apostle's day, nor are they in our own time, the worst class of persons, not generally malicious, nor deliberately disposed to work mischief in the community, but possessed of a strong desire to *know* whatever is going on, what everybody does, and how he does it, and why he does it, and from certain slight *indications*, carefully noticed, they are led to wonder and to guess what such an one is *going* to do, and why he should wish to do so.

They are afraid things will not be done right, and fancy they

can suggest a better way, and are very ready to assist by their counsel.

They are interested, whether from benevolent feeling or a prying curiosity, or from some other motive, matters little, the *fact* is apparent; they are interested to know the state of a neighbor's business, and how he manages it, and think, often, they could show him a more excellent way, if only he would be directed. They concern themselves to know, and avail themselves of all lawful *means* to know what is passing in their neighbor's houses; their domestic arrangements and management of their children and servants, and their style of living and dress; their habits of economy or of extravagance. Of some they wonder how they can afford to expend so much, and of others why they do not expend more, and conform to the times, and follow the fashions. Some, they think, make slaves of themselves, to *save*, when they ought to hire what they would be better off to do themselves. Some visit and call too often, and others too seldom. And more particularly watchful are these self-constituted guardians of morals and manners, in respect to leading families, whose position adds importance to their doings. And these meddlers seem not well to consider that these persons and families may have *reasons* for doing as they do, which are better understood by themselves than by any others, and that these matters belong to themselves solely, to arrange, under their own responsibilities.

Then these busy-bodies are interested, not only to *know* what is going on in their neighbor's houses, their plans and purposes, and private affairs, but they like to talk of them with others, and show them how much better some other way would be, and what a pity they will not do differently.

Now it cannot be supposed that these critics, however sharp-sighted, can ever know *all* the reasons that influence a neighbor's conduct, and it is *possible* that if they knew all, they would themselves form a different judgment. But they err in making themselves judges at all in the premises. Every person and family must manage according to *their own*, and not a neighbor's judgment. And with the responsibilities under which God has placed them, it is their right to manage their private affairs in their own way. And as it is the duty of *every one* to do *his own* business, so it is his duty to let his neighbor's business alone, and allow him without molestation, to manage it in his own way.

And it is not an *amiable* indication, to be quick to detect something wrong in the management of a neighbor's family, and make it the topic of remark with others. In fact, it must be admitted, after a trial of eighteen hundred years, since the apostle gave name to this class of persons, that the character and office, a busy-body in other men's matters, or women's matters either, is disreputable ; and that such persons are not needed in community.

And to avoid falling into this mischievous error, the apostle points out an excellent safeguard : — Let every one mind his own business. The neglect of one's *own* business, is very apt to lead to a meddling with other's. So this apostle speaks of *idleness* in connection with this very vice we are considering. He says of a certain class of females — “ And withal they learn to be idle. wandering about from house to house, and not only idlers, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not.” And all this wandering about from house to house, and tattling, and doing the work of a busy-body, seems here to follow from idleness, and very naturally, for this is just the work of an idler. It is very true that

“ Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.”

But though the apostle says this of young females, young widows in particular, (whether because the young widows of his time were more inclined to tattle than other ladies, I know not,) but though he says this of females, we are not to suppose that they had then, or have now, a monopoly, of this despicable business, for he spoke of a whole community of men, who spent their time in nothing else but in telling or hearing some new thing.

But if a larger share of this work was performed in the apostle's time, by females, it was not confined to them, nor is it in our time. *All* are warned against it. “ Let none of you suffer as — a busy-body in other men's matters.” (1 Pet. 4 : 15.) And in Leviticus, is an express command, “ Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people.” It is a *mischievous* as well as despicable business to pry into one's affairs and discover secrets, and then go about disclosing them openly or privately in the ears of friends. It is a very sure way of causing neighbor-

hood trouble and stirring up strife and contention. Every family *has* secrets which no one, out of it, has a right to know ; and the exclusive management of their own affairs, is the right of every family, and to pry into it, and make it a topic of remark, is an infraction of the rules of right, and subjects one to the imputation of being a “ busy-body in other men’s matters.”

Each one will most effectually avoid error in this matter, by heeding the exhortation to study to be *quiet*, and to do *his own* business. To have business enough of *his own* to attend to, and do it, and let every other man have the same privilege, of doing *his*, unmolested by officious interference.



THE STORMY PETREL.

BY HARRY HUNTER.

Have you never heard
Of a little black bird,
O'er the bosom of ocean a ranger,
Which makes its home
On the white-cap foam,
Amid the sea's dashing and danger ?

It dips its white breast
In the froth of the crest
Of the billow in fearless glee,
And it takes delight
The waves to smite,
And runs through the trough of the sea.

'Tis called the Petrel,
The stormy Petrel,
For it loves the tempest's fray ;
When it hears the call
Of the rising squal,
'Tis up on its wing and away.

When the dying ray,
The last smile of day,
Comes dim from the fading West,
'Tis still in sight
In the dusky light,
Till the sun has sunk to rest.

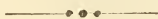
And when the first gleam
Of his rising beam
Streams out o'er the water bright,
You see it still make,
Its pursuit in your wake,
Untired through the watch of the night.

But where is its nest?
And where is its rest?
And where are its young ones left?
In some far off rock
Which contemns the shock
Of the waves, do they hold their cleft?

That they never rest,
But o'er billow's pressed,
Far distant from any shore,
They keep up their flight,
Ne'er stopping to light,
Since but waters all round them roar.

Its perils all past,
Out-wearied at last,
It drops on the ocean alone;
Then alights not to rise —
Just flutters and dies,
Only waters its requiem moan.

Are there no Petrels on life's stormy sea,
Exposed to its breakers and breeze,
Unwilling, forbidden, from danger to flee
To a shore their tired pinions to ease?
Unable to fly from temptations and danger,
But, like Petrels on ocean, are doomed to be rangers,
Just over a deep, into which, if they fall,
Tis to death, — they are lost beyond any recall.



“WORDS, words, words!” says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords — there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life. Therefore, think always before you speak, and speak in love, or be silent.

RAMBLES IN JUDEA.

BY PROFESSOR LAWRENCE.

ABRAHAM'S OAKS.

After as comfortable a night as the insect-occupants of our lodgings at Hebron would allow, we started at an early hour next morning on our return to Jerusalem. We took a circuitous route through the plain to a large oak at the north-west end, under which, the Jews say, Abraham first pitched his tent, and which bears the name of "Abraham's Oak." It is indeed a mammoth tree. The trunk is twenty-two feet in circumference, and the diameter of its extending branches eighty-nine feet. It does not, I imagine, date quite so far back as the tradition implies, but it must be several centuries old, being named by travellers in the sixteenth century. It stands alone, shading with its large leaves and spreading branches a beautiful plot of grass. As we rode towards it, we observed several Arabs, who were employed in the vineyards, leave their labor and hasten to the tree. At a little distance we dismounted, leaving our horses with the dragomans and muleteers. One of the company reached up his hand to pluck a leaf as a memento of the spot. The Arabs ran to him, crying "La, la," "No, no," making signs that they wanted "*backshish*" first. We, however, took no notice of them, not thinking it best to comply with their demands. They, meantime, grew somewhat violent, and two of them laid hands on our learned but timid friend, the German doctor, to compel him to give them backshish. He warmly expostulated, and resisted a little, but *retreated* a good deal. They were encouraged by his timidity to a greater boldness. At length, in great fright, he cried out for help to Ibrahim and the muleteers, and breaking away from the ruffians, his foot slipped, his hat fell off, and he came flat to the ground. Rising quickly, however, he succeeded in making his escape.

Next, one of them turned his savage steps towards me. I did not think it best to run, though I did not mean to fight. I stood still, and refused backshish, repulsing his force by moral suasion, "la, backshish," "aroa." He resumed his attack, and with more violence; I sustained my ground, and with more of my native obstinacy. He persisted. Raising my riding whip, I laid it once over his head, with as much force of *physical* suasion as I thought the case required, and bid him away, "aroa." He stepped back, and

surveyed me with a kind of petrified surprise, then picked up a stone, and raised it threateningly in his clenched fist. I stepped directly towards him, looked him sternly in the face, and again lifted my whip. He then dropped the stone, cowered down, and sneaked away. We were masters of the field, and afterwards enjoyed the unmolested privilege of gathering as many leaves as we wished. I am not a warrior, and this is the first time I ever deliberately violated Paul's pacific injunction, that "a bishop should be no striker." But I suppose salutary chastisement may be sometimes administered, even by a bishop, and in the present case it proved exceedingly effectual.

The inhabitants of the hill country about Hebron are a warlike and predatory race of Arabs. Only eight days before our visit to the vale, a merchant of Siloam was robbed and killed on the road between Hebron and Jerusalem. We passed a pile of stones where the murder took place, and which was continually increasing as each passer-by cast an additional one upon it, as a testimony against the crime. The friends of the murdered man applied to the governor of Jerusalem, to take measures to arrest the offenders. His reply was characteristic of the inert Turkish nature. "I do not know who they are; if you will discover them, I will punish them."

GLIMPSSES OF BETHLEHEM.

We came in sight of Bethlehem about noon. It stands on a hill, in a region of hills and vallies, rich in olive groves, vineyards and fig trees. In ascending the south-eastern declivity, we passed the well of Bethlehem, from which water is drawn up from a reservoir supplied from the pools of Solomon, and at which the women were filling their pitchers, and bearing them on their shoulders to the town. On the south rises the hill of Zekoah, familiar as the scene of the rural life of the prophet Amos. Eastward is the wilderness of Engeli, to which David retired before the pursuit of King Saul. In the vale and on the hill-side, the shepherds were "keeping their watch over their flocks by night," when lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

A splendid church was erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine, over the grotto, within which the birth of the Saviour is said to have occurred. Although more than thirty churches in Palestine have been ascribed to her pious bounty, yet this is the only one, to the honor of building which, history gives her the exclusive claim. It is situated on the brow of a hill, and is of Grecian architecture. The entrance to it is by a small portal, four feet high and two wide. The arch of the nave is of open wood-work, the edifice not having been finished on the magnificent scale with which it was commenced. The walls are faced with elegant mosaics, and four rows of marble columns with Corinthian pillars, divided the whole area into as many aisles. The rich, Mosaic pavement was torn up by sacreligious hands to adorn the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. From the body of the church, we were taken through a small side-door, kept bolted and barred, into a chapel. Here, each being furnished with a lighted candle, we descended by a spiral stairway cut in the rock, through dark, narrow and winding passages to the underground chapel of the Nativity. It is about thirty feet long and fifteen wide, being mainly an excavation in the solid limestone on the brow of the hill. A few tapers glimmered in the darkness. Gold and silver lamps, and other votive offerings were suspended from the ceiling. The floor and walls are of rich marble. The roof, of native rock, is black from the lamp smoke, which for centuries has been eating into it.

Following our guide to the east end of the chapel, we came to a dazzling altar. Here, in the pavement, within a semi-circular recess, inlaid with agate and jasper, is a silver star, representing "the star in the East, which stood over where the young child lay." "This," said our sacredotal guide, "is the spot of our Lord's nativity." Turning one or two steps to the right, and pointing to a marble sarcophagus in another recess, about two feet from the floor, "And this is the *manger* in which our Lord was laid." The recess was hung with a canopy of green silk, and partially lighted by two or three dim lamps. The reputed manger was taken to Rome by Sixtus V., and placed in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where, as the Holy Cradle, upon every Christmas eve, it is exhibited, with a mimic child to the almost adoring throng. As I could not behold it here, I ought perhaps to deem myself fortunate, in having seen it there. Opposite, is

the altar marking the spot where the magi knelt to offer incense and adoration. An adjoining apartment is the chapel of the Holy Innocents, within which are collected the bones of the babes, massacred by Herod. These relics are not *exhibited*, for exposure tends to premature decay.

A little farther on, in the same dismal darkness, is the chamber occupied by St. Jerome, one of the most distinguished earlier fathers of the Christian church. He came to Bethlehem in the fourth century as a pilgrim, and was so impressed with reverence for the birthplace of the Saviour that he remained, and at the age of ninety-one died here. For fifty years, shutting himself up in a retired cell of this church, undisturbed by the turmoil of the outer world, he applied himself to the Hebrew Scriptures, and to their translation into the Latin tongue. He was the best, indeed almost the only Hebrew scholar of the age. The Latin Bible, called the Vulgate, is the result of those labors. His tomb, and that of Eusebius, the most learned and faithful of the early Church historians, are within this sacred enclosure.

To this spot multitudes of pilgrims resort on Holy Week. At midnight of Christmas the mock ceremony of the Nativity, and of wrapping the holy child in swaddling clothes, is performed in this subterranean chapel. When the father-warden lays him in the manger, the eager assembly reverently kneel with him, and worship — what? — not the Saviour, not an infant even, — but a *wax doll*.

That Bethlehem was the birth place of Jesus, we know. That the church occupies the spot on which this event occurred is not so certain. Yet it is sufficiently near for the purposes of religious contemplation. But it is sad that superstition has done so much to despoil these sacred localities of their legitimate influence to inspire gratitude and love. The most ruthless vandalism could hardly have done worse for the sensibilities of an intelligent piety. Dismal and dingy subterranean places, dark and winding passages by torch-light, the glitter of silver and gold, agate and jasper marble and mosaics, tinselry and gewgaws,—was the simple stable any thing like this?

The impressions made by this exhibition, are various, according to the diverse education and taste and religious faith of the beholders. Romanists and oriental Christians view it with superstitious reverence. Even our intelligent German friend knelt, and fervently kissed the silver star, which had no more connection with the Nativity, than has the rock of Gibraltar. Representing

a different class, Miss Martineau's reflections on witnessing the same scene, are self-conceited and pugilistically infidel. The use which Protestants make of the Bible is in her opinion, a greater curse than the idolatry into which the heathen fall for want of it. She pities such dark-minded men as Drs. Robinson and Smith, and Bishop Gobat, whom she pronounces under the curse "*Bibliolatry*," going through the scenes of Palestine with the timid heart, and narrow, anxious mind of superstition. "*Bibliolatry*," an awful error, in which, according to her judgment, there is no redeeming consideration. Without knowing the first letter of the original language of the Old Testament, she yet affects to have a more profound acquaintance with the book and its geography, than those who have studied it all their lives. She admits that all religions contain some truth, yet she journalizes so valiantly against the Christian religion, as to leave the impression that it has less than any other. With a brazen intrepidity, this anti-Biblical Joan of Arc vaults into the field of debate, and "in the broad light of historic and philosophical knowledge," which has now found its focal point in her Amazonian brain, she wields her ponderous sword and spear against the Bible, and then vaults back again.

O, I could not debate on such a spot. It is not a place for disputation but for feeling, not argument but prayer and gratitude and love are its genuine inspirations. I did not believe the narrative of the nativity any more firmly, but I felt it more deeply. I seemed to have traced a mighty river of beneficent influence to its source,—a river which has been flowing for eighteen centuries through the world, giving to it fertility and immortal beauty. The same blue sky was over my head, that canopied the spot on the day when Joseph and Mary came up to the city of David to be taxed. The same stars looked out from the heavens as on that marvellous night when God had pity on the world, and sent his Son to redeem it. The same hills and vallies which echoed the jubilant songs of the exultant angels were now lying before me in the mellow light of the glorious sun. But there is one feeling,—one absorbing idea that overpowers all others, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

"That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he went, at heaven's high council-table,
To sit the midst of Trinal unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay."

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TO MARY, ELIZA AND ANNIE.

BY GENEVA.

Oh ! what a host of memories sweet,
Those little words have brought !
That pleasant room — the well-filled seat —
The teacher and the taught.
On recollection's magic wing
Swift fleeing to the past,
From "auld lang syne" sweet scenes I bring,
All far too bright to last !

The loved companions of those hours, —
Our own sweet sister-band !
How joyously we plucked life's flowers,
While wandering hand in hand,
Our childhood's trusting life of love,
Our hearts so linked in one,
No rocks beneath, no clouds above !
A heaven on earth begun !

An earnest, sweet persuasive voice,
Is melting on mine ear,
How oft it made our hearts rejoice,
Oh ! how we lingered near,
To catch each word that gently fell,
In sweet impressive tone.
Oh, was ever teacher so beloved,
So cherished, as our own !

Ah ! years have passed since that sweet time,
Since last we gathered there,
Now, in this sorrowing heart of mine,
Dwells many an anxious care.
Yet, Oh ! the blessed memory
Of those departed hours,
Comes like the precious dew of heaven,
Upon earth's drooping flowers.

Oh, what a host of memories sweet,
Those little words have brought ;
That pleasant room — the well-filled seat,
The teacher and the taught !
And though we never more may meet,
As in those days of yore,
Dear Saviour, guide our wandering feet,
Where we shall part no more.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

Concluded.

SINCE I commenced writing this, intelligence has reached me of the death of a dear and valued friend. Never have I met with one whose views were more exalted of a mother's responsibilities ; never one who seemed better fitted by nature and grace to meet and discharge those responsibilities.

Surrounded by a family of young children, who needed just such fostering care as she alone could give, and whom she longed to guide through the perils of youth, she was convinced the allotted years of human life would never be hers. Situated in one of those communities where the standard of woman's excellence is not the Bible standard, to say the least, she had unconsciously bowed to the prevailing sentiment. No maternal duty was neglected, but, oh, how hard to be the self-possessed, patient, mother, when so much of her strength had been given to increase her husband's gains.

She has gone now : her days and nights of weariness are all over. Eight motherless children may weep for a loss that can never be made up to them ! Her sun went down while it was yet day, and wonder not if the home she left is sad and desolate ! She struggled on, determined to be a *Christian mother*, and she died in the struggle.

Her husband mourns her departure, and well he may. Year after year has she faded ; the wife and the mother, who could not be spared from home to take a journey ; who could not break up the monotony of every day duties and cares by a few days' absence, has gone now, and she will not return ; aye, her infant's wail is powerless to draw her back.

Would that above her grave might arise a shaft so tall that it should serve as a beacon to others who are treading the same dangerous road. But one error have I seen in that character which was so lovely and so worthy of being followed, the bearing of a weight of care and labor which God did not require, and a *thoughtful husband* would never have allowed.

There are wrecks of families all up and down the land, motherless children are crying in many dwellings, and *home*, that word of

sweet significance, has come to mean a place where the mother ceases not from her toiling, where the wearied one looks forward but to a *heavenly* rest.

Every husband, who aids either by precepts or example to form that public sentiment, which calls for the unremitting exertion which mothers (in the class for which I write) are expected to make, has a fearful responsibility in this matter. In how many communities is the test of worth expressed, not by the sweet, hallowing influence which the wife and mother is exerting in a humble sphere, but by the amount of money she earns besides *taking care* (?) of her family; and if it is enough to dress herself and children in the present extravagant style, she is considered a model wife.

Blessed, thrice blessed is that woman who dares to act singly in opposition to such a sentiment; who dares to raise her own standard against so powerful a foe as public opinion. Verily I say unto you, she shall have her reward.

Did you ever ask your wife how it happened that Mrs.— could get so much time to sew straw, or bind shoes, while she, with a smaller family, complained because she had so much to do? Perhaps you told her that you could not imagine what she found to busy herself about from morning till night. It really did not seem to you as though a great deal was done, besides getting three meals a day, and half an hour was long enough for that.

Did you ever take a seat in the gallery of a church, and as families assembled in the house of the Lord, notice the sickly, sal-low appearance of the wives? There were fine healthy looking men of fifty or sixty years, who could contend bravely yet on the battle-field of life, but were there more than a dozen mothers who did not look death-marked? I do not believe you would break the fourth commandment if you should take such a post of observation, just for once, if thereby serious reflections lead you to inquire where the wrong is in the matter.

Perhaps the hackneyed remark will come in here, that "women of the present day are not fit to be mothers, their training has been so deficient." Granted, if you please, that our sex is physically degenerating, but do not lend your help to the public sentiment which is shortening our days faster than anything else. You cannot plead that you are guiltless in this matter. See to it that *your* duties are fulfilled faithfully.

If your wife is feeble (and I have no doubt she is,) do all you can to lighten her cares and labors ; make her feel that you can be happy, if you do not live in the style of your neighbors ; show her that you are independent in this matter, and are fully satisfied that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of furniture he can display, or the fine clothes with which his family are dorned. This may seem a small matter, but it is not in these days of show and tinsel. When modest worth is less a recommendation than bank stock, it requires a great deal of moral courage to be contented with only a chintz covering to your lounge, and a home-made carpet to your best room. The number of women is not small, who would be willing to toil early and late, and their husbands not question the propriety of it, that they might surround themselves with those elegancies and luxuries which belong only to the abodes of affluence.

I do not wish to be misunderstood, but if I can accomplish the object I have in view I can afford to be both misrepresented and misunderstood.

What I would impress upon each is, that while all allow there are duties for wives and mothers, there are duties no less onerous for husbands and fathers. The world is full of books for the first class, while only here and there is a sentence written for the latter. And one more truth we affirm, that there is but little domestic happiness, and a frequent sundering by death of the sacred relations of life.

With what false ideas is the marriage relation entered into. With what criminal thoughtlessness are its duties neglected.

Let us look in for a moment upon a home, such an one as may be found in every village. Happy, thrice happy, is that people who has but one such.

The husband returns from his daily labor, irritable and perplexed, and his state of mind is just the combustible which kindles the conflagration which follows. The husband wonders why the children are not better managed, and the wife wonders why she cannot have a little help from him in the matter. The husband retorts that it is a woman's business to take care of every thing that belongs in the house, strangely forgetful of that good book which insists that fathers should have an equal interest and responsibility in training their children.

After supper is over, the husband repairs to the Post Office, or store, wheresoever men congregate in the evening to discuss subjects of general and special interest. The wife probably scolds the children and gets them off to bed, and in her heart wishes her day's work was done, that she, too, might lie down and sleep the quiet sleep of childhood. That may not be; for the evening is the mother's time for accomplishing anything with her needle, so sitting down with the cradle one side, and the work-table the other, she prepares to finish that work begun long ago. As she sews, conscience tells her she spoke hastily, but still there is a feeling of justification at heart; she feels there was a provocation. Her husband had been from home all day, and the day had been one of trial to her. It was her washing-day, and although she hurried and got her clothes ready for the boiler early, yet it was eleven o'clock before she made any farther progress. Then the dinner-hour approached, and she carried the half sick babe around in her arms while she prepared the meal. Her husband ate his dinner, expressed the particular dislike which he had of the sight of a wash-tub, and returned to his work. How hard the wife worked to get "cleaned up" before night! At tea time every thing looked as neat as possible, but the disorderly conduct of the children was all that called forth remarks.

How that weary one longs for a change! for a lifting up, as it were, for a little while, of the pressure which seems almost to crush her to the earth. How much she needs words of encouragement instead of those texts from Proverbs, about a hasty temper, which were repeated in her hearing. If a few tears fall, they will be hastily wiped away before her husband's return, and he will not hear the half audible "Well, I don't care, I do as well as I can."

When he comes home his spirits have recovered their elasticity, and the hour spent in social converse before retiring, will obliterate from his mind the unpleasant past. When his head rests upon his pillow he will sleep soundly, but his wife will be awake, and while midnight stillness reigns, her thoughts will travel back with telegraph speed to the days of her youth, when she was a member of the circle of loved ones at home, and as memory looks in upon that pleasant scene and compares it with her present life of care and anxiety, cheered by few rays of sunlight, the contrast will make her weep; the pent up anguish of her heart has had vent, for the head of the darling babe that sleeps on her bosom is wet with

tears. "How foolish!" you exclaim. Well, by-and-by the wife will grow wiser, and unkind words will cease to affect her. She may use them herself. It is almost certain that she will.

The world does not call such a family an unhappy one. There are too many like it to have it attract any notice. Remarks are made when such a rare sight as a truly happy home is met with—a home where affection, pure and holy, is the controlling principle, and where the husband loves his wife as Christ loved the Church. My heart goes out in its sympathies for those in whose behalf I have written. I would that every husband and father in this land would be led to think, for only one half hour, of what I have suggested; to believe that it is not from any exaggerated idea of woman's delicate organization, not from any foolish desire to shield her from necessary trials, nor to excite in her discontent at what is unavoidable in her lot, that I have written thus; but because I would have you, husbands and fathers, examine your own lives, and see if you have not contributed in some degree towards that secret discontent and unhappiness, or possibly that open misery, that clouds your home.

As you love your wives and children, as you would have those children grow up appreciating to the utmost the blessing of a true mother's love, as you would have that mother capable of being a blessing to them, I entreat you to watch over her unceasingly, to feel that all is not done when you have provided her with means of feeding and clothing your children, but that she is still human and subject to human infirmities. She may be tried, she may be severely tried; and that too, when for your sake, she gave up all earlier, (heaven grant she may not have reason to feel truer,) friends. She has a right to expect and receive from you all that forbearance and that unchanging affection which, to the same degree, she can look for from no other earthly friend.

As I value and appreciate my own home,—as my own experience tells me how much it is worth to a mother to have always a strong arm to lean upon in the harassing trials of every day, as well as in the bitter trials of life, which, severe as they are, do not exert that completely prostrating influence, upon soul and body, which a long course of harrassing troubles does,—so do I long for such sympathy for all mothers, so I would strive to arouse husbands to a sense of their responsibilities, believing as I do, that the comfort, the happiness, yea, more, the *life* of their wives is de-

pending on them. I say it reverently and sincerely, if you would not have upon your soul the crime of murdering your wife — soften the term as you will, the fact remains, — if you would not have upon your soul the crime of murdering your wife, see to it that you fulfill your duties towards her bravely, untiringly, faithfully.

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

I AM weary of this hollow show and glitter — weary of fashion's stereotyped lay-figures — weary of smirking fops and brainless belles, exchanging their small coin of flattery and their endless genuflexions; let us go out of Broadway — somewhere, anywhere. Turn round the wheel, Dame Fortune, and show up the other side.

“The Tombs!” — we never thought to be there! nevertheless, we are not to be frightened by a grated door or a stone wall, so we pass in; leaving behind the soft wind of this Indian summer day, to lift the autumn leaves as gently as does a loving nurse her drooping child.

We gaze into the narrow cells, and draw a long breath. Poor creatures, tempted and tried. How many to whom the world now pays its homage, who sit in high places, *should* be in their stead? God knoweth. See them, with their pale faces pressed up against the grated windows, or pacing up and down their stone floors, like chained beasts. There is a little boy not more than ten years old; what has *he* done?

“Stolen a pair of shoes!”

Poor child! he never heard of “Swartout.” How should he know that he was put in there, not for *stealing*, but for *doing it on so small a scale*!

Hist! Do you see that figure seated in the farther corner of that cell, with his hands crossed on his knees? His whole air and dress are those of a gentleman. How came such a man as that here?

“For murder?” How sad! Ah! somewhere in the length and breadth of the land, a mother's heart is aching because she spared the rod to spoil the child.

There is a coffin, untenanted as yet, but kept on hand; for Death laughs at bolts and fetters; and many a poor wretch is borne struggling within these gloomy walls, only to be carried to

his last home, while none but God may ever know at whose fire-side stands his vacant chair.

And here is a woman's cell. Two or three faded dresses hanging against the walls, and a bonnet for which she has little use. Her friends have brought her some bits of carpeting, which she has spread over the stone floor, with her womanly love of order, (poor thing,) to make the place look *home-like*. And there is a crucifix in the corner. See, she kneels before it! May the Holy Virgin's blessed Son, who said to the sinning one, "Neither do I condemn thee," send into her stricken heart the balm of holy peace.

Who is that? No! it *cannot* be — but, yes it is he — and what a wreck! See, he shrinks away, and a bright flush chases the marble paleness from his cheek. God bless me! That R—— should come to this! Still, Intemperance, with her thousand voices, crieth, "Give! give!" and still, alas! it is the gifted and generous and warm-hearted, who oftenest answer the summons.

More cells? — but there is no bed in them; only a wooden platform, raised over the stone floor. It is for gutter drunkards — too foul, too loathsome to be placed upon a bed — turned in here like swine, to wallow in the same slough. Oh, how few, who, festively sipping the rosy wine, say, "*my* mountain stands strong," e'er dream of such an end as this.

Look there! tread softly; angels are near us. Through the grated window the light streams faintly upon a little pallet. where, sweet as a dream of heaven, lies a sleeping babe! Over its cherub face a smile is flitting. The cell has no other occupant; angels only watch the slumbers of the prison-cradled. The place is holy. I stoop to kiss its forehead. From the crowd of women pacing up and down the guarded gallery, one glides gently to my side, saying, half proudly, half sadly, "'T is *my* babe."

"It is *so* sweet, and pure, and holy," said I.

The mother's lip quivered; wiping away a tear with her apron, she said, in a choking voice —

"Ah, it is little the likes of you, ma'am, know how hard it is for us to get the honest bread!"

God be thanked, thought I, that there is one who "judgeth, *not* as man judgeth;" who holdeth evenly the scales of justice; who weigheth against our sins the *whirlpool* of our temptations;

who forgetteth never the countless struggles for the victory, ere the desponding, weary heart, shuts out the light of Heaven. — *Fern Leaves.*

MY EARLY HOME.

BY L. D. BURROUGHS.

Ah! thou wert dear, I loved thee well,
 I've loved thee long — I love thee yet;
 What varied thoughts within me swell,
 Thoughts I can never more forget,
 As memory wanders back to thee,
 Home of my helpless infancy;
 And brings to mind the blissful days
 There spent in childhood's artless plays.

I seat me at that peaceful hearth,
 Where I was free from care,
 With *those* whose home is not of earth.
 I taste again of pleasures rare!
 I sit again beneath my tree,
 And warble forth a song of glee;
 Or from an open casement gaze,
 Upon the sun's departing rays.

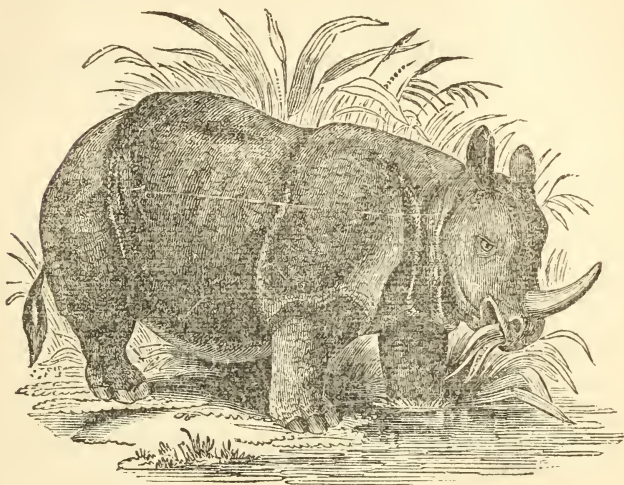
Again I'm where at evening time,
 Some treasured book or work in hand,
 Read or rehearse some story fine;
 To our dear happy, happy band,
 Or chant our evening hymn of praise
 To Him who crowns with bliss our days,
 Acknowledging a Father's kind,
 Unchanging love for all combined.

Again I plant, or cull the flowers,
 Or train some sweetly yielding vine,
 At morning or at evening hours,
 Around our humble cot to twine,
 Or ramble in some well-known spot,
 That never, *never* 'I be forgot!
 Listening to familiar strains,
 Of music sweet upon the plains.

Again I stand with tearful eye,
 Beside a dying mother's bed!
 Watching life's embers fail and die
 Until her happy spirit's fled,
 And feel again, tho' far I rove —
 I know *no more* a mother's love —
 I feel no more the perfect bliss,
 That centres in a mother's kiss.

I *linger* on that threshold yet,
 Where last I breathed the farewell tone;
 A spell of solemn, sweet regret,
 Is o'er me, and around me thrown!
 My early home! Dear is each trace,
 "Altho' a stranger's resting place."
 Change *cannot* blight remembrance here,
 Or stay fond recollection's tear.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.



THE RHINOCEROS.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

THIS huge and homely animal,
Which looks so queer to us,
Is twelve feet long from snout to tail,
And called Rhinoceros.

With stubbed legs and folding skin,
And habits like the hog,
This animal likes wondrous well
To wallow in a bog.

He wears a horn upon his nose
Exceeding sharp and strong,
Which measures, when entirely grown,
From two to three feet long.

The roaring lion, it is said,
Before this horn will flee;
Nor does he fear the elephant,
Though not so tall as he.

He dwells in parts of Africa,
And Asia, and 'tis said,
The fiercest beasts of Asia fear
The horn upon his head.

But though this ugly looking beast
Is thus for battle armed,
If other beasts let him alone,
They never need be harmed.

And you, though you had twice his power,
And had a horn as strong,
Should never let that power be felt,
To do another wrong.

For God forbids it in His Word,
"I will repay" saith He,
"Resist not evil," therefore, child,
And God will fight for thee.

THE CHILDREN UNDER THE WOOD.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY IDE TORRY.

"Now, aunt Sarah," said little Susy, "I have all this long seam to sew over and over, and it will be so tiresome! Please tell me a story, a nice good one, so that I shall forget this disagreeable work."

"I am afraid you will get so engaged in what I am saying, that you will forget to attend properly to your work, and the consequence will be, you will not do it well."

"Yes, I will sew very nicely; now try me."

"What kind of a story do you want?"

"O, something that is true."

"Well, Agnes and Sarah were sisters; one was eight, and the other ten years old, when the thing occurred, about which I am going to tell you. Agnes and Sarah had no brother older than themselves, and their father taught them to exercise their little limbs usefully every day. Among other things, he required them to go into the shed which joined the kitchen, and bring in a certain number of handfuls of wood every night, so that their mother might have a plenty in the morning to make a fire. This was not hard for them, for they had to go but a few steps, and they often had a great deal of sport out of this useful employment.

The wood-shed was large, and the wood, which was mostly cut short to burn in the stove, was piled from the bottom to the top, so as to form a hollow square; and when all the wood for winter was housed, a very small place was left to go in between the piles, but as the wood was used out daily, the space became larger and larger. One Saturday evening, as Mr. Bourne was passing through his shed, he saw what gave him great pain. The pile from which his two little girls had taken their regular number of handfuls that night, was just ready to fall over. The children had thoughtlessly taken the wood from the lower part, leaving nothing to support that which was above, save one stick, which, if moved, would bring down the whole of that pile, and all the others, which leaned fearfully, and which would be brought down by the jar of the others falling.

Mr. Bourne called to his family, and showed the wood, and charged them not to let Agnes and Sarah go into the shed, to get any wood till Monday, when he would have the whole thrown down and piled over again. "If it were not so near sunset, I would not sleep till it was done to-night," said he.

Mr. Bourne believed that the Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday, and he could not think it was right to take God's time to pile up his wood. So he did what he thought was the next best, when he charged his family to be cautious lest they should get injured themselves, and to see to it, that the children did not go near it.

Agnes and Sarah did not hear their father, when he gave this charge, but as the next day was the Sabbath, and they were not allowed to go into the shed

till after sunset, to bring in their wood, and as they, like other children, were not so fond of work as of play, and generally had to be reminded of their duty before they went to their night's work, the parents thought it would not be difficult to prevent their doing it.

But Agnes and Sarah, like a great many other children, thought the Sabbath a very long and tedious day, and that getting in the wood was the pleasantest part of its duties. They always longed for the sun to go down. This evening they sat beside the western window, with their books in their hands, and while their parents thought they were reading, watched the sun. As it began to disappear, they slid noiselessly out, for they knew it was not quite time.

Agnes went first into the shed, and Sarah followed a few feet behind her. Sarah, as she walked slower, saw Agnes reach out her hand towards that stick which, if moved, would bring down all the others, and cried out to her "not to touch that stick." But the deed was done before the words reached her sister, and the wood came down with a crash in every direction. Every pile in the shed fell, and both children were buried several feet under the wood.

Agnes was directly under the leaning pile, and the wood fell more lightly over, than if she had been farther off; Sarah was at a greater distance from it and so in more danger of being struck directly, but fortunately she saw the wood when it began to tumble, but not in season to escape. She saw she could not get away, and God taught her what to do, for she never could have known of herself. She dropped down on her face, when she saw the wood coming, put her right arm round her forehead and temples, and her left arm round the back part of her head, and kept her face a little ways from the ground, to give her a chance to breathe.

Now Sarah was a little girl, and did not know that if the wood struck her on her temples, or on the back of her head it might cause speedy death, and that the rest of her head was comparatively safe. But God taught her by instinct, as he teaches the birds to protect themselves from danger.

The falling of so much wood made a crash that shook the house; even the neighbors heard it, and some supposed it was an earthquake. This was the first notice any of the family had that Agnes and Sarah had gone to the shed. They sat reading when it came, but they knew instantly what it meant. Mr. Bourne groaned aloud, and rushed to the shed, followed by all the other members of his family, save Mrs. Bourne, who shrieked frantically and could not be comforted. When they reached the shed, they found all the wood down in one disordered heap. Mr. Bourne groaned again, and stood irresolute for a moment.

"What can we do?" he exclaimed, "we don't know where the children are, and we may work a long time in the wrong place, and do no good."

Just then he was gladdened and surprised by the sound of a little voice from under the wood near where he was standing. It was Sarah, who cried, "I'm here father, near the well."

It was more than he had hoped to find one able to speak, but he wanted to know where her sister laid, lest he should cover up one, while he was taking the wood from the other.

Sarah heard her father as he expressed this wish, and she replied to him

that Agnes was farther within the shed, directly under the leaning pile. Then she called to Agnes, and told her that father wanted to hear from her. Agnes could hear Sarah better than the voices outside, or else, she had been a little stunned by the wood at first. But now Mr. Bourne heard from Agnes, and his heart was encouraged, and all worked earnestly for two dear little lives. Not a word was spoken for some minutes, and no noise was heard, except the constant throwing of wood. Those minutes seemed an age to the children under the wood.

"Do you feel able to speak again," said Mr. Bourne, who needed their voices to guide him, and who feared that their silence was an evidence that they were now beyond the reach of help. His heart was again cheered by the sound of both of their voices, and the wood was thrown off faster than before. And now that there were but a few sticks to be removed, they all dreaded to look at the bruised children. But how were they surprised to see both of them jump up without assistance, and with the exception that their eyes blinked a little at the light that so suddenly shone upon them, in contrast with the darkness in which they had been kept, they appeared as bright and nimble as ever. A messenger informed Mrs. Bourne that the children were taken out.

"Don't bring their mangled bodies to me, I cannot see them," she exclaimed, walking the room.

Agnes and Sarah followed the bearer of the good tidings, but it was some moments before they could convince their mother that they were really living and when she saw they were alive, she could not believe they could live long. A physician was called, for neither parent could believe they were uninjured, but nothing save some very slight bruises could be discovered.

"And didn't they ever find they were hurt more?" said little Susy, who had eagerly listened to the story.

"No."

"Well, now, aunty do you believe that story?" said Susy, dropping her work, and looking very intently into her aunt's face.

"Yes, I not only believe it, but I know it to be true, and I have often thought since, how strange it is, that we are afraid to do right. We think we are safer to do wrong than to trust in God, when things look dark and dangerous. Mr. Bourne would not have his wood piled over again after sunset on Saturday night, because it was God's time, and though his children were buried under the wood, they were preserved safe from harm."

"How do you *know* that this is true aunty? Did you *see* the wood on them, or did you ever see the little girls?"

"I have seen the little girls, and I know it is true, for I was one of them."

"You one of these little girls under the wood! How did you feel when you saw it coming down upon you?"

"I thought I was going to die; I did not think it was possible to escape, though I recollect putting my arms round my temples, and the back part of my head. I thought too, that I had not repented of my sins, and that if I died, as I was confident I should, my soul would be lost forever. O, how I wished I had attended to my salvation before, and I thought if ever I could get out, I would repent and be prepared to die at any time."

"I suppose after God took such such care of you, and kept you alive in such danger, you loved Him very much, and became a Christian right off," said Susan, earnestly.

"No, strange to say, I did not. I lived thoughtlessly many years after that, and I have learned that when people are in danger it is not God that they seek, but to be rescued from that danger. We should not trust to such times to lead us to repentance, for then we have so many other things to think of besides God and his goodness, that we are liable to be very selfish when we think we are trying to be very good. When we are in health, and every thing is prosperous, is the time to seek God: then we shall be more likely to find Him, and then, we shall be prepared to meet safely anything that may come upon us afterward.

CULLED FLOWERS.

MR. CLAY TO THE BOYS.

The Western Farmers' Almanac for 1859 contains a letter from the sage of Ashland to one of his namesakes, which has never before been published, and is so characteristic of that great man that we take pleasure in transferring it to our pages:—

Ashland, July 7, 1845.

My dear little namesake: Your parents have done me the honor to give my name to you. On that account, and at the request of your good mother, I address this note, which she wishes to preserve for your perusal when, by the lapse of time, you shall have attained an age that will enable you to comprehend and appreciate its friendly purport.

Your parents entertain fond hopes of you, and you ought to strive not to disappoint them. They wish you to be good, respected, eminent. You can realize their most sanguine hopes, if you firmly resolve to do so, by judicious employment of your time and your faculties. Shun bad company, and all dissipation — its inevitable consequence. Study diligently and perseveringly. You will be surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge which, at first view, will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth and principle your invariable guides. Be obedient, and always affectionately respectful to your parents. Assiduously cultivate virtue and religion, the surest guaranty of happiness, both here and hereafter. In your intercourse with your fellow beings be firm, but at the same time bland, courteous and obliging. Recognize at all times the paramount right of your country to your most devoted services, whether she treats you ill or well, and never let selfish views or interests predominate over the duties of patriotism.

By regulating yourself according to these rules, you may become respected and great, be an ornament to your country and a blessing to your parents. That such may be your destiny is the sincere wish of their and your friend,

H. CLAY.

Master HENRY CLAY.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Oh ! where do you come from,
 You little drops of rain,
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 Down the window pane ?

They won't let me walk
 And they won't let me play,
 And they won't let me go
 Out of doors at all to-day..

They put away my playthings
 Because I broke them all,
 And then they locked up all my bricks,
 And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
 Is that the way you play,
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 All the rainy day ?

They say I'm very naughty,
 But I've nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window --
 I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
 But " pitter patter pat,"
 Means " we can play on *this* side,
 Why can't you play on *that* ?"

YOU CAN NEVER RUB IT OUT.

One pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little son, a white-haired boy five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself in printing his name with a pencil on paper.

Suddenly his busy fingers stopped. He made a mistake, and wetting his finger, he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

" My son," said his mother, do you know that God writes down all *you* do in a book ? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips ; and, my boy, *you can never rub it out !*"

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother's eye was on him earnestly, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms round her neck, and whispered, " Can the blood of Jesus rub it out ?"

Dear children, Christ's blood *can* rub out the evil you have done, and it is the only thing in the universe that can do it. " The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.



OLD TIMES AND OLD THINGS.

SOME people are ever decrying the present times, while no language is too extravagant to express their regard for former days. It seems to them that the world is going to ruin as fast as possible, and that the present generation of active men and women, with their new and fast way of doing things, are just suited to help on the crisis. The "*old times*" and "*ancient landmarks*" are phrases upon which they harp with undisguised satisfaction. These are old people, of course, for whom we cherish decided veneration. But *all* old people are not such despisers of modern progress.

Now, we believe that "old times" had their glorious things — that they lacked not in mental and moral elements of beauty and strength. We concede that the "fathers" were noble men, and did their work well, although they had not half so much to do as the sons have now. They possessed characteristics that qualified them remarkably for laying foundation stones. They knew better how to hew the underpinning than to rear the superstructure. They were men of bone and sinew and nerve, physically and morally, and difficulties generally cowered in their presence. They cleared up the forests, and ploughed, sowed and gathered, on no better fare than brown bread and bean porridge. We smile at the thought of one of these old patriarchs sitting down to tea in the modern style, supping on bread that is white as the driven snow, and cut as thin as a wafer, and nibbling away at a piece of frosted cake. It is a comic picture for an artist. No; such fare was not suited to the nature or work of this class. They were brown bread men — coarse, but good. Everything around them was unbolted, and within them, too, except Christian love and faith. God made them for "old times," just as he has made others for these "latter days." They could not have been different if they would — it was not best if they could. They worked out their own salvation, and, doubtless, their Master said, "well done."

And yet, this idea of some people about the sacredness of "ancient landmarks" is very absurd. The first question to settle is, whether they may not be superseded by *new* landmarks, that are better. If they can, then old attachments to them should be abated, and the better things be taken in their stead. This is the dictate of reason, common sense and the Bible. Duty demands the change. Adhering to an institution or custom simply because it is old, and was loved and cherished by our an-

cestors, is without reason. The farmer would act as sensibly who should refuse to use a modern plough, so much better adapted for turning up the soil, because he thinks well of the old one that was employed by his ancestors of former generations. But men use common sense in regulating their secular affairs. If new implements of husbandry are an improvement upon the old, they adopt them, and cast the old aside. Why not let reason and common sense rule in other matters? Why not allow them sway in regard to forms and ceremonies, or the way of doing things in the church? There may be two ways of doing a right thing — should not the best way be chosen? Even if it removes an “ancient landmark,” should it not be adopted? These questions carry their own answer.

CHILDREN IN ADVANCE OF THEIR PASTOR.

THE other day we were surprised by the following fact. An effort was made in a certain town, to organize a Band of Hope, the members of which are pledged against the use of tobacco, as well as intoxicating drinks. It was their desire to have their pastor become a member, that he might act as counsellor to them, in the management of their affairs; but he could not join the Band *because he was in the habit of using tobacco*. He was invited to relinquish the use of it for the sake of the young, but the habit was so strong that he declined. So the children were obliged to proceed in the good work of reform, and leave their pastor behind. And that, too, when he did not use tobacco as a remedy for any complaint, but simply from the force of habit. Now look at this picture. Behold a minister of the gospel behind the children of his flock, in an acknowledged good work! What must these children think and say about their pastor? Can they have entire confidence in him as a minister of Christ? Can their parents feel that he is, in all respects, such a pattern of goodness as their sons and their daughters ought to see in the pulpit? Suppose he should announce for his text, on some Sabbath, “If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth,” — would not the young folks look at each other with a smile in their eyes? And would not a good man and woman, here and there in the house, draw a long, deep sigh? Yes! we think that the minds of very many would revert to the tobacco, and perhaps some impudent person would ask him to read the text by inserting *tobacco* in the place of *meat*. “If tobacco cause my brother to offend, I will chew no tobacco while the world standeth.” He would probably break down in reading the passage as it now stands. How curious many would be to hear his discourse thereon! They would desire to see how he would exticate himself from the dilemma. So should we.

WASTING TIME IN MAKING MONEY.

It is said that a Lyceum Committee applied to Professor Agassiz to deliver a lecture before their body, and he declined. They pressed him to answer in the affirmative, assuring him that they could pay him a large fee, naming the amount; to which the Professor replied: "*I cannot waste my time in making money.*" These words ought to be inscribed in letters of gold, wherever human eyes can read them. It is one of the noblest sentiments ever uttered, and it differs widely from the views of a vast number of mankind. Usually, men consider that time wasted which yields them no money. An enterprize that turns out to be a failure, has wasted, they think, the whole time which it has absorbed, no matter how many excellent lessons they have learned thereby. They may have acquired what is far more valuable than riches; but it is lost time because it brings no shining dollars into the pocket. Their plans and practice seem to say that money is the most desirable acquisition. On the contrary, Agassiz considers that time expended in lecturing for one or two hundred dollars a lecture, is wasted. He has a high and noble purpose before him, in the field of science, and every moment is precious in accomplishing his object. If he should turn aside to make a few hundred dollars, it would interfere with the great purpose of his life, and therefore, all that time would be wasted, in an important sense.

It is well for every person to remember that time may be wasted in making money. Thousands find it so, to their sorrow, every year. And in no respect is this truer than in regard to the moral aspects of the soul. Time spent in hoarding riches, to the neglect of the soul, is doubly lost. He who allows his mind to be so much absorbed in worldly acquisitions, as to forget God's claims upon his heart, is wasting time in a fearful manner.

PARENTS AND SCHOOL COMMITTEES.

ONE of the most important institutions to the parent, is the common school. There his children receive indelible impressions, with the rudiments of their education. The foundation of future mental culture is there laid, and perhaps of character for time and eternity. Hence, it is a matter of considerable importance, who are appointed to superintend our common schools. All will admit that those who are best qualified for the office should be elected thereto. Yet this is frequently disregarded. We have often known parents to gratify some prejudice or dislike, and vote against a man who is known to be qualified for the office. At the same time they would vote for a person in his stead, who is known to be poorly fitted to have in charge these important interests of education. If they should thus express their spite or prejudice against candidates for other

town offices, it would be less surprising, for here some of the dearest interests of their children are concerned. One would suppose that solicitude for the intellectual and moral culture of those who are "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh," would lead them to cast aside personal pique and overlook party alliances for the sake of good schools. But, strange to say, this is not always the case. The opposite is frequently true, and parents who love their children, and who ought to make every possible exertion to provide them with excellent schooling, go to town meeting and vent their spite against some candidate for the office of School Committee, by voting for, and electing an inferior rival. How can they reconcile these proceedings with high regard for their children, or deep interest in the cause of education? Not many of this class would thus favor prejudice or ill-will, if they were likely to depreciate the value of a calf, or a load of hay, a single dollar. They appear to run more risk, and yield more to prejudice, where the interests of children are involved, than they do when property is at stake. Poor human nature! thy weakness is apparent on every side. It is only grace that can lift thee above the inconsistencies of thy fallen state!

TALKING.

TALKING is accomplished so easily, and with so little preparation, that it is not thought much of. Like the air and light, which seem to come as a matter of course, it is enjoyed without causing much reflection. Words never appear to wear out the tongue, nor to require much exertion to speak, so the art of talking has not received much attention. But has the reader ever thought of the amount of talking he or she does? A large part of waking hours is spent in this easy art, though we can scarcely call it an art as it is generally viewed. Some people, too, talk in their sleep; whether from the impetus which the tongue has acquired through the day or otherwise, we leave the reader to judge. But, certainly, if so much time is consumed in talking, it is very important to talk about something valuable. It must be a distinguishing means of mental culture, and of moral power, when it is properly regulated. On the other hand, to rattle on as some people do, hour after hour, about little or nothing, and utter empty words enough each day, to fill a small volume, must be extremely injurious. Silence is far better than such unmeaning chatter, or at least, it can be no worse. For, if a person thinks about nothing of value, it cannot be more injudicious than to talk about nothing.

Much talking is really demanded by social customs. How often a still, quiet person has been reproved for being unsocial! If he had only talked about the weather, or the faults of his neighbors, it would have been well enough, since it showed that he could talk. Many an unsocial

husband has been reminded of his deficiency by his social wife, saying, "Why didn't you talk?" You see, then, that talking is a sign of life and brains in society, though the quality is not often regarded by many so much as the quantity. To know how to talk well, then, is very important.

In the family, where there are so many to talk, from parents to children, the art becomes a powerful educator. Children will catch the tone of it, and grow up to speak as the parents do. It is not always difficult to infer from the conversation of young people, what has been the general character of talking at home. Children who are wont to listen to grammatical conversation, where the words used are select and elevated, and distinctly uttered, while the thoughts conveyed by them are valuable and ennobling, are usually the best talkers, though they may not talk half so much as others.

BUYING AND SELLING TIME.

THE reader may think it strange, but we have been wishing that time could be bought and sold, as a sort of accommodation between those who have too much, and those who have too little of it. Of course, those persons who lounge about stores and depots, and idle away day after day, here and there, have more time than they want, and more, we think, than they ought to have. They have certainly more than they use, and hence they have adopted various ways of killing time. Now, it would be decidedly better for this class to bargain away some of the moments they would kill. It would be better for them mentally and morally. We judge from appearances that some individuals would make money by the operation, if they made nothing else. It would afford them a business or pursuit, to keep them out of idleness; for he who would idle away ten years of his life, will have but five for idleness, if he should sell one-half of the ten. This certainly would be in his favor.

On the other hand, there is a class of men who have not time enough. They are active, busy, driving men, who make a mark wherever they are. They would be very glad to purchase one or two days every week, in order to accomplish the more. They often wish that each week had ten days, for then they could execute all their plans. They see that some of their neighbors have time enough and to spare, and cheerfully would they buy thereof, at the highest price, if they could. They could use it all to advantage, in their business, and still see use for more. But alas! time can be neither bought nor sold.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A TOUCHING STORY.

C. L. Bruce, Secretary of the New York Children's Aid Society, publishes, in the *New York Post*, the following account of a destitute girl, whose noble struggles against temptation are worthy of a lasting record :

Some two years ago a young English girl, of perhaps fifteen years, with refined manners, and a pretty, though pale face, presented herself at our office, and nervously asked for some place in a family in the country. She told the usual story of poverty, and we only observed that her hands were very thin and bony, and her cheeks hollow, and that on being assigned to an excellent home by Mr. Marcy, her eyes filled with sudden tears of thankfulness. Something was given her to eat, which she received quietly, and on the next day went to the place.

Lately, on a revisit to the city, we learned the particulars of her history. She had been in England in good circumstances, as her manner and language showed, had come over after the death of her father, and on the wasting of his property, to seek her fortune, as do so many others, in America. She sought at once to enter some trade, and to earn a living for herself ; but without friends, and with the crowded competition of the city, she could find no opening. In the same way at the intelligence offices, after waiting for many days, she discovered no chance for herself. Each day her means were being exhausted, and she was, at length, forced to pawn all the ornaments and relics of better times. She was reduced finally to living in a small attic room of a tenement house, sleeping on some straw in one corner. Hour after hour, through the weary day, her little feet were traversing the streets, as she followed advertisements and looked for a chance to work.

At last she reached the point in which every available means had been sacrificed, every penny spent, and hunger stared her in the face. She describes her feelings then most touchingly. One day she could get through quite comfortably without anything to eat, the second, she says she crouched herself in her bed — “and, do you know, sir, what I found best to stop the hunger? Why, I drank water, and then I prayed, and somehow I always felt better and stronger after it!” The third day, when it seemed as if she could not hold out much longer, she would go faintly down stairs to a woman she knew in one of the lower rooms, and this woman would offer her something to eat, which she would take carelessly, no one ever suspecting that the poor creature was being saved from starvation.

In this mode of life she grew so weak she could scarcely walk, and as thin, she says, as any skeleton. She was attacked, too, with terrible headaches, and some days, she is sure, she was delirious, for she now remembers how she seemed sometimes to see angels and spirits in the little room bringing her food !

Once or twice she determined to beg, though she felt as if she would

rather die ; and she went into a store, and said, gaspingly, "she was hungry." The people were very kind, and sat her in a chair, and gave her food, and once, she recollects, a cup of tea.

Then as she lay on her heap of straw, thinking of the dear old English home, and the comfort there, the mother and the days that were gone, she would sometimes say,

"What have I done to deserve this? Why should God pick me out to make me suffer so? Why should I be so deserted?"

One day she had gone down into the lower room, and sat there weak and despairing, when a gentleman entered whom she describes as very grand and wealthy in his appearance. He spoke to her kindly ; said he had watched her go in and out, and said she must be in misfortune ; that he had so much admired her — yes, and loved her ! She answered, gasping with weakness, "Why do you come here to insult me because I am poor?"

Then, as she describes it, he replied that he did not mean to insult her, that he truly loved her — and in various phrases he offered to her to live in a splendid home with him, but not as his wife.

The poor girl, crouched down with her head in her hands, confessed that for a moment the thought crossed her mind — What if she should do this? No one will know it. Here is comfort and a home — an escape at length ; and on the other side, a long, weary struggle and starvation. But, in the midst of this — she almost believes it was real — there seemed to come up before her a figure of her mother — she saw the face and the warning gesture almost as distinctly as she ever saw any one. She seemed to call her away — and then she thought of all she had ever told her of Heaven and of God, and she started up and said, with sobs and gasps — one may be sure eloquently, for she tells the story now with eyes flowing with tears, and with tones that thrill the heart :

"I know I am poor — I have nothing — I have no home and no friends — I am starving ; but if you should give me all the money of New York, heaped ten times over, I would not do this thing ! Why do you come here to tempt me and insult me because I am poor?" and she almost fell down gasping, but she says she saw the man start back with face ghastly pale, saying,

"My God ! What a sin you have saved me from !"

That day she heard accidentally of the Society to help children, and resolved to go there for a last chance. If she failed there, the only thing left for her seemed to be self-destruction or death. We know the happy result.

The simple truthfulness and pathos of this girl's story cannot in any way be represented. Of all heroic scenes which the upper Powers ever looked upon in this world, what can surpass that where this poor, weak, starving girl, deserted of men, and seemingly almost abandoned by God, spurns from her the greatest of all temptations, and deliberately chooses starvation rather than dishonor or wrong ! Perchance among those in this day who sneer at or bargain for woman's virtue, this little story, out of the real life of New York, may show what a priceless pearl this virtue is, that the lonely, famished child could choose the slow pangs of famine rather than choose it.

CHARITY IN TRYING TIMES.

THE *Congregationalist* discourses, in an excellent way, upon the subject of Charity; and we copy the article for those who love to plead the maxim — “Charity begins at home,” in extenuation of their remissness in giving:—

Not charity simply with a soul to love and wish well, but with hands to do the things which are needful.

The present is not the first time, when God’s people have been called upon to give and to do under the pressure of trying circumstances. There have been other seasons which have sifted men’s professions and tried their souls, and revealed the facts, for or against them, whether true charity were yet in them, a living sister of the graces,—an actual doer of the Word.

We have read of a poor widow in other days, who gave “two mites, which make a farthing,” and this was all she had, even all her living. Now if she did wrong in overlooking so entirely herself, why did not the blessed Saviour rebuke her on the spot? Why did he not in the very temple, before the people make her a public example of extravagant imprudence, for giving when she had so little. If charity always begins at home and always first supplies fully number one, why was the Great Teacher so injudicious as to commend her before all present? And why did the Holy Spirit cause it to be recorded, so that in all coming time, wherever the gospel should be preached, this *act* should also be told of her for a memorial; especially when he knew that many of the pious poor would follow her example, when they should find it recorded with his approving comments? He did it, most evidently, because he knew it was a fair specimen of the gospel’s fruit; and, as by *their fruits*, men were to be known in his kingdom, he *preserved* this rich example of obedient trust, in a book which could never die out of the world’s literature; and it teaches all, both rich and poor, that they can never lose anything by entrusting to God, goodly portions of that which he has given them.

There was another who went out to pick up a few sticks, that she might bake her last cake of meal and then die, as she supposed; but the prophet of the Lord was famishing because the times were hard and the people to whom he ministered did not support him; and he told her to bake a cake for him as the man of God first, assuring her that she should lose nothing by it. She did so; and when the prophet was fed, he was in a better condition to prosecute the work of the ministry. And yet, be it ever remembered by those who fear to *trust in God*, and “do good” in trying times, that the benefit rendered to the prophet, was only half the blessing; for this obedient act of trust on the part of the woman, set her barrel of meal *right side up* again; and though there never was but little in it, yet there was always enough to make her comfortable till a good Providence opened the way to other means of supply.

It must not be forgotten in *these* days, that those departments of labor in Christ’s kingdom, which are sustained by the beneficence of the churches, cannot take care of themselves any *better* now, than when the means to help them flowed rapidly to meet their wants. True vital

charity does not "winter kill" in hard times; and will ever respond to just claims, with at least, a pittance, even though there should be but a little to give from.

The promise of God has not become obsolete, though the days of *miraculous* fulfilment are past. The fact that there is that giveth, and yet increaseth in substance, still remains, a changeless result of the promise. If we have but half a loaf for ourselves, a slice of it given to the needy servants of the Great Master, will make the rest go farther. If we have not even a slice to spare, a few crumbs, *carefully* gathered up from under the table, will be acceptable.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

A good lesson, upon a very important subject, may be learned from the following true story from the *National Era* :—

The carriage stopped at the door, and, in a few minutes, Margaret Hale entered the apartment where her husband sat, wholly absorbed in poring over day-books and ledgers.

"Those tiresome accounts still," she exclaimed. "Will you never find time for anything but business, Ralph? Have you no taste for anything beyond figures?"

"Margaret;" but the sadness in the tone was unheeded, as she continued—

"We had such a charming evening at Mrs. C's. Capt. Hill related many interesting incidents of his residence in Egypt, and Mr. Warren, the famous young poet, read "Maud," and some of the most beautiful passages in 'Aurora Leigh.' I must read to you some of Romney's 'Great Thoughts on Duty.'"

She went hastily to her chamber for the volume. When she returned her quiet entrance was unheard by her husband, whose pen was rapidly moving over the almost interminable columns of figures. With an expression of impatience, almost of scorn, resting on her face, she hastily turned away.

"And this is the end of all my dreams of marriage," said she, as she reached her room. "He has a taste for drudgery. His pursuits and tastes are all common place, and I must go from home to find the sympathy I need, to find those who will appreciate, with me, the books I love, and the beautiful in art, for which he has neither eye nor ear. Why did he not marry a woman who had neither heart nor mind to be continually unsatisfied?"

In the room she had left, Ralph Hale sat, hour after hour, till his brain was weary and eyelids drooped. Then, laying aside his books, he remained a long time in deep thought.

"God bless my Margaret," he prayed, "and give me strength to bear all things. Give me power to make her happy."

Putting away all thoughts of her husband's real nobleness of character, jealously preserving the memory of every slight difference in their tastes and pursuits, Margaret cherished the spirit of discontent, till it embittered every hour of her life, and sent suffering she never dreamed of, to the heart of her husband, who would gladly have sacrificed every earthly good for her happiness.

A sudden and severe illness came to her while Ralph was in a distant city. One day, during her slow recovery, the aged minister, who had baptized her in infancy, was sitting by her side.

"Margaret," he said, after steadfastly watching her troubled face, "you are unhappy. I have seen it a long time. I should not recognize in you my once cheerful, happy child. May I not know what great sorrow has come to you?"

Then, with sobs and tears, she told him all her unhappiness.

After a short silence, the old man spoke again, and there was sadness, almost sternness in his voice. "Years ago, Margaret, a wealthy New York merchant became involved in a speculation, whose failure suddenly took from him the accumulated wealth of his years of commercial enterprise. There were a few years of weary, vain struggling to regain what he had lost; then deep despondency, a lingering disease and death. His wife and four children were left penniless. The eldest child, a boy of sixteen, had finished his preparatory studies, and was about to enter college. By this stroke, he found his prospects for the future clouded; but with a noble self-forgetfulness, he turned cheerfully into the way marked out for him, and walked resolutely into it.

"He obtained a situation with a merchant, who had known his father, where his faithfulness and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother had taught a private school for the young; and it was the boy's highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity, and give her the rest her feeble health required. I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial, that he might lighten the burdens of those so dear to him.

"Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then, a lucrative business being opened to him in the West, he came here.

"At the time of his removal here, accident revealed to him the fact that the widow and invalid daughter of one whose fortune was, by his father's advice, risked in that unfortunate speculation which had so changed his own life, were living in extreme poverty. To him they are indebted for the pleasant home that now shelters them, and for the delicate, thoughtful ministrations to their daily comfort.

"Now, when the commercial world is clouded, and disasters crowd thick and fast upon him, as upon others, his anxious thoughts turn to the mother and suffering sister, in the little village home, whose comforts depended upon him, to the other lonely fireside, to which his constant thoughtfulness imparts its only light, and to his own home, and the young wife, whose happiness is dearer to him than life. For this, Margaret, Ralph Hale gives his days to incessant toil, and willingly sacrifices the social pleasures he is so eminently fitted to enjoy.

"I have been in these three homes. With a love that is almost reverence, his mother and sister speak his name, and with full hearts thank God for his life — that life so filled with the beauty of self-renunciation. The widow and daughter whose hearts he has made glad, tell of his numberless acts of kindness, of his delicate and unceasing watchfulness, and daily they ask God's blessing on him whose life is a blessing to others.

"In his own home, the wife whose love should bless him, whose gentle ministry should comfort and strengthen him, turns coldly from him, because he prefers the happiness of others to his own gratification, because the pressing duties of life claim all his waking hours, leaving him little leisure for the claims of society, or for the high intellectual culture which few attain, whose lives are not wholly devoted to it."

"Oh, Ralph, I have never known you! I have so cruelly misjudged you," said the weeping wife.

The old man continued: "Some men talk poetry, some write it in words, and some *write it in their lives*. The true heroism which poets have sung, the beauty of self-abnegation, and of ceaseless devotion to duty, which have been their inspiration, Ralph Hale has lived. The woman who has won the deepest love of such a heart should reverently and gratefully cherish it, as the richest blessing of her life."

In the twilight of that day, Margaret was awaiting her husband's return. Amid the bitter self-reproachings that darkened the hour, gleamed a new and holy light. Higher purposes were aroused within her. In the future she would make divinely real in her life the beautiful ideals which had filled the heart with unsatisfied longings. She, too, would live for others, and first of all for him whom she had so misunderstood.

A hurried step in the entrance hall, then on the stairs, and the next moment she was clasped in her husband's arms.

"You have been very ill," said a voice faltering with emotion, "but, thank God, you are safe now, my Margaret."

"Oh, yes, I am safe indeed now," said Margaret's heart.

In that hour, all was made clear between them. With new resolves for the future, with a deeper love for each other, and a prayer for strength, another page of life was turned for them.

Years afterwards, Margaret, a proud and happy wife, wrote, 'I cannot tell you all he has been to me — my guide when I was ignorant, my strength when I faltered, my best earthly friend, always. What do I not owe you for revealing the mistake which had almost wrecked the happiness of both.'

A DECEIVING SPIRIT.

An *Exchange* tells the following story, which is good, whether it is true or false: —

A few nights since, a young male friend of ours, who, from a sneering skeptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grand-father, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door, awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on — very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed.

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a me-

dium. I'll try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify by saying 'aye,' — no, that's not what I mean. If there's a spirit in the room, it will please to rap three times!"

Three different raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want for anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again, this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door.

He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone, and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep. On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his greatcoat altogether.

THE SILENT CLUB.

THE incident below has a witchery about it which we think every reader will confess. It is beautiful, indeed:—

There was at Amanda, a celebrated academy. Its first rule was framed in these words:—"The members of this academy shall think much, write little, and be as mute as they can."

A candidate offered himself—he was too late—the vacancy was filled up. They knew his merit, and lamented his disappointment in lamenting their own. The president was to announce the event; he desired the candidate should be introduced.

He appeared with a simple and modest air—the sure testimony of merit. The president rose and presented a cup of pure water to him, so full that a single drop more would have caused it to overflow; to this emblematical hint he added not a word, but his countenance expressed deep affliction.

The candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete, and the assembly full; yet he maintained his courage, and began to think by what expedient, in the same kind of language he could explain that a supernumerary academician would displace nothing, and make no essential difference in the rule they had prescribed.

Observing at his feet a rose, he picked it up and laid it gently upon the surface of the water, so gently that not a drop of it escaped. Upon this ingenious reply, the applause was universal; the rule slept or winked in his favor. They presented immediately to him the register upon which the successful candidate was in the habit of writing his name. He wrote it accordingly; he had only to thank them in a single phrase, but he chose to thank them without saying a word.

He figured upon the margin the number of his new associates, 100, then, having put a cipher before the 1, he wrote under it, "Their value will be the same — 0100."

To this modesty, the ingenious president replied with a politeness equal to his address; he put the figure 1 before the 100, and wrote, "They will have eleven times the value they had — 1100."

A MURDERER AND HIS MOTHER.

THE condemned murderer, Ira Street, of Rochester, N. Y., recently penned a letter to his heart-broken mother. It must be a source of pleasant reflection to her that no neglect on her part, no unrighteous example, no baneful counsel, led to the fearful end of her wretched son. Let parents learn an important lesson from this letter, and be stimulated to fidelity in meeting the obligations of their responsible situations. The following is an extract from his letter:—

TUESDAY EVENING, Oct. 12.

"MY BELOVED MOTHER:— If I knew a name higher and holier it should be yours; receive my kindest and most affectionate farewell in this world, which has indeed been a troubled one to us. You have gained some things, mother, but lost your son. Don't imagine that I blame you, because I do not. I deeply pity others, that things should be in a position so unhappy; but as for me, I am content. I would be pleased to live, mother, for your sake and others, not mine: but in the face of all I have suffered, and would have to pass through, even if my life were spared, will you ask me to live? I know what human promise is; I know what human resolution can do. I am willing to display all the regard and affectionate judgment I possess in deciding these things, but in doing this I am driven irresistibly to death.

In my younger days, mother, you did all a good mother could do to make me great and good. My first thought of God and goodness I learned from you; and the first prayer I ever said, you taught me. My attachment to books and knowledge I owe to you; and any qualities that may redeem my character are the results of your teaching. All my badness and perversion should rest on father and myself. My beloved mother, how good and eminent I might have been had I done as you taught me.

It is my last regret that I die without making any return for all you have done for me. But there is no hope or prospect of accomplishing this left me, mother. You will not mourn too much over me, mother; we must all lie down alike in the dust. And what matters it whether we die in the prime and glory of youth, or the weakness of age? Where shall my grave be, mother? Let it be where you and Charlie and Franky can visit it. But you have another son, mother, the noblest and the best. Our happy Charlie—than whom a better son and brother never adorned the earth—will remind *you* of the one you have lost. The hopes wrecked in me, may be realized in him. He has all the power of your tall son, without his terrible experience and unfortunate associations."

NEW BOOKS.

THE AIMWELL STORIES—JESSIE; or, Trying to be Somebody. By Walter Aimwell, Author of "Marcus," "Whistler," "Ella," &c. With illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

This is the sixth volume of the popular Aimwell Stories, and we are quite sure, highly as we thought of its predecessors, that this is better than either. It is finely written, for this style of composition, and is so natural that it almost beats nature herself. We most cheerfully and earnestly say to parents, buy this book for your boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age; and buy the whole series. They will read them; they cannot help it, even if they do not love to read. It is one of the best investments you can make. They inculcate high and noble aims, and tend to inspire young hearts with good resolves.

PETER CODDLE'S TRIP TO NEW YORK. Three Games in One, comprising "A Game of Transformations," "Literary Patchwork," and "Literary Puzzle." Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

This is a pleasant and innocent game for the young, invented by the author of the above volume, JESSIE. Our little seven-year-old regards it as one of the indispensables now; and a great many times we have heard about Peter's start from Cranktown Railroad depot, and how he met a dog with—seven handboxes tied to his tail, &c., &c.

FRED FREELAND; or, the Chain of Circumstances. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Willis Loveyouth. Boston: E. O. Libby and Company.

God must have made this author on purpose to write for youth, unless his name is a lie. LOVEYOUTH! Who should write for the young if not those who love them? The author does, we know from reading the book. The story is told in an easy, natural way; and the lessons conveyed are important. If the boys and girls will reduce to practice, in their sports and labors, the lessons herein taught, they will be made wiser and better. It cannot fail to interest the young reader.

THE QUEEN'S DOMAIN; and other Poems. By William Winter. Boston: E. O. Libby and Co.

There is poetry in the very name of this author—WILLIAM WINTER. How it jingles! There is poetry in his soul, too, as we judge from the contents of this little volume. There is nothing *winterish* about the poetry within it: it is rather summer-like, and makes one think of roses and geraniums, and buttercups. The subjects are nearly all of a poetical cast, and this is very important. Some poets attempt to write upon themes that are as distant as possible from poetical associations; and no one but a Milton, Hemans, or Longfellow, could make poetry about them. But Mr. W. has well chosen his themes, and his volume is a pleasant one.

THE PURITAN HYMN AND TUNE BOOK. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication.

The design of this new hymn and tune book is to promote congregational singing. It originated with the Mendon Association, and was prepared by a committee appointed by that body—Rev. Samuel Hunt, of Franklin, having charge of the hymnology department, and Professor Pond, of Wrentham, of the musical department. It has been prepared with great care, and does honor to the compilers. It contains a limited number of "the old tunes," with which all singers are familiar, and between three and four hundred hymns, nearly all of which are as familiar as the tunes. It is the best book

for congregational singing that has been published, and is furnished at the low price of forty-five cents.

THE POOR GIRL AND TRUE WOMAN; or, Elements of Woman's Success—drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and others. A Book for Girls. By William M. Thayer, author of "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

FROM POOR-HOUSE TO PULPIT: or, Triumphs of the late Dr. John Kitto, from Boyhood to Manhood. A Book for Youth. By William M. Thayer, author of "Life at the Fireside," "Morning Star," &c., &c. E. O. Libby and Co., Boston.

The above two volumes have been sent to us by the publishers to be noticed; but the editor, being the author of the same, does not favor the insertion of a notice; therefore the proprietor assumes the responsibility, and will speak of them as follows:—We can bestow no higher commendation of them than to say they are the productions of the Editor of the *HAPPY HOME*, &c., and as such we can, without any hesitation, recommend them as real gems to those for whom they are designed. Mr. Thayer is among the best writers for the entertainment, instruction, and happiness of the Family Circle, as all who peruse the pages of the *HAPPY HOME* can testify. The *Christian Intelligencer* discourses thus respecting the merits of the "Poor Girl":—"When the 'Poor Boy and Merchant Prince' was published, we expressed the opinion that it was one of the best books for boys ever issued from the press, and we think the same of this for girls. There is no impossible virtue, nor miraculous gifts, ascribed to the women of this volume. They were poor, they became useful, and, in the true sense of the term, great, because they cultivated their hearts and heads, and lived to do good. Mothers! give this book to your daughters, and commend to them the principles it is designed to inculcate." So we say; and also say, fathers! mothers! give "From the Poor-House to Pulpit" to your boys, if you would stimulate them to be men.

INDIA AND ITS PEOPLE is the title of a new volume recently prepared by Rev. Hollis Read, author of "God in History." It is now in press, and will be issued as soon as possible. It is to be illustrated by numerous engravings, and will contain four hundred octavo pages of matter. It will be furnished to subscribers at the low price of \$1.75.

THE NORTHERN FARMER. A very spicy agricultural paper at 50 cents a year, single copies; and 30 cents in clubs of twenty. Samples furnished gratis by sending to T. B. Miner, Clinton, Oneida Co., N.Y. A very cheap paper for the size, and good.

CATALOGUE OF A PORTION OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, containing two hundred and four octavo pages. A valuable document for reference.

THE CONGREGATIONAL QUARTERLY for Jan. 1859. This is the first number of a valuable quarterly, "conducted, under the sanction of the Congregational Library Association, by Revs. J. L. Clark, D.D., H. M. Dexter, and A. H. Quint." It contains a large amount of valuable information or the ministers and churches of the Orthodox Congregational denomination.

THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL JOURNAL of Philadelphia. Edited by Wm. Paine, M.D.—**THE COLLEGE JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE**, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Two medical journals, ably conducted, and well filled with important practical knowledge.

THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER. A capital monthly, devoted to common school education.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following from O. Ditson:—

1. *The Three Calls, or the Eleventh Hour*; by I. B. Woodbury.
2. *We parted when the purple vein*; by Jas. G. Clark.
3. *Lizzie just over the Way*; Ballad, by H. Willard.
4. *The Mother's Vow*; Poetry by E. Bradford; composed by Howard Waters.
5. *Leonem Leigh*; Ballad and Chorus, by H. Tucker.
6. *The first time we met*; Ballad, by the author of "Will you love me then as now."
7. *The Blind Girl*; Ballad; Words by J. Swan, Music by J. N. Metcalf.
8. *Ocean Cable*; Quickstep; by Geo. Herres.
9. *Morris Cadel's Quickstep*; by W. N. Oakley.
10. *L'Eclipse Polka Mazurka*; by G. Smith.
11. *Julia Polka*; by L. C. Weld.
12. *Ormsby Schottische*; by Karl Trautman.
13. *The Swinging Polka*; by Thos. Baker.
14. *Her bright smile haunts me still*; Ballad, by W. T. Wrichton.
15. *No, I cannot forget thee*; Song, by Jas. R. Phelps.
16. *To Sarah—Guardian Angels*; Music by C. W. Beames.
17. *One smile from thee*; Song; Music by M. W. Balfe.
18. *Ever of thee*; by Foley Hall.
19. *Harp of the Wild Wind*; Words by Miss Mary Bradford; Music by Orrand Whittlesey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—"The Double Vow of Amendment," "Why did not the Saviour Commend Martha as well as Mary?" "The Bible and the Spirit of our Age," "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard," "Evenings at Home and Abroad," "The Sabbath Bells," "How Old art Thou?" "The Downward Tendency of Sin," "Obligations of Woman to the Christian Religion," "Appeal to Young Men," "Prayer, the Mother's Help," "Sunshine," "Making Haste to be Rich," "What shall I Play?" and "How to be Healthy."

The propositions of some of the authors of the above articles, in regard to writing, are accepted. We would say, also, to the writers of last year, we would be glad to continue the arrangement through the present year.

Once more we say to correspondents, write in a clear and legible hand, if possible. Many do well in this respect. To a few we would say, never write in unknown tongues. We solemnly affirm that we cannot read Syriac nor low Dutch, nor decipher bird's tracks.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of subscribers to the advertisement on the second page of the cover, concerning binding the HAPPY HOME. Those who wish to have their back numbers bound must forward them soon, or they cannot be done for the prices named. We are obliged to send fifty copies at a time to the binders, to get them bound for these prices. On this account they must be forwarded soon. Those subscribers, whose year commences in July, can forward their back numbers in July or August.



THE END OF THE WORLD



Prince Albert

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY GEO. J. WEBB.

Allegretto.

Lin-ger not long! Home is not home, with-out thee; Its dear-est

The first system of musical notation for the piece. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

to - kens on - ly make me mourn, ... Its dear-est to - kens

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

on - ly make me mourn; O, let its mem-ory, like a

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

chain a - bout thee, *p* Gent-ly com - pel and has - ten thy re -

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staff. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

turn, Gent-ly com - pel and has - ten thy re - - turn.

mf *pp* **Ritard e Diminuendo.**
 Lin-ger not long, Lin-ger not long, Lin - - ger not long.
mf **PIU.** *pp*

Linger not long ! Though friends may woo thy staying,
 Bethink thee, can the love of friends, though dear,
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
 Costs the fond heart which sighs to have thee near?
 Linger not long !

Linger not long ! How I shall watch thy coming,
 As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
 When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
 And silence hangs on all things like a spell ?
 Linger not long !

How I shall watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
 And night draws dark and darker on the hill ?
 How I shall weep, when I can watch no longer !
 Oh, art thou absent — art thou absent still ?
 Linger not long !

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth thee,
 Gazeth through tears which make its splendor dull ;
 For O, I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
 My cup of happiness is all too full !
 Linger not long !

Haste, haste thee home, into thy welcome dwelling !
 Haste as a bird un- o its peaceful nest ;
 Haste as a skiff, when i tempests wild are swelling.
 Flies to a haven of securest rest !
 Linger not long !

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XV.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

EDITORIAL.

THE massacre of the children of Bethlehem, at the instigation of Herod, is one of the most affecting tragedies recorded in sacred history. "Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men." It is not surprising that habitations were filled with mourning—that parents, and others, too, laid to heart the cruel sorrows thus wantonly inflicted upon them. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." It is scarcely possible to conceive of the consternation and woe that must have followed the bloody decree and work of the tyrant king. Very appropriately it has been called the "MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS." That helpless infancy should be cut off in this merciless way is sad and strange indeed. The man who could plot such a work of death must have the heart of a fiend.

But why should Herod make this heartless sacrifice of babes? The answer is evident from the sacred narrative. He heard from the Wise Men that the long expected Messiah was born in Bethlehem, and feared that he would be a rival. He thought of him only as a temporal king or prince, whose influence, reign, and power, would vie with his own. Therefore he would destroy the child at once. He first desired the Wise Men to return with the information, if they found the child, pretending that he would like to go and worship him, when he only meant to destroy his life. God warned the Wise Men not to return to Herod, and so the latter, in his disappointment and wrath, plotted the destruction of all the babes in Bethlehem, hoping thereby to remove his rival. His unholy ambition and love of power prompted the

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

shocking deed. It was a sacrifice to the god of power. His life was distinguished for costly offerings at the altar of ambition. Josephus informs us, that his wife's brother, Aristobulus, was murdered, at eighteen years of age, by the direction of Herod, because the people of Jerusalem seemed to regard him as a favorite. Also, in the seventh year of his reign, he put to death Hyrcanus, his wife's grand-father, then eighty years of age, and who had been amiable and beloved all his life. In like manner, his own wife, Mariamne, and her mother, Alexandra, were publicly executed by his order. Then Alexander and Aristobulus, his two sons by Mariamne, were strangled to death in prison, by his special direction ! And even on his bed of death he plotted one of the most diabolical schemes against the lives of prominent officers in the Jewish nation. All this was done to put rivals out of existence, and retain his power. But the sacrifice of the babes of Bethlehem is the act to which we would call the reader's attention.

In what respect can it be called a family scene ? It is of more significance, in this regard, than might at first appear. Herod very aptly symbolizes the thoughtless and reckless spirit of the world, which has little mercy upon tender childhood. Thousands of children are sacrificed every year, to gratify unholy pride and ambition. Other thousands are sacrificed by the vices of their parents, almost as heartlessly as Herod destroyed his victims. The god of power is not the only god to whom the "INNOCENTS" of the present age are sacrificed. The old Herodian spirit has not yet become extinct. It still lurks in many a social custom and habit, and characterizes much of that worldly policy that ignores truth and duty at the fireside.

Let us, then, consider the subject in a practical and serious light, and see how children are destroyed at the present day.

Many are sacrificed to the god BACCHUS. The sparkling wine-cup is set upon their father's table, and passed around the social circle in their father's parlor. From childhood they are wont to see the wine-glass sipped by men and women whom they know and love, so that they do not fear it. To them it contains no poison, and no "serpent of the still." There is nothing there, they think, that will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Their parents would not place it upon the table, or offer

it to friends, were it so. With such views they grow up to tolerate the wine-drinking customs of aristocratic circles, and to hold in contempt the principles of total abstinence, in which alone there is safety. Such is the experience of many children, even in professedly Christian families. In our larger towns and cities there are members of the church of Christ who are in the habit of thus using wine in the family. It is a blot upon the Christian name, that ought not to appear in the light and progress of the nineteenth century. One would think that even a *little* interest in the salvation of their children would lead them to put away from the family this accursed tempter. It is so inconsistent to pray at the morning and evening devotion, "lead us not into temptation," and then introduce this most dangerous of all tempters, that we wonder the suppliants are not struck dumb. To bear a child in the arms of prayer to the mercy-seat, asking God to save it from the snares and sins of earth, and then fill the wine-cup to sparkle in his sight, and create a thirst for the same — how strangely contradictory! We have no language to express our surprise that Christian parents should thus tamper with intoxicating drinks. It is probable that a large number who fill drunkard's graves were surrounded by such influences as these in childhood. There is no doubt that the ranks of inebriates receive accessions every year, from those who were thus early accustomed to look upon the wine when it was red. Just to gratify their appetite, or conform to a dangerous social custom, parents thus offer up their children, a costly sacrifice, to the god of wine. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." For one, we would much prefer that a beloved child should fall by the sword of some hard-hearted Herod, than by the power of this disgraceful vice. Let him die with his character unstained, and his heart uncorrupted, though he fall by the assassin's stroke!

MAMMON is another god to whom many children are thoughtlessly sacrificed. Their parents are running the race for riches, and bending all their energies to accomplish their object. *To be rich* is the great aim of their life. Money is the deity they worship, and their service is rendered with a devotion that puts to blush the worshippers of the living God. Little can be traced in their plans and enterprises except the determination to amass

wealth. Their children grow up under the influence of this worldly policy. Their young minds and hearts are made familiar with this one all-absorbing idea of money-making. To become wealthy appears to them the "chief end of man." Nothing higher and nobler than this is set before them. In early youth, the sons begin to lay plans for becoming rich when they are men. The daughters, too, think only of being the wives of wealthy men, who can support them in luxury and splendor. That there is another world beyond the present, scarcely enters into their thoughts. That there is a God to whom they are accountable, they do not stop to consider. That they have souls to live in heaven or wail in hell, forever, is not a matter that concerns them. Multitudes of the young advance to riper years as thoughtless and God-forsaken as this. They never seem to think that there are high, moral and religious principles to be reduced to practice. They throw away their souls for the sake of being rich. Many of this class, also, sacrifice common honesty, and perpetrate glaring offences for money. They pay no regard to right, ever acting as if they must be rich by fair means or foul. Character is lost in the reckless strife for gain, as well as the immortal soul. Were all this class literally offered to some heathen deity, in their infancy, it would have been infinitely less deplorable. For then their deathless spirits might have ascended to dwell with God and the Lamb. But now they are doomed to eternal darkness and despair.

Many children, again, are sacrificed to the goddess, FASHION. As soon as the little creatures are able to use their feet, they are dressed and decorated to attract the eye. Their garments are cut and fitted without the least reference to health, and with little regard to the changes of climate. We have seen children in the streets of our cities, on cold days of winter, with limbs almost bare, and shoes no thicker than wrapping-paper, evidently thus exposed for the same reason that splendid dolls are placed in the shop-windows. The only protection that their apparel offered, was to their bodies above the thighs, being too short to afford any protection to the limbs. A city physician has expressed his opinion that large numbers of children are thus destroyed every year. If they are not carried off immediately, the seeds of disease are sown, to spring up in future years, and carry them down to untimely graves.

The statistics of Death's doings among children in the cities of our land where Fashion holds perilous sway, is truly alarming. All sorts of reasons are urged to account for it, such as poor air, little exercise, and bad milk, all of which have done far less, in the opinion of some eminent physicians, than improper clothing, to hasten the death of many. How strange that parents do not see and avoid the evil! They love their children, and this ought to lead them to seek the preservation of their lives. But their love is abused, and seeks to gratify itself in arraying them to catch the gaze and admiration of others.

Then, if a portion of this class escapes the jaws of death in childhood, their early education renders them vain and worldly in after life. They live to adorn their dying bodies, and neglect their deathless souls. They move in circles of fashion, where style and display are valued more than virtue and religion. They wear jewels, and cast away "the pearl of great price." They worship plumes and diamonds, and refuse the crown of life. Had they perished in childhood from cruel exposure to the cold or dampness, the consequences would have been less appalling. For then they might have slept in the arms of Jesus, saved from the follies and snares of a worldly life. The great sacrifice, however, was really made in childhood. For it was their early education that made them such devotees to fashion. The love of finery and display was fostered in their hearts when they were young, and naturally "fond of these trifling toys."

We might refer to another way of destroying children in the present age. It is by pandering to their appetites, by providing them with delicacies and luxuries with which the market abounds. The stock of the confectioner is an important consideration with many parents, in gratifying their little children. This class of traders occupy no mean place in the sum total of their traffic from year to year. It is a curiosity to visit some large confectionary establishments in our cities, to see on how large a scale the business is transacted. It shows how great is the demand for this kind of delicacy. Add to this the cakes and sweetmeats of nameless variety, that are sold in surprising quantities, and we have a view of another modern way of undermining the health of children, and sending them to premature graves.

Before dismissing the subject, there is still another form of de-

struction to the young, which should not be passed by in silence, though it does not particularly concern the family. We refer to the multitudes who are sacrificed to Mars, the god of war. What a painful history is that of sanguinary war, so far as it relates to the death of helpless children ! The record of some bloody sieges, where towns and cities were stormed, and defenceless women and children put to death without mercy, is enough to chill the blood in our veins. The cries of infancy have not availed to soften this Herodian spirit that has thirsted for the trophies and laurels of war. They have been pierced through and through with glistening bayonets, dashed in pieces against walls and pavements, and trampled beneath the feet of neighing steeds. Herod himself has been outstripped in the inhuman butchery of children, by the cruelties of war. *He* doomed only those of a single city to death, while war spares few in its terrible march from land to land. It could be said of hundreds of towns which it has laid waste, sparing neither sex nor age, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." It is here that the spirit of human warfare exhibits its darkest feature, by disclosing its vindictive and revengeful character. That cruelty which wreaks its vengeance upon innocent babes cannot be made more cruel. It has not a redeeming quality to spare it from the deepest reprobation to which justice and truth consign it.

Then let us not pour out all our indignation upon the head of Herod. Let us be just and wise enough to see that children fall by other hands than his — that even habits and customs which have the sanction of moral and Christian people, send them rapidly to the tomb. Why should Herod be branded with shame and infamy for his deed, while other agents of similar destruction are treated with leniency and respect ? True, he slew the little ones in a more heartless way than appetite or fashion do ; but what of that ? The latter *do* really kill them, only in a slower and less vindictive manner. The difference surely is not striking enough to excuse the latter entirely. With Herod, they must bear some of the responsibility in the sight of God. If they kill, God holds them accountable for killing. In this light, the evils should be regarded, for here they are viewed in their gravest consequences.

THE MARTYR SACRIFICE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

We have heard heart-rending stories
Of the sin-benighted nations,
That the instruments of cruelty
Are in all their habitations, —
That their very sacred places
Are the veriest holds of evils,
That their sacrificial worship
Is a sacrifice to devils.

On the sacred page 'tis written,
That in ages long departed,
There were voices heard in Rama,
Of fond mothers broken-hearted ;
They were desolate, sad wailings,
They were cries of Rachel weeping,
That her children slain by Herod,
In their martyr-graves were sleeping.

In the cause of Jesus died they,
And the massacre was lawful
In the cruel eyes of Herod ;
But the sacrifice was awful.
Such are Satan's tender mercies !
Though with tears fond mothers pleaded,
Yet maternal love's petitions
Were by Herod all unheeded.

In the barbarous land of China,
Says a recent public journal,
Fell the worshippers of SHANG-TI,
In a sacrifice infernal,
When Sai Ping Wang, the usurper
Was defeated late in battle,
Ere the ears of little children
Heard the deadly death drum rattle.

At the Emperor's cruel mandate,
Lo ! two hundred youths are taken,
As if pagan bosoms, mercy
Had forevermore forsaken,
But for what ? They worshipped SHANG-TI !
This to cruel death consigned them,
And they all alive were buried,
With their pinioned hands behind them.

But they died as youthful martyrs,
 Through the devil's hate of Jesus,
 Who from Satan's dark dominion
 Shed his life-blood to release us.
 Now the very name of Shang-ti
 Satan's cruel wrath enrages,
 But it will not always be so,
 Though it hath been so for ages.

For the Lord, who loves the righteous,
 Will eventually restrain him,
 And far down in doleful caverns,
 He eternally will chain him,
 And the cause of truth will triumph,
 Till earth's darkest habitation
 Shall with glory be illumined —
 Shall embrace the great salvation.

A GOOD START.

EDITORIAL.

THE great study with most parents is to give their sons "a good start" in the world, and their daughters "a good setting out." It is a very laudable object, and nothing can be said to disparage it. But it is an important question, what is "a good start," and "a good setting out?" With many, the first is to be able to establish a son well in business, to provide him with a farm, a sufficient capital for traffic, or an education for one of the learned professions; and the second is, to have the wherewith to furnish a daughter with all necessary articles of furniture for house-keeping, and to see her "well-married," which means little more than having a likely husband, well-to-do in the possessions of this world. This, we say, is the highest idea which some parents have of a "good start" in life, and for this reason they are often disappointed in the results of their children's course. They accomplish less than the parents expect. Often, they become cyphers in the world, if not nuisances and pests.

Now, parents should feel that their sons and daughters never start well in life for themselves without they have a sound moral and religious education. This will do more for them in making a mark upon society than thousands of gold and silver without it.

They may lead a moral life, and become wealthy, without this Christian culture, and without this saving interest in Christ, but they will live to far less advantage. Facts show that the earlier religious principles are engrafted upon the young heart, the more safely they will walk through life, and the more good service they will render to mankind. This is true even in the church. Those who embraced Christ earliest, as a class, run the best. They are more stable, consistent, and devoted. A worthy minister of the gospel reports, that of the several hundred members of his church only one in twenty-four of those who were the children of pious parents went astray, and were excommunicated, while one in six of all others dishonored their profession and lost their standing. This is to be accounted for in this way—the pious fathers and mothers instructed their children in religious things—they instilled into their young minds truths that became incorporated into their lives, giving them “line upon line and precept upon precept.” If they had not become Christians, they would probably have been more substantial and useful members of society than the children of godless parents. The fact shows that Christian nurture will give a child a better start in life than anything else; and how fortunate that it is so! For then, the poor and destitute can afford their sons and daughters as good “a setting out” as the rich and honored. The foundation of as good a life can be laid in the humble cottage as in the royal palace. Circumstances cannot deprive the young of this invaluable culture when the hearts of parents are right. It costs nothing but labor and prayer, so that the poor are as rich, in this respect, as the millionaire.

IN our land, men have classified themselves. We have aristocrats, but God made them; and there never will be a time when mightiness of soul shall not overshadow littleness of soul. It was designed that some should be high, some intermediate, and some low, as trees are some forty, some a hundred, and some, the giant pines, (how solitary their tops must be!) three hundred feet in height. But, however high their tops may reach, their roots rest in the same soil; as men, though they can grow and tower aloft as much as they please, still stand on a common level.

WHAT SHALL I PLAY?

BY REV. WM. PHIPPS.

YOUNG ladies, who play the pianoforte, is not this a question which you have often asked, when your friends have desired you to entertain them with your music?

If all music possessed the same character, — the same movement, and always appealed to the same emotions, — this question might not be so frequently repeated. But it does not. Speech is the natural language of the intellect; but *music* is the language of *feeling*, and so varied are its characteristics, that almost every emotion finds some sympathetic chord in their ever-varying expressions. Now, in order to decide for yourself what you will play, on any particular occasion, when you take your seat at the piano, it is of no little importance to consider and *to learn* what emotions will naturally be reached by any particular style of music which you may choose to execute. The fact is everywhere recognized, that some pieces, for a time, will seem to be almost universally pleasing; and why? Because they appeal to some emotions which are common to the multitude. Other productions may possess no such charms, and yet, on some individuals, they may exert an almost overwhelming power. Peculiar circumstances in their experience may have brought to them some peculiar feelings, with which the multitude are not prepared to sympathize; and if music is then made to utter a language in accordance with these feelings, the whole soul will, at once, vibrate in answer to it. It is not unlike hearing the voice of a dear friend, where they had not dreamed that any such voice could ever reach them. That voice may be new and strange, and even repulsive to others in that foreign land of mental experience, but if the *one who knows* it is there, it will thrill that soul as if the chilling spray of the ocean had dashed over it.

To know, then, what to play when your music is called for indefinitely, you should make it one object of *the study* of the subject to *learn its language*, — to know precisely what subject to present, and what strains to produce, in order to awaken any particular emotions which you may desire. It is possible that to some this may seem an attainment beyond their capacity, — something which you will never accomplish; but others have

done it, and why should not you? It is one of the most exalted and refined parts of the study of music that the mind can ever dwell upon.

Thousands, who play and sing in a mere mechanical manner, never rise to it, nor seem to gain even the most distant conceptions of it. They may perform a great number of pieces, but the real language of their music is always the same. Hence, after hearing them play for a little time, the choice of any company will be to hear some one else. They may not be able to tell very definitely why they desire a change; but the fact of their having the same emotions appealed to by the peculiar taste manifested in selections, and the monotonous manner of performances, is enough to explain the whole.

Upon players, who are never instructed better, music loses very much of its elevating and refining influence, and fails of administering as much to their happiness, and the happiness of those who listen to them, as it otherwise might.

But we do not propose to write a lengthy dissertation on the subject. If these few words should turn the thoughts of any young lady to the consideration of it, as here presented, she may be assured that a rich vein may thus be opened to her mind, and one that will, in time, amply repay her for all the study and labor which she may bestow upon it. Music certainly has its varied charms. Seek *how to find them*, and then how to *present them, at your own will*, to others, and you never need be at a loss to know what you shall play, when you wish to entertain your friends. Their emotions will be under your direction.



WHILE over life's wide darkling plain
Unheedingly we roam,
Through many a path of joy and pain,
God leads his children home.
And though sometimes, in prospect viewed,
The winding way seems dark and rude,
Ah! who the backward scene hath scanned,
But blessed his Father's guiding hand;

THE DOWNWARD TENDENCY OF SIN.

BY REV. GEORGE E. FISHER.

NO. I.

PROGRESS is a law of depravity. The tendency of iniquity is directly and always to the depths. Its course is ever and only downward. The longer the heart remains unchanged, the guiltier it grows. This is the law — these are facts in the history of sin. Good men, by the grace of God, may expect to grow better and better. Bad men, from the indwelling and inworking power of sin, and through the constant and cunning influence of Satan, are sure to wax worse and worse.

This is the spirit, and such is the teaching of several specific texts of Scripture. It is this that gives meaning and power to many a scriptural warning against continuing in sin. The foundation and life of such warnings are found in the fact that the hold of sin upon the soul is daily strengthening, and its grasp daily tightening, while the soul's resisting power, and its prospect of escape, are daily diminishing.

Observation attests this downward tendency of sin. We read it in the history of nations. Of the nations of the world before the flood the record is, that from the commencement of their departure from God, they waxed continually worse and worse, going downward step by step, until they fathomed depths of guilt, and filled the world with corruption and wo, which God could no longer endure, and from which the earth could be purified only by a flood of waters. So with Sodom and Gomorrah. We trace in their history a constant down-going in sin, until God was compelled to appear in his wrath, and consume them from off the face of the earth. So with God's chosen Israel. One wrong step taken, another and another, and yet another followed, till the Divine indignation descended in fearful judgments upon them. These nations were not peculiar in this regard. Their continuance and their downward course in sin were nothing unnatural and unparalleled. The same thing stands out to view in the history of other people.

We see it, too, in the history of individuals. Saul, Herod, Pilate, each is a notable instance in point. Almost every village

furnishes a melancholy instance in illustration. It is the case of that son who becomes restive under judicious and necessary parental restraints—unhappy and discontented amid the controlling influences of a well-ordered and blessed home. He is a child of prayer, of faithful counsels, and of many tears. But he spurns all these instructions and influences. Breaking away from them all, he rushes out among the ungodly, he joins the company of the indolent and the vicious, he mingles in the society of the profane and the dissolute. We always say of such an one, *he is on the way to ruin*. Sadly we always assure ourselves that if he do not at once return, he will speedily go down to destruction. We painfully mark his descending steps. He does not, for he *dare* not at once take a position in the front ranks of sin. He does not, he cannot instantly become one of the boldest of the bold band of evil doers with whom he has allied himself, but gradually, steadily, constantly, as we observe his course, we perceive him to be advancing further and further. We find him scaling loftier and loftier heights,—rather, fathoming profounder and profounder depths of iniquity. Very soon he learns what weakness it is to care for the influences of his home—to have any regard for its prayers, its counsels, its tears and its pleadings. In a short time he begins to boast of his deliverance from the prejudices and superstitions of his early education—to sport on the lip of scorn and the tongue of blasphemy, the solemn truths and verities of religion under which he once trembled and was almost melted down,—and to laugh, with well nigh the maniac's sneer, at all the good influences that formerly surrounded and impressed him. He learns that in order to be a man, he must thus have no fear of God before his eyes. He must not fear—he is not afraid, *not he*, to take God's name in vain with almost every breath, and to spend the hours of God's Sabbath in roaming and in revelry. Or, if he strolls into the sanctuary, it is for purposes of pride or pleasure,—it is to cavil or to ridicule. We expect now to hear of him frequenting the retreats of the intemperate and the gambler, and even the house of the strange woman, which is one of the widest and directest doorways from earth to hell. We do not expect that he will stop short of open abandonment to every error and every vice. We are not disappointed to behold on his brow the marks of his profligacy. It

will not surprise us to learn at any time, that he is doomed to spend the residue of his days in the cell of the convict, or to expiate his crimes upon the gallows.

I would that this were purely a creation of imagination — merely a fancy picture. Alas ! it is too true to the life — it is a sober, sad reality. And it is but the history of thousands, speaking, oh ! with what a voice of power, of the downward course of sin.

Experience confirms this testimony of observation to the downward tendency of sin. Its testimony is, that sinning prepares the way for sinning, — that it is easier to commit a sin the second time than the first, and easier still in the third instance ; that it is harder to break away from a sin the fourth time committed, than from that same sin at any previous stage or step of its progress. In short, that the tendency of sin is ever and only downward.

(To be Continued.)

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

BY M. J. BISHOP.

He doeth all things well ;
There is no sorrow but this sweet inscription
Is graven upon, and from each affliction
Rings like the music of a silver bell, —
He doeth all things well.

He doeth all things well ;
The night may fold its wing in gloom and sadness,
But the bright morning soon will break in gladness ;
Oh, listen to the whisper ! angels tell,
He doeth all things well.

He doeth all things well ;
When the soul saddens at the hope delaying,
When disappointment on the heart is preying,
Faith weaves around those hearts a magic spell, —
He doeth all things well.

He doeth all things well ;
The cheek of health glows freshly with his breath,
He softens with his love the bed of death ;
Then gently lifts the soul with him to dwell ;
Yes ! he doeth all things well.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

OR, READ THE BIBLE TO CHILDREN.

BY MRS. J. M. HANAFORD.

“By cool Siloam’s shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon’s dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.”

“MOTHER ! do read to me out of your little Bible ! will you ? mother, will you ? ” exclaimed little Charlie Wallace, as he ran to his mother, who sat reading in the large bay-window of her sitting-room.

It was the glad summer-time. The branches of the large and graceful willow near the window shaded the mother from the warm rays of the declining sun. The gentle, summer zephyr stole softly in at the open casement, bringing the fragrance of the roses from the garden over which it had wandered, and whose beauteous petals it had greeted with a lover-like kiss, stealing at the same time their sweetness. The mother sat on a low ottoman, whose worsted covering her own busy fingers had wrought in sunset hues. In her hand was a large volume, elegantly bound in crimson and gilt, and apparently intended as an ornament for the parlor-table. Such was the place which the owner desired for it, when he wrote upon its enamelled fly leaf the name of Mrs. Caroline Simonds Wallace, and designated the beautiful volume as “a token of love and remembrance from her far-off brother, William Simonds.” As her eyes rested that afternoon upon the familiar chirography of her dearly-loved and only brother, tears gathered in them, till they darkened her vision, and in the dimness, she saw not the fair letter-press, the rich engravings, the poetic gems, but the face of that dear brother, as he looked when they played in the home of their childhood, “long, long ago.” Theirs had been a happy childhood. Around them had clustered the cheering, hallowing influences which ever characterize a happy home. The only blight upon their opening lives was the delicate health of their precious mother.

As "they grew in beauty side by side," their obedience and filial devotion gave great joy to the heart of that mother, and ere she left the happy home of earth for a happier home in heaven, she had the satisfaction of seeing both her darlings numbered among the children of God. Oh, there can be no earthly consolation so great to a dying mother as the knowledge that those who call her by that endearing name, are one with her in the love of God and the hope of heaven!

No wonder that the eyes of Mrs. Wallace were dimmed with tears, as she read over and over the words which her brother had written, and then by the mental magic of association and memory, lived over again the days of their childhood and youth. And no wonder, either, that when little Charlie saw those tears, as he finished his eager questioning, that he half drew back, in the sensitive sympathy of early youth, and then stood on tip-toe waiting for a reply.

Mrs. Wallace raised her eyes from her new book. On the face of her child were traced the lineaments of his father, far at sea, whose last words had been, "God bless you, Carrie; train up our child in the way he should go!" Those parting words flashed upon her mind, as she heard his request to hear her read from the Bible, and, with a Christian mother's self-sacrifice, as she laid aside the new and tempting volume, and replied, as she calmly wiped away the tears of memory and sisterly affection, "Yes, my son; go and get my Bible from the table."

The little boy sprang with childish alacrity to the opposite side of the room, secured the little volume, whose red morocco cover seemed the acme of beauty in his admiring eyes, and in a moment was seated in his mother's lap, listening for the hundredth time, perhaps, to the stories of Joseph and Samuel and David, to the wonderful works of the merciful Redeemer, and the glorious descriptions of the New Jerusalem. Of all these he never seemed to weary, and often, after he retired to rest at night, would his mother hear him repeating portions of Scripture, almost *verbatim*, or telling over, in childish language, the Bible stories she had read to him. He would often astonish her by a preference for certain portions or passages which she had supposed beyond his understanding.

On the occasion of which we are now writing, Mrs. Wallace

was led to think of the 23d Psalm, and turning to it she read aloud, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Charlie started. The words might have been new to him. At any rate they attracted his attention. "Read it again, mamma, read it again!" exclaimed he. She began again, but she got no farther than before, as she was interrupted with her little boy's beseeching tones, "Mother, dear, do read it once more!" And then he listened till she read it through, his kindling eye manifesting the deep interest with which every word was heard. The mother noticed this, and took advantage, like a wise parent, of this awakened interest, to impress the words of the Psalm on his memory, and the sweet words, it contained on his young heart.

The earth, meanwhile, continued turning rapidly away from the sun, the rays which came in at the west window, where sat the mother and her lovely boy, whose long, silken curls drooped over his face as he rested his head upon his mother's breast, and looked down upon the little Bible, grew gradually fewer and fainter, till at last they ceased to shine upon the mother and her son. But still she sat there, saying over and over again the inspired words of the sweet "Psalmist of Israel," while Charlie seemed unwearied as at first. But at last the little French clock on the mantle struck the hour for him to retire, and rising from the ottoman, Mrs. Wallace led Charlie into their sleeping room.

The house was situated on a grassy eminence, overlooking a wide extent of country, and the view from the window of the room they now entered was surpassing lovely. The long twilight season of summer, with its quiet influence, pervaded the landscape, and as the mother drew aside the long white curtains from the window, she thought it had never seemed so lovely before.

Charlie knelt at her side, and closed his blue eyes, raising his sunny brow heavenward. How sweetly sounded the words of prayer from his exquisitely chiselled lips, and as he added to his usual formulary, the petition, "Oh Lord, be Charlie's shepherd, forever and ever, Amen," how the mother's heart blessed God for such a child! Can we suppose that she then regretted laying aside her own book in order to read the Bible to her boy?

The changing seasons and the circling years produced their reasonably anticipated changes in the body and mind of the little Charlie. His father had returned from sea, and been engaged in business in the neighboring city, and was esteemed a very wealthy man. But there came a "crash" in the mercantile community. Long established houses "failed," and in this crisis the father of Charlie Wallace also suffered.

One cold winter afternoon the carriage in which Capt. Wallace went from home, was heard entering the yard of his pleasant country seat. Mercantile embarrassments had prevented him from removing his family, as usual, to the city, for the winter months, and now he had returned earlier than usual, to convey to his wife the intelligence that all was over, and he was a ruined man.

Charlie and his mother were seated together in the alcove of the same bay window, but it was no longer open. The genial heat from the furnace rendered the room warm as it was in summer, but outside, the leafless branches of the willow, which still waved near the window, and the white and glistening carpet of snow that was spread over the garden, betokened the reign of the Frost-King. The entrance of Capt. Wallace interrupted their conversation but for a moment, and then, as he joined them, the little group discussed the topic which was then uppermost in Charlie's mind. But there was an evident shadow on the father's soul. He shrank from saying to Charles that his longing desire to go to college would not be gratified, for he could not bear to dash his cherished hopes, and yet the truth must be known. At last it could be withheld no longer.

Mrs. Wallace remarked the cloud upon his brow. "Who has failed to-day?" inquired she; "you look as though you had lost again by some one's failure."

"I have failed myself," was the reply in a quiet tone, but the words went with a sting to the ears of his listeners. Charles turned away and left the room. He could not trust himself to speak; as he stood in an adjoining apartment, he heard his father and mother say a few words in a low tone, then his father went out to the stable, and his mother slowly ascended the stairs to her sleeping-room. Charles ventured to follow. He knew that her sorrow at his father's failure would arise more from re-

gret at his disappointment, than from any selfish cause. He tapped lightly at her door. "Come in," said her loved voice.

He entered. She had wrapped a large shawl around her, and was kneeling near the window. Before her stretched the same beautiful landscape upon which years ago she gazed, on the night when she had taught the 23d Psalm to her little son, and the whole scene of that evening flashed upon her mind, as Charles knelt at her side, his own grief forgotten, in his love for his mother, and softly uttered, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

"Bless you! my own Charlie!" exclaimed the mother, and tears came with the words, of themselves a relief. "I am thankful that you have learned those comforting words. We will trust the good Shepherd." And then the gifted boy lifted up his voice in prayer. For three years had he borne the Christian name, and "walked worthy of his high vocation," and his cherished hope was to prepare for the ministry. This hope was not doomed to be blasted. The Lord was his Shepherd, he did not want. Very reluctantly did Capt. Wallace inform his son that upon the settlement of his affairs, only their country home, and a small sum besides remained, which would not suffice to pay his college expenses. But

"How full is the promise, the Lord will provide!"

At this juncture, the only brother of Mrs. Wallace returned from the East Indies, with abundant wealth, and the disposition to share it with his sister. So Charles pursued his college course, and ere many years his faithful mother had the untold pleasure of listening to his first sermon, as a recognized ambassador of Christ, from the words, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever;" chosen from the 23d Psalm, as a memorial of the hour when that Psalm so comforted him, and through him, his mother.

A few more years passed, and again the mother sat in the bay window awaiting the arrival of her son, who had been away to attend an ordination in a neighboring town. A shrill whistle announced the approach of the cars, and, laying aside her sewing, she sat still, looking along the road which was half hidden by the lilac bushes of the garden, and wondered at her son's delay. By-and-by two of her neighbors, elderly men, entered the gate. They looked very serious. A shudder crept over her frame, and

an undefinable presentiment of evil almost overpowered her. But she welcomed her neighbors quietly, and in a few moments was informed by them that her darling son, almost an idol, had been injured by a collision of the cars, and would soon be brought to the house. They told her as gently as possible, but the mother's feelings could not be repressed, and rising, with a long, wild shriek, she fell senseless on the floor. Capt. Wallace was soon at home, and by the time the litter arrived, on which Charles was borne, his mother was herself again, and able to superintend arrangements for his comfort. No pains were spared for his recovery, but the physician could give no hope, — the darling of his mother's heart must die ; die ere the bright promises of his holy youth had been fulfilled ; die ere he had gathered many, as he fondly hoped, into the fold of his dear Redeemer.

"Mother, dear mother, do not weep so," said Charles, with his mother's hand clasped in the only hand which the accident had left him. "I am ready to go. And you, mother, have done your whole duty to me. Do you remember when you laid aside a beautiful new book one day, to read to me in the Bible? I have never forgotten that night, for then you taught me the 23d Psalm, which has been such a comfort to us both. It comforts me now — I have no dread of death, though I did long to do so much for my precious Saviour before I died."

A spasm interrupted his words, but he pressed his mother's hand on recovering a little from it, and whispered, "Yea, though walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Another spasm came and then another. Charles grew weaker. His father prayed with him, and he whispered, "Amen" at the close. Then drawing his mother to his side, he kissed her cheek, pressed his father's hand to his lips, half raised himself from his pillow, and with a seraphic expression of countenance gazed upwards, whispering, "green pastures," "still waters," and in a moment was beyond the reach of pain forever.

The radiance of his parting look lingered on his features long after the spirit had ascended to his God, and was daguerreotyped forever on his parents' memory. And oh ! how often, in after years, as she trod her childless path, did that mother rejoice that she had early instructed her child from the pages of the blessed

volume, and never, as she remembered that her cherished one was among the angels, did she regret that she once laid aside her own book to read the Bible to her only son.

Mother—reader! you may long outlive your darling child, and if the thought that she had performed her duty as a Christian mother was such a consolation to Mrs. Wallace, would you not have a similar reflection to cheer your lonely hours, when the child whom you trained for heaven hath gone before you to the skies? Whether those dear ones are gathered lilies, or garnered fruit—whether they or you first tread the golden streets, you will never regret that you often read the Bible to your little children.



THE ROD AS A MEDICINE.

EDITORIAL.

SOME people die in consequence of taking too much medicine, and some because they take too little. He is a skilful physician who knows how to administer just enough—a knowledge that requires thorough acquaintance with the nature of diseases, and the application of the medical art. It is so with the use of the rod. Some children are ruined by receiving too much of it, and some by receiving too little. He is a wise and judicious parent who knows how to give it when needed, and knows, also, when and how to withhold it. Such a qualification is rare, and is never found except where there is considerable knowledge of human nature, together with patience, and a good degree of amiability.

The rod should be used mainly to cure moral maladies, like disobedience and untruthfulness, as medicine is used to heal physical diseases. Not that the rod should never be applied as a punishment for past misconduct, but mainly, the idea should be to cure the present evil inclination to do wrong. We never give medicine to a child to punish him for running into the wet, taking cold, and inducing the croup thereby. No; we give him the dose to cure. So, when the rod is applied to correct the child for disobedience, the aim should be to cure him of the disposition to do the like again. If we say in our hearts, the evil he has perpetrated deserves severe castigation, without any reference to re-

covering him from the tendency to do the like again, we shall be likely to err ourselves in administering the punishment. And just here is where multitudes do err.

When a father or mother is startled by some gross act of wrongdoing in a child, and he or she seizes the rod in anger, and applies it as many do, severely, while passion is influenced, the correction is more or less vindictive. It is administered more with reference to what the child has done, than with regard to prevention in future. Perhaps the child discovers it, and so far as he does, the rod does him more injury than good. His own passions become inflamed, and more wicked thoughts pass through the mind, than did when he was committing the deed for which he is punished. On the other hand, if he sees that his parent applies the birch, as he does medicine when the body is sick, with a benevolent aim, to cure and make him better, it will soften his heart.

Here is a lesson, too, with respect to the quantity of rod employed. Is it wise for any parent to give a dose of medicine every time a child complains of head-ache, or nausea, or other ails? "No;" says the practice of all the medical schools. Let discretion and wisdom rule and decide. Too much medicine is as bad as too little. Neither is it proper to administer the rod on every trivial occasion. Milder treatment will often accomplish the object in view much better. Yet this remedy should not be wholly laid aside as barbarous and hurtful, according to the direction of some. It would be as wise to cast away all medicine from the family, and then say to the croup, dysentery and scarlet fever, "We do not fear you." The croup has often retreated before a dose of epicac, as stubborn wills have bowed at the sight of Solomon's birch. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it far from him." It certainly requires about as much study and tact to govern children well, as to be a skilful member of the medical faculty.

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THE superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

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EDUCATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

NO. III.

BY REV. J. C. BODWELL.

ALL things make haste slowly in England. Girls are not allowed to assume the offices and responsibilities of womanhood so early as with us. A miss of fifteen or eighteen would shrink from the position of mistress of the ceremonies in a party of young ladies and gentlemen, from which her mamma and papa were excluded. Such a custom is unknown. It would be doing violence to English feelings and notions, hardly less than breaking off branches of the oak at midsummer, and sticking them in the ground away by themselves. The young people of the two sexes associate, but love to have their parents present, desiring no freedom, apparently, with which such presence would interfere, regarding it as a sanction and a safeguard rather. It is certainly an exceedingly beautiful feature of the social life of England, and a sign of moral health, that a strict parental authority is so gracefully blended with a delightful freedom and playfulness in the intercourse of parents with their children. English girls are thus, unconsciously, under a sound restraint in their association with the other sex, the effect being,—very naturally, if one will consider it—to impart to their manners an air of captivating frankness and simplicity. The temptation to covert interviews is small under these circumstances, and a young lady is saved from the miserable feeling that receiving the particular attentions of a young gentleman is a thing to be ashamed of, or that courting is a matter to be done on the sly or in the dark.

The engagement of a young lady is a thing as distinctly recognized in well-ordered English society as a betrothal among the Jews. It is with the formal consent of the father and mother of the young lady, as well as her own. This being arranged, the matter is freely communicated to the friends, and henceforth the gentleman is considered to stand in a special admitted relation to the family; comes freely to the house *by day*, rather than by night; and is everywhere acknowledged by the young lady and her friends as her affianced husband. She exhibits no false mod-

esty, or interesting embarrassment, uses no stratagem, tells no lies ; but evidently considers that her present relation to the man whose wife she is engaged to be, is every way pleasant, honorable and dignified. Her deportment is therefore natural, self-possessed and graceful.

Rapid American tourists have sometimes pronounced English women deficient in individuality. The criticism has been based on the fact that they exhibit a sameness of manner, and the sameness consists in a habitually subdued tone of voice in conversation, and a certain air of softness and repose over their whole deportment. All this belongs to the training of an English woman, and the lack of it would be accounted a deformity. A more extended acquaintance might lead to the discovery, on the part of our rapid tourist, that this conventional softness and repose of manners covers up any necessary amount of individuality and energy of character.

I hardly know how it is that the English woman comes to have a better acquaintance with out-door matters than is usual among ourselves. She knows more about a cow, an ox, a horse, and sheep, and trees, and crops, and manifests a far deeper interest in such things. She has more points of contact with the actual, every-day world. A strong affection for animated nature is a characteristic of English children of both sexes. Birds, cats, lambs, rabbits, frogs and insects, all are treated as tenderly as if Cowper had been the schoolmaster of the entire realm. *Æsop's* frog, which made a speech to the cruel boys, certainly could not have been an English frog, for, with such *very trifling exceptions* as the chase and the shooting of game, entertainments which are according to Act of Parliament, and indulged in by the nobility and gentry, and angling, of which the renowned Izaak Walton is patron-saint, both the girls and boys of England are distinguished all through for a beautiful humanity, making it difficult to find a person

“ Who needlessly set foot upon a worm.”



GREAT powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor, so much as they bring duties.

WALKS ABOUT ZION.

NO. II.

BY PROFESSOR LAWRENCE.

THE VALLIES AROUND JERUSALEM.

FIVE minutes' walk from the Bethlehem Gate, on the west of the city, brings us down into the rocky valley of the Gihon, in which are the two pools of Gihon. By the conduit of the upper one, Rabshekah stood when he came against Hezekiah, and spoke those railing words against Jehovah. At the lower, Solomon was anointed king, in the place of his father David. This pool, about six hundred feet long, is formed by a dam of solid masonry, thrown across the deep valley. Neither of these pools are now fed by any living spring, if they ever were. Both are merely for rain-water. "And the rain filleth the pools," was joyful tidings to the inhabitants of the city when they were suffering drought from the failure of the early and the latter rain.

This valley descends to the south about half a mile, and turning towards the east, takes the name of Gehenna or Hinnom. It is here much deeper, and also narrower. On the left rises the bold acclivity of Zion, — the crown of the beautiful city. On the right, is the hill of Evil Council, so called, from the tradition that it was here that the chief priests and scribes took counsel together against Jesus, how they might put him to death. A little farther down the deepening valley, you see a stone edifice partly demolished, which marks the field of blood purchased with the price of treachery. From the brink of that precipice, it is said, the dark-minded Judas rushed to his terrible end. A few olives are scattered through the vale, and on the slopes of the opposite hills. In the deepest part, the rocks are jagged and precipitous, and the numerous yawning tombs hewn into their rough sides, add to the gloom which broods over the place.

In this deep valley of Hinnom, the fires of Moloch once devoured the flesh of human victims. Here went up the smoke of those heathen abominations to blacken the fair face of day. Here, struggled with the thick night, the glare of the fiendish flames, while the shrieks of the pitiable victims were overborne by the

clangor of resounding instruments. Here, too, were those groves and shrines of idol-worship, which good Josiah, in the might of his holy zeal, hewed down and brake in pieces. From Toph, the name of one of the chief musical instruments employed in those inhuman rites, the place was sometimes called Tophet.

No engraving or description of Jerusalem had given me an accurate impression of the height of Mount Zion, or the depth of the surrounding vallies. From the lowest part on the South, Mount Zion rises three hundred feet, and in some portions of the acclivity, at an angle of nearly twenty-five degrees. On its round summit, where once rose the proud mausoleum of the kings of Judah, is now the burial-place of Christians. Within the enclosure, secured for the interment of American missionaries, are the remains of the lamented Fisk, of Amherst College. A rude Armenian convent, within which, it is asserted that the upper chamber still remains, and an old, dilapidated mosque, are the chief structures on these heights of our desolated Zion.

At the confluence of the vallies of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, where, in the rainy season, the waters unite and pass off to the Dead Sea, is a deep well, dug, as some say, by Job. But it is more probably the ancient fountain of Enrogel, mentioned by Joshua, as the boundary between the possessions of Benjamin and Judah, and which was deepened by Nehemiah, whose name it now bears. At this well, Adonijah, the son of David, and rival of Solomon, had assembled his partisans to offer sacrifice and procure himself to be anointed king. But the wise and faithful Nathan, learning of the conspiracy, informs David, who immediately commands Solomon to be proclaimed king, at the lower pool of Gihon. And the shout of the multitude, "God save King Solomon," rang along the valley with startling surprise to the rebellious feasters at Enrogel. "And all the guests that were with Adonijah were afraid, and rose up and went every man away."

From this point, the view of the ancient city must have been peculiarly impressive. Above, the brow of Zion was crowned with the magnificent palaces of the kings; and to the right, on Moriah, rose that stupendous pile, the palace of the King of kings.

That high and barren elevation on the east, at the foot of which we stand, is called the "Mount of Offence," as the spot on which

Solomon, instigated by his strange wives, built an high place for Chemosh and Moloch. This venerable and wide-spreading sycamore, with roots so carefully terraced, and whose trunk marks it as having come down from former generations, is said to be nourished by the blood of the prophet Isaiah, who, according to tradition, was here sawn asunder by the command of the cruel Manasseh.

Before us, as we turn to the north, is the valley of Jehoshaphat, descending to the south, on the east of the city. A little above its junction with Hinnom, were the royal gardens, into which the multitude of wives with which king David and Solomon were afflicted, used to descend over the stairs that go down from the city of David. Here they regaled themselves in the perfumed air, and were fanned by the soft breezes which came sighing up the valley from the sea. Those few dark and smoky huts on the right, partly hewn into the rocky sides of the hill, constitute the village of Siloam. On the left, at the foot of Mount Zion, is the pool of Siloam, which Shallum repaired in the time of Nehemiah. Down those stone steps groped the poor blind man, whose eyes one called Jesus had anointed with clay. He stoops and washes — when, — lo ! the film falls from his eyes, and light beams in upon his restored vision. He is born into a new world of external beauty. At the same time, by the opening of his mental eye to discern by whose beneficent power this miracle was performed, he is introduced into the higher world of spiritual beauty.

The pool is made of hewn stone laid in cement, and is about fifty feet long, twenty broad and twenty deep. The descent is by stone steps at one corner. It is supplied with water from a channel cut seventeen hundred feet through solid rock, to an upper pool on the other side of the Moriah ridge, which passes through the city, and terminates in a craggy point called Ophel. Between this ridge and Mount Zion, lies the ancient fertile valley of the Tyropeon. In this once beautiful vale, overshadowed by the towering walls of the temple, was

“Siloa’s brook that flowed
Fast by the Oracle of God.”

Christians, Mohammedans and Jews all unite in calling it the

“fountain of Paradise,” and its waters, which still “go softly,” are borne away by the people, or absorbed in fertilizing the gardens below. Passing from the lower to the upper pools, we come to the King’s Pool, mentioned by Nehemiah, and afterwards called “Bethesda, which was by the sheep-market.” Anciently, it had “five porches,” within which the impotent, blind, halt and withered, waited for the moving of the waters.

In entering this pool, excavated in the solid rock, I descended sixteen steps to a level space twelve feet square, then by ten steps more, I came to the running water. As I stood there, eighteen or twenty feet below the surface of the earth, in almost Cimerian darkness, I could easily perceive how difficult it would be for a poor impotent to get down to the health-imparting fountain. And I could not help recalling the beneficence of that everywhere spoken against Galilean, by which the necessity of this, was, for once superseded. “Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk.” And in the vigor of renovated manhood, with the fresh blood flowing as in new-made veins, he obeys the voice, not less of love than of power. I turned to the once healing stream; I tasted its limpid waters; I washed my hands; I bathed my eyes in them, not from any expectation that they would still impart clearness of vision or vigor of health, but simply, because from the force of hallowed associations, I could not well help it.

Continuing up the valley between its rocky sides, and over its dry, pebbly bed, we came to four remarkable monuments. They are called the Tombs of the Patriarchs—of Zechariah, James, Jehoshaphat and Absalom, and are partly hewn out of the rock, and partly of solid masonry. In the tomb of Absalom, an opening had been made, which was nearly filled with small stones, cast into it by the Jews, as a token of their abhorrence of his wicked rebellion—a feeling with which I so far sympathized as to add another to these expressive testimonials against rebellious sons.

Near these tombs, on the slope of Olivet, is the Jewish cemetery, which, to that peculiar people, is now almost the greatest attraction of the Holy Land. Their well-known desire to live at Jerusalem, is, that dying there, they may be gathered to their fathers in the valley of Jehoshaphat. The reason of this peculiar feeling is found in a perverted view of the prophecy of Joel, from which they understand that the Messiah is to make his appearance

in this valley, — that the Jews will here be raised from the dead, — those interred in other parts of the world being under the necessity of a subterranean tour, that their resurrection may take place here ; that the heathen nations will here be judged and destroyed ; — that Christ will here establish the fallen throne of Israel, and reign in splendor over the Jews, subduing all things under their feet.

On the opposite side of the valley, is the cemetery of the Mahomedans, — a place chosen for a similar reason. They believe that the judgment of their prophet at the last day, will be in Jehoshaphat, and that he will sit upon a large stone, projecting from the wall of the city which overlooks the whole valley.

No one can gaze upon this scene of peculiar historic interest, without feeling that God has been here. His prophets, sending forth the cry of bitterness, here wailed over the sins of his people, and looked through the darkness to the day-star of glory. On these once smooth sides of Zion, David, the lyrical king, swept his soul-stirring harp with those strains of Christian truth, which a thousand years after, found utterance in the mild accents of David's Son and Lord. In the shadow of these huge rocks, Jeremiah sighed out his sorrowful soul. Beside these pools, Isaiah caught from heaven the glowing inspiration of his royal prophecy, and talked with God as friend with friend. Here, in later times, the apostles often walked and prayed, and along the western side of this valley, Jesus and his disciples passed, on that memorable night, on his way from the upper pool to the Garden. It was during this walk that he finished that sweet discourse commenced at the table, in which, while his betrayer was bartering away his life, he opens his full heart to his companions, pouring out to them its wealth of sympathy and love.



A MAN'S house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND GATHERING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. E. L. CUMMINGS.

Hope's beauteous bow is o'er thee;
 Thy morning sky is bright;
 The path of life before thee
 Leads not through starless night.

And thou may'st twine a garland
 To bind around thy brow;
 Oh, haste, secure the choicest,
 Heaven's dew is on them now.

Too soon the scorching sun-beam
 Upon their leaves shall fall;
 Earth's deadly upas scatters,
 Its blight upon them all.

Then cull the fairest flow'rets
 Baptised in early morn,
 The sweet loved star of Bethlehem
 That speaks a Saviour born;

Sweet Lily of the Valley,
 Meet emblem of his heart,

And thornless Rose of Sharon
 Fairer than gems of art.

And gather yet the Passion flower,
 To twine amid thy wreath,
 That it may 'mind thee ever
 Of thy Redeemer's *death*.

And so, flower-crown'd, in spring-time,
 Thou'lt march amid the years,
 With the freshness and the fragrance,
 That life's young morning bears.

And when its evening shadows
 Upon thy path shall fall,
 And Death's chill frost comes o'er thee,
 As come it must o'er all,

Thy wreath shall be thy token,
 That, perishing, thou'lt rise
 To a fairer, glorious spring-time,
 In the gardens of the skies.

EVENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD,

BY REV. C. F. FOSTER.

AMONG the joys of home, there are none which have a more elevating tendency, and none which generally leave a deeper impression upon the memory than those of the evening fireside circle. The interests of youth and age here unite, and the mind, relaxed from labor and study, may find a peaceful recreation in the intercourse of loving hearts. Even the stranger is not an unaffected spectator of these household scenes, but he enters into their spirit, and often partakes of their joys again in the retrospect. I remember well a short period which I once passed in a farmer's house. It was during my school-teaching days, when home was many miles away. But who could find place for sadness or repining under the influence of that little happy world, which gathered there, in the spacious sitting room, at the approach of evening!

The supper table was no sooner cleared, and the tall, sleek candles glaring from their brazen sockets, and the log in the huge fire-place sending up its cheering blaze, than a social entertainment began, which could not fail to afford attraction, even to a bachelor's heart. A goodly number of children of various ages enlivened the group. One sentiment appeared to animate the whole, — a desire to promote the general happiness. The evening hours passed rapidly in chat and song, for, in this instance a remarkable musical talent characterized the whole household, and never shall I forget the peculiar sweetness of the harmony which arose from the mingling of so many voices of young and old. The concert-room has never furnished to my ear a parallel to these domestic evening entertainments.

Our New England winters are sometimes deprecated, on account of the external aspect of severity which they wear. But, with the chilly atmosphere and the driving storm, we have also the long quiet evening which may be spent happily within doors. Nature seems to require of us, by this regimen, that we should become more truly domestic than our tropical neighbors. We ought to improve these evenings at home, so far as the cares of business will allow. Not enough regard is paid to these seasons, which are so well adapted to cement the ties of kindred, and to preserve domestic peace. That can scarcely be called a family circle, which meets only thrice a day, for a brief period to partake of a hurried meal. God has established the domestic institution for a more complete social communion than this, and He has wisely provided for the attainment of this higher object. During four months in the year, there are at least twelve hours of the week, in which the home fireside ought not only to be the most attractive spot on earth, but to be enjoyed by every member of the household. Yet how many families there are, who do not habitually pass their evenings together in this way! The class of farmers is an exception. Public entertainments are rare in the thinly-settled districts. In the cities and large towns these are what dismember the family circle, and rob it of its peculiar joys. Yet lectures, and concerts, and social parties are not to be condemned in themselves. They are an evil, only so far as they monopolize attention, or create a distaste for the quiet pleasures of home. The latter ought not to be wholly neglected for the former.

But there is another evil of this nature, — one which cannot even claim to be mixed with any perceptible good. It exists principally in the smaller manufacturing villages, which do not afford the public sources of recreation so abundantly as the city, and which, on the other hand, are removed from the quiet monotony of the country. There is, under these circumstances, a temptation which tends to rob home of its purest and pleasantest associations. Such is the gathering of men and boys, the old and young, about the fire in shop and store, merely for the sake of listening to the miscellaneous talk which is current there, and thus whiling away the evening hours. If that which unnecessarily robs home of the father must be denominated an evil, then this is one, not inferior to that censurable practice, which sometimes takes the mother from her domestic duties. What *gadding* is to the wife, *loafing* is to the husband. *One* is no less worthy of rebuke in the housekeeper, than the *other* is in the master of the house. The former is decried, as being productive of a morbid curiosity, a love of tattling and scandal, and a disrelish for the quiet pursuits of home. But the latter is no less fruitful of mischief. It destroys the unity of the fireside group, which ought to be complete at the expiring hours of day ; while it creates the same habitual desire to see, and hear and repeat matters of common report.

The pleasure of such evening entertainments is exclusive. The mother and the child can have no share in them ; for, we have not yet attained that point of *refinement* to be observed in some foreign countries, where the respectable working class of both sexes assemble nightly in the saloons to drink beer and talk over the news of the day.

It is not much to be wondered at that the young apprentice, who has no home except the sleeping room of his boarding house, should flee to the common resort at the store, or other lounging place. But it is almost incredible that the husband and parent can deliberately choose these scenes in preference to the society of those who ought to be dearest on earth to him.

But we have yet a darker shade to add to the picture which we here draw. In this, as in every other evil habit, there is a magical influence exerted upon the minds of youth. There is danger that this indifference to home, and the substituted love of novelty

shall be perpetuated indefinitely. Observe the result in a single instance. Let us take one way through yonder street. It is eight o'clock in the evening. We step before one of the houses, whose occupants are of the worthy, industrious class, in comfortable circumstances. We see a solitary light in one of the rooms, and we conclude to enter. We find the mother alone, engaged in sewing. The younger children have been snugly tucked up for the night, and all is as quiet as the grave. But, where is the father? Ah! do not mention it,—you will find *him*, at the usual resort, spending those hours which might be so profitably, and so happily devoted to his family, in listening to the profane oath, the obscene jest, the scandalous story, and in inhaling an atmosphere rendered poisonous with tobacco smoke. Is it possible that such a place has charms for the husband, superior to those of home!

But this is not all. We inquire again for the older sons. Has home nothing lovely for them? Alas! we must sigh when we think of the contagion of a bad example. They, too, are following in the steps of the father. It is difficult to discover how they have imbibed the idea, that it is not manly to “keep house” with the “old woman” in the evening. They have already learned by heart the stories which make up the night’s entertainment abroad, and they can already talk the low and vulgar dialect as freely as their seniors. We leave the mother alone, and we pity her when we think how much she might enjoy during the long winter evenings, with her family complete about her. But we look with greater sorrow upon the cheerless homes of the future,—upon the boys who are to become men under such influences, and who will soon assume the position of responsible heads of families. Happy for them, indeed, if the place of nightly resort, be not hereafter exchanged for scenes of the grossest vice, of drunkenness and other forms of dissipation. *Loafing*, which is but another name for *idleness*, is the parent of all immorality; and the lounging place is a convenient stepping stone to the grog-shop.

Let us turn to the reverse of the picture. We pause again on our evening tour, in front of a house presenting the same external aspect as the former. We enter,—and think at once that we have almost been guilty of a harsh intrusion, by invading the sanctity of the domestic hearth. Here is a scene that well represents our ideal of a perfect family union on earth. Not one of

its members is absent. The father is occupied with the daily paper, or with a book. The mother is engaged in such employments as are appropriate to the provident housewife. One of the boys is reading, another is puzzling his head over a knotty problem, and each one of the group is busy upon something which renders the evening hours profitable and pleasant. The union is still more complete, when all dispense with these pursuits, to join in lively and elevating conversation on a common theme, to listen to the reading of some instructive author, or to sing a favorite song. And then, when the hour for retiring draws nigh, the family Bible is taken from its shelf, a portion of Scripture is read aloud, and the evening prayer is reverently offered. Why are not all homes like this? Business may, in some cases, interfere with the peaceful pleasures of such a scene, but not always. There is something to be done by each member of the household, in order to make home happy. Let the wife first see that the evening fireside is rendered attractive by her own cheerful countenance, by her cleanliness and order, and by her offices of affection. Then can the husband have no excuse for deserting the family circle to spend his time abroad. But let him also remember, that so long as he persists in such a course, he is gradually sundering those bonds of domestic love and union, which another's hand may be vainly endeavoring to weave about his heart.

LIFE SCULPTURE.

Chisel in hand stood a sculpture boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him:
He carved the dream on a shapelss stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With Heaven's own light the sculpture shone —
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculpture of life are we, as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us,
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel-vision.

BISHOP DOANE.

B L A N C H E .

BY CLAUDE IRIS.

How shall I describe her? Words would fail to paint either the beautiful features, or the soul that looked forth from them. A classically moulded head, a thoughtful brow shaded by bands and braids of rich golden-brown hair; a complexion of almost marble paleness, except when lighted by the rosy fire of some kindling fancy; dreamy eyes, in whose violet depths seemed to repose a world of unutterable love, — but which sometimes blazed with defiance and indignation; and proudly curved lip, wavering in expression, with the change of her thoughts, but always beautiful. Of a queenly stature,—her step was as light as a fairy's, and every motion possessed a grace the more bewitching for its carelessness.

Her manners were gentle and winning, but she was by no means deficient in independence and spirit. This, the very tones of her voice declared, which, though soft, rang out full and clear as a silver bell.

Her style of dress was like herself, — nobly simple, but always becoming; and everything she wore, seemed, as if touched by a charm, to fall around her figure in the most graceful folds.

She had little control over her face, and by its ever-varying expression, one might read her heart as through a transparent veil. Sometimes it was full of playfulness, her cheek flushed, and her blue eyes sparkling with wit and fun. Again the brown lashes, laden with pearly tears, drooped on her pure cheeks.

She was not *perfect*, but there was a mystic spell which drew all hearts to her. There is a beautiful species of the camelia. The petals are perfectly white, except toward the edges, where they are tinted with the faintest rose-color. They have but enough of the earth-stain to prove them mortal. And such was Blanche.

“ Now, mother, sing that tune
You sung last night, I'm weary and must sleep;
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep;
You'll all come soon.”

MY TWO VACATIONS.

BY MISS ANNA CORNWALL.

It was three years ago in the early part of last July, that I went up into Litchfield County, in the State of Connecticut, to visit some relations. They lived in a pretty, retired village, so secluded, indeed, that they had never heard the sound of a railroad whistle echoing among their rocks and hills. Sometimes, at twilight, if all was still, a low, ominous, muttering sound might be faintly heard in the far distance, which, I was assured by the children, who listened to it with a kind of mysterious dread, was caused by the blowing up of rocks, in the construction of a railroad, *away off* in the State of New York.

But it was seldom still in and about my uncle's cheerful house, except on the Sabbath, and then the railroad people did not work. With laughter and singing in the house and garden, under the great maples and everywhere, with the farm noises and shouting and whistling of the boys, it was about as noisy and merry a place as I ever saw. There were several young people, considerably younger than I was, but their good spirits were so contagious, that I soon found myself laughing and singing and running with the youngest of them, something very different from my city habits; but when I looked in the glass, and saw my cheeks growing red, and the little hollows filling up, and my eyes without their usual red rims, I felt that I was becoming a different sort of person from the pale, over-worked school-teacher that I was in the city.

We were all as busy as bees in the morning, making beds, sweeping, churning, gathering strawberries for tea, and currants and cherries for my aunt to make into pies and puddings, which latter task generally fell to my share and little Bessie's, as we preferred it, and we were privileged, I, as a visitor, and she as the youngest member of the household. There was something very delightful to me in this fruit-gathering. It was out-of-door work, and everything was so lovely out of doors; the open sky, the fresh breeze, the birds, the brightness and expansion, so different from a city school-room; and the fruit, so nice in color, so beautiful in form, so fresh, and sweet and ripe, and to be had for the picking, such

quantities. Instead of the poor little pint measure, which just covered the bottom of my aunt's large, cut-glass dish, in New York, we had piles and bowls full. It seemed more like rubbing Aladdin's lamp for what we wanted, than anything else, so new to me was the idea of getting anything without paying for it. It was rich to see George, at evening, after tossing and raking hay all day, fill his bowl half full of strawberries, and pouring over them a pint of milk, as rich as New York cream, and richer, with his great slice of light, white bread in one hand, and his spoon in the other.

They say one's mother is always the best cook in the world. I do not remember my mother, but I think there could not be a better cook than my aunt. Everything was done so exactly right; neither too little nor too much, and on the table so hot, and so neatly served. It was wonderfully appetizing. And then, she did not ruin our stomachs with lard pie-crust, as they do almost everywhere in New England; she knew how to make light, healthy puddings, which are so much better. And she had no patience with saleratus cookery. "Poor stuff! poor stuff!" she said; "if you want a nice, healthy dish, with a good taste to it, use yeast, and eggs and butter, and throw away your acids and your alkalies. I never give such stuff to my husband and children. I want my sons and daughters to grow up healthy men and women. Mrs. Saunders says I think too much of my children's eating; but how can one think too much of health and strength in this world? I wonder she never thinks, when she sees her daughter crawling out of bed, between eight and nine o'clock, and not able to relish anything but a cup of coffee and a piece of pie or cake, instead of a good bit of meat with bread and potatoes. Of course she is hungry before dinner-time, and goes to the pantry for pie. No appetite for dinner, but an immense one for tea, which she satisfies with cake and sweetmeats. She is always out of spirits, and scarcely able to lift a hand. Her mother wonders what causes her frequent sick head-aches. I do not wonder, at all. She is a nice girl, too, but so spoiled. I wish I could have her with me for a while."

"O, mother; I do n't — I do n't," said the younger children; "that dull, peevish, Abby Saunders in our house! what could we do with her? We wished cousin Anna away, when she first came here, but we do n't now; she is getting to be very nice."

It was certainly a charming neighborhood, and a very pleasant state of society. The manners of the people were unartificial, and, with the exception of Abby Saunders, they all seemed so happy and so healthy, Miss Beecher would have gone away from the place, disappointed with her *unhealthy* looks, for there were more than ten to save the place. They were an active, industrious people, yet so kind and social; the old so indulgent to the young. In the morning, all was activity and bustle; but if horses were wanted in the afternoon, for a ride or a drive, they were forthcoming, *all saddled and bridled*, without a grumble. They were a very intelligent people, and they were at heart, a serious people. They all went to church on Sunday, and were strict observers of family prayers, and they helped the poor, and were kind to their neighbors; but somehow, their religion did not seem to make them sad. or very grave, unless there was a special cause, and it mingled in, naturally, as it were, with their every-day pursuits and enjoyments. I have seen the family all stand round the room in solemn prayer, and in five minutes after, the girls would go singing about the house, and the boys to their work, shouting with laughter. Yet it was not incongruous; at least, it did not appear so to me. They were as ready to weep as to laugh. If a neighbor was in trouble, sympathy and help were always ready.

Speaking of intelligence — I have never heard more close and acute reasoning and disquisition, than among some of the plain farmers frequenting my uncle's. One rough-looking, middle-aged man could repeat the whole of Pope's Essay on Man, and a great part of that beautiful, but metaphysical poem, Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination. He would become really enthusiastic as he recited and criticised and explained, and I must say he did it in a very interesting manner. My aunt said that this was not at all uncommon in New England.

But of all our neighbors, there was one family which particularly delighted me. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were such dear, kind, charming people, and Mrs. Bennett was so lady-like and refined, and she had such a gentle, pleasant way with her. The minister's wife, and the doctor's wife, and my aunt were all superior in their manners, especially for country-bred women; but there was a natural grace, and a sweet kind of humble pride about Mrs. Bennett which was quite peculiar. She was slender, and rather pale, with fair hair, and she seemed to have a natural taste for dressing neat-

ly and becomingly — altogether. I think every one felt that she was a little superior, yet she excited no envy — we all loved her.

She was very fond of young people, and some of our pleasantest tea-drinkings were at her house. I do not think we laughed quite as loudly there, as at most other places, but we had the most charming talks. Her house was as neat as wax, and she had some pretty pictures, and some beautiful old china, which she used to set out on purpose to please us, giving every one a different kind of cup. She also had a curious collection of shells and corals, which the girls were never tired with looking over. She came, when she married, from some old town down on the sea-coast, and it was said that she was the neice of a rich sea-captain, who had educated her as a lady, and who was displeased with her marrying a farmer. I do not know how that was, but she always appeared a very happy woman; and she identified herself with her neighbors, as if she had been born amongst them. Speaking, one day, of her gentle equability, to my aunt, she replied, “’Tis her religion, Anna — her religion. She was a proud and high-spirited woman when she first came here; but since the birth of her child, when she hung long on the confines of life and death, she has been an altered woman.”

They had but one child, a son, just sixteen years old, a beautiful likeness of his mother, except that he was rosy with health, and more robust in appearance. He had the same fair complexion, the same soft, yellow hair, the same sweet blue eyes, and the same natural gentility and ease of manner, — the most innocent, gay, light-hearted youth I ever saw. He had just returned from school, and it was a matter of great interest both in his family and in the neighborhood, to know what Charlie Bennett would become; I mean, what business he would follow. His mother said she could not spare him again; he must live at home and work on the farm. The father was more ambitious for his son; he wished him to go to college, and become a lawyer or a doctor. Charlie, himself, inclined to trade. A good store was needed in U——. He would go into a large establishment in the neighboring town of M——, and remain there three years *to learn business*, and then he would come home and live with his father and mother, and grow rich. So, it was settled.

And after that, what a gay time we had! Charlie’s mother

gave a party for him, as she said he was her "only daughter," and most of the neighbors followed her example, for Charlie was a pet in almost every family, his manners were so pleasant, and his disposition so loving and loveable. He would talk with the farmers, and play with the children, and walk, and sing, and laugh with the girls. He was the life of the village.

But, alas! the time came that I must leave; and in honor of my departure, a pic-nic, a kind of *fete-champetre* was to be held in a lovely grove, on the banks of a lake about three miles south of the village. Charlie being the only gentleman of leisure at this busy season, the arrangements were left to him. The day and a half before the pic-nic, he spent at the lake, taking with him a load of children; while in every house where there were young people, might be heard the pounding of spices, the beating of eggs and other notes of preparation, not "dreadful," but sweet to youthful ears, whose rare holiday is hailed with a zest which the weary children of pleasure never know. A few elders joined the party; among them, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and the village clergyman, Mr. Burton and his wife. Mr. Burton was very fond of young people, and loved to witness their innocent amusements. The children who had assisted Charlie, were also permitted to go.

We went on horseback, and in wagons and carriages. And, O! what a lovely place it was; a perfect fairy land. Charlie and the children had woven wreaths of wild flowers, and hung them in festoons from tree to tree; and they had constructed a long bower of evergreens, under which the table was placed. * * * *

Never did a pic-nic go off more charmingly. We had our rustic supper just before sunset, when the long shadows of the trees played over the grass; and what appetites we brought to it, and how the biscuits and sandwiches, and cakes, and jellies disappeared! Not all, though. A large quantity was left, which was divided among a company of poor children who hovered round to see the sports; mostly berry children, who carried fruit to the village, and consequently known to most of the party.

We rode home in the soft twilight, singing old songs, which everybody knew, and which echoed sweetly over the water. The next day I left, with renewed health and energy for my next years' labor. The girls of the neighborhood all gathered to see me off. Mrs. Bennett made me a present of a beautiful thread-

case and needle-book, of her own making, and Charlie drove me in a one-horse wagon, over those beautiful hills and valleys, to the nearest station, which was fifteen miles distant, and all the way down hill. He had a wonderful variety of conversation, and his powers of amusement were inexhaustible. I was astonished—when we reached the station, and heard the old, familiar railroad shriek. “Good-bye, Charlie.”

“Good-bye, Miss Anna. Come again, and we will have another pic-nic.” In five minutes, I was whirling along between the mountains, towards my old, noisy working-place. But was I thankful and happy as I ought to have been, for this respite, and for my improved health? Did I go cheerfully to fulfil the duties to which Providence had called me? Did I not rather repine that another year of labor and self-denial was before me? Did I not envy the children of wealth and leisure? Alas! I was weak and wicked.

In two years from the visit which I have previously described, I was again on my way to W——. My aunt and cousins had written me a pressing invitation to make them another visit, and when the long vacation came I was right glad to leave the heat, and toil and dust of the city, for the breezes and flowers and birds of the hills; the comfort and enjoyment which I should be sure to find at my uncle’s delightful and hospitable home. I went a day or two sooner than I was expected, and as there was no one to meet me at the station, I hired a man with a light wagon, to take me the fifteen miles, to W——.

It was a remarkably pleasant day; there had been showers, and the country was everywhere fresh and sweet. I had never seen or felt anything so reviving. My bosom swelled with joy at the thought of so soon seeing my cousins and their pleasant neighbors,—above all, Mrs. Bennett and Charlie. Every turn in the road put me in mind of his pleasant laugh, as it had rung in boyish, careless glee, two years before.

We had long hills to climb, for W—— was one of the highest townships in the State. Finally we came to one from whose summit I knew I could see the beautiful lake and our old pic-nic ground, just three miles from my uncle’s. We had to stop twice to rest the horse, but, finally, the highest point was gained, and

the broad landscape, with the bright lake in the foreground, and the glittering spire of W—— in the distance, lay before me. It appeared like mounting from earth to heaven, everything was so lovely. My heart danced within me ; it seemed as if I had left all the troubles and vexations of life behind me, and I urged my driver on to the distant village.

As we skirted the lake, I perceived, at the farther end of it, a long procession on horseback, and in various kinds of country vehicles, coming along the road. It is for another pic-nic, I thought. Yet their movements were too slow and measured for a pleasure-party ; it looked more like a funeral procession. Yet it must be a pic-nic, for the grove is filled with people, who seem to be waiting for something. As we drew near, I perceived horses and carriages fastened to the trees by the wayside, while a large company of old and young were silently standing in a circle, under some large trees on the verge of the grove. In the centre, was something resting on a frame, and covered with a black pall, too surely a coffin. Nothing else has that form, and around nothing else do people keep such a sad and mournful silence. I alighted, and approaching softly, inquired in a whisper, who was dead.

“Charlie Bennett.”

“My God ! where is his mother ?” was all I could say. I could scarcely stand, such a rush of thought and feeling swept over me.

“His death was very sudden. His father and mother were absent on a journey. They are coming now to take him to U——.

I leaned against a tree and watched the procession as it slowly wound to the spot. The father and mother were in one of the first carriages. They came arm in arm to the coffin, the lid of which was open. I pressed forward. I expected to see her faint, or to hear a piercing cry, but she stood and gazed in silence. She turned her head, and never shall I forget that look of unutterable anguish. Pale as marble, and with quivering lips, she cast her eyes for a moment upwards, and a gleam of hope and joy illuminated her countenance, as if she had seen her son in an angel’s arms, or, as if she had for an instant gazed on the benign countenance of her Father in heaven, and felt sure that her child was with him. Long, long she stood and gazed upon that sweet, calm

face, the light hair gently parted on the white brow, and a faint, angelic smile resting on the lips. Her husband, who was overcome with grief, took her gently by the arm to lead her away. A long, deep wail — one cry of unutterable, irrepressible anguish, broke from her lips. “My son! my son! my good — my beautiful — my darling ——” She was choked with sobs, and tears, which till now had been denied, came to her relief.

Every one was weeping in sympathy with the poor, distressed parents, when the Reverend Mr. T——, from M——, took his place beside the coffin, and addressed the company. He gave a short and simple account of the young man, during the two years that he had lived in M——; his pleasant and blameless life; his cheerful devotion to business and to the interests of his employer. He had been exposed to strong temptations, as M—— was frequented in the summer, by some idle and dissipated young men, who had endeavored to induce him to join them in their wild frolics and riotous pleasures, but he had steadily refused. Just before he was visited with his first and last illness, he had conversed with him on serious subjects, and was surprised and pleased to find that his mind had been strongly impressed with a sense of religious duty; that during his illness and at his death, he had given the fullest evidence of being a sincere Christian. I now understood the mother’s look.

When he had finished, Mr. Burton took his place. He thanked the people of M——, in the name of the parents, for the kindness and respect they had shown to their son, during his illness and now, in accompanying his remains back to his native town. When he began, he could scarcely speak, but as he proceeded, his voice cleared, and he made one of the most beautiful and touching addresses I ever heard. I wish I could transcribe it, but my memory is poor. He described the sweet beauty of his natural character — the love he had always inspired — and remarked that if any might have a hope of heaven without a change of the natural heart, the young man before us might have done so; but he believed repentance necessary; he laid hold of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ as his only ground of pardon, and hope, and safety; he considered the doctrines and precepts of the gospel as the only rule of life, and the only hope in death. According to his own account, it was his mother’s teachings which had led him

toward the way of eternal life, adding another to the long list of happy ones who should rise up at the last day and call their mother blessed. Happy mother — stricken and anguished, yet with joy unspeakable.

As Mr. Burton went on to describe the shortness of life and the joys of heaven, (among which, he believed in the recognition and love of friends,) and closed with an affecting appeal to the young, never had the insufficiency of this world and the vast importance of a future, been so impressed on my mind. The quiet loveliness of the scene — a single bird singing on a distant bough, the tall, overshadowing trees, the clear heaven, the placid lake, rippling gently to the shore, the softened, loving hearts around the lamented dead ; — it seemed as if the hour was blessed ; as if the gates of heaven were open and angels ascending and descending.

When Mr. Burton had done speaking and had made a short prayer, the young people drew together, and sang a beautiful and touching hymn. Then every one came near, and looked at the face of the dead for the last time. Tears flowed, but it was a chastened sorrow. A procession was then formed to follow the body to the burial-place at U——. On each side of the hearse, rode two young men, former friends of Charlie's, while a carriage next the mourners, was filled with young girls dressed in white, with a similar badge.

Slowly we wound our way among the hills, till we arrived at the church-yard, where a great crowd was collected, old people and children, who had not gone to meet the body. I had never beheld such a demonstration of sorrow in any community. Having never witnessed a burial except in a large city, the whole thing assumed an entirely new aspect to me, and was inexpressibly affecting.

When the ceremonies were over, the grave having been filled in, and the sods laid over it by the young men, I went to my uncle's with the family. We were happy to meet again, but the spirit of mirth and frolic was gone. The song, the laughter, the shouts of glee were hushed. But during this visit, a new light dawned on my soul ; a new purpose entered into my heart ; a new path was opened before me, not as formerly, chequered with the extremes of light and dark, as opportunities for youthful pleasure and excitement were afforded or withdrawn ; but lying

in the calm, serene duties to be performed, blessings to be thankfully accepted ; of enjoying, even in this world, that peace which passeth understanding, and a hope ever present to my heart, of hearing at the last, the blessed words, *Well done good and faithful servant.*

Two years before this time, in contemplating the daily beauty of Mrs. Bennett's life, and the cheerful religion of my aunt, I had been almost persuaded to be a Christian. The good seed had been left unwatered, and the cares and allurements of the world had choked it. But Charlie's early and beautiful death, and above all, the spirit that sustained the mother in such a trial, led me to think and feel as I had never done before. I did not go through that dark time of agony and despair, which many think necessary to true repentance. I sorrowed for my past sins, but I seemed, especially after conversing with Mr. Burton and Mrs. Bennett, to forget the things that were behind, and to strive earnestly after a new life.

The village gradually regained its cheerfulness. Our pleasant tea-drinkings were resumed. Mrs. Bennett did not join in them, though she always received us at her own house with a placid smile, not quite divested of mournfulness, a mixture of mortal sorrow and immortal hope. She went often to the houses of the poor, and sat long with the afflicted.

It is a year since this visit, and so happy a year I never before passed, for I have had what I never before felt — a sweet content in the performance of duty ; a certainty that I have gained a Friend on whom I can rely as long as I shall live, and who will meet and support me at the entrance to the dark valley. That weary unrest, that vague longing and looking for some ideal good which Providence has not seen fit to give, that forgetfulness and contempt of small daily blessings, that eager thirst for pleasure, — all these feelings have fled. My profession has acquired dignity in my own eyes, for I now see how useful I can make myself my fellow-beings. I no longer envy my principals their wealth and position. I am content, and more than content. Health, sunshine, competence, a little precious leisure, a little friendly companionship, good books, an occasional glimpse of the country, many little opportunities of lightening the burthens of those around me — how can I fail to be happy ?

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

It was a dark and trying hour to the disciples when the Saviour was laid in Joseph's sepulchre. The stone that was rolled over its gloomy portal buried some of their brightest hopes apparently forever. Sad and forlorn they turned away from the 'narrow house,' to reflect and mourn at their firesides. It was truly a mysterious providence that had deprived them of this valued counsellor and friend. Its meaning they could not interpret, until on the morning of the third day, ere the sun gilded the summit of Calvary, it was proclaimed that their Lord had risen. Unseen hands had rolled away the stone, and Christ, the hope of bereaved though trusting hearts, had come forth to life. The tomb that, on the day before, was so dark and desolate, became radiant with the light of immortality. Hopes that had withered under a night of sorrow, now brightened into inexpressible joy. Light burst out of surrounding darkness, and a new world of thought and expectation opened to the Redeemer's lonely followers.

It is often thus. Unexpected disappointment and affliction bury the dearest objects away from our view. They are laid in sepulchres that are guarded with the ponderous stones, and sealed. It seems the end of all that was pleasant and hopeful. But how marvelously God orders a resurrection of our buried hopes. Angel-hands, in unexpected hours, roll away the stones, and our sorrow is turned to joy. Divine Providence appears wiser than ever in the arrangement that bears us blessings in disguise. The past, that once was so mysterious, is now interpreted, and is clear as noon-day. God only could solve and elucidate, to our delight, a problem so profound. We exclaim with the prophet, "Sing O, heavens, and be joyful O, earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted."

YOUNG LADIES FOR WATCHERS.

"Husband," said Mrs. Ford, "shall I go and watch with Mrs. Day, to-night?" She has sent for me, and is very anxious that I should come."

"You are not able to watch," was her husband's reply. "The last two nights you have had little rest, as baby was so unwell and restless. Let some of the neighbors, who have no little children, watch with Mrs. Day."

"But she is very sick you know," replied Mrs. F., "and I have not a heart to refuse. I may want a watcher myself one of these days."

"There is Mr. Brown's eldest daughter, Sarah, would be glad to go," continued Mr. F., "and it will be a good school for her. Young ladies ought to learn to take care of the sick."

"Not make their first attempt at learning where a person is so sick as Mrs. Day," added his wife. "She wants me, because her case is so critical. What could a young girl do for one who may not live twenty-four hours? I doubt if Sarah, or any other young lady in the village, could be prevailed upon to watch with a person so sick. The fact is, young females know very little about sickness. Very few of them are competent to prepare a dish of gruel or porridge for an invalid."

Here the conversation dropped, and Mrs. Ford went to watch with her sick neighbor, leaving Mr. F. to take care of the little ones, and pass a wakeful night. He secretly resolved, on that night, that his daughters should know how to take care of sick people before they were married. He saw that, within one half mile, there were as many as twelve or fifteen unmarried ladies, from eighteen to forty years of age, and scarcely one of them was accustomed to wait upon the sick; that toiling mothers, worn and weary with the care of their own families, mainly performed this necessary work. Was it strange that he should indulge in reflections of this class? Is it not more surprising that young females should be overlooked in this important matter? The aforesaid non-acquaintance of this class with nursing the sick, is very general. It does not pertain to a single community, but to all. As if they were not competent to be qualified for this benevolent work, they are omitted, to a great extent, in canvassing a town for watchers.

Now, no persons are better adapted to this necessary business than young ladies. They have time, are free from cares, and have tender hearts, full of sympathy. True, they must learn how to care for the sick before they can do the work well; and so they must learn how to do anything else before they can perform it well. It is not the part of wisdom to omit the duty until the cares of a family force the work of watching upon them. They will make better wives and mothers to commence now.

PATIENCE, PIANOS AND SEWING MACHINES.

PATIENCE is one of the radical virtues in such a world as this. Little can be accomplished without it. "The patience of Job" is an adage that is frequently repeated and applied, and we may well go to school to that old patriarch, to learn a lesson in this branch of useful knowledge. We

have often admired the almost heroic patience of blooming girls who, will thrum the piano three and four hours per day, not for successive weeks only, but for months and years, in order to become skilled in the art of music. Such patience, which always implies more or less perseverance, is worthy of universal imitation. Let it be practiced in prosecuting all the important purposes of life, and what wonders would be brought to pass! Nothing would be very difficult to be done, and certainly nothing would be impossible.

These thoughts were suggested by a piece of information that we received gratuitously a few days since. One who knows, said that many young females, and older ones, too, did not give SEWING MACHINES a fair trial. They use them a few days or weeks, are much perplexed during all the time, and then cast them aside as worthless. Their patience does not endure in testing an instrument to promote the mechanical arts, as it does in prosecuting the fine arts. Were they to command, at the sewing machine, a fractional part of the patience which they have at the piano, the difficulty of managing it would be speedily overcome. But, for some reason, patience is less available with many in performing useful than ornamental work. It appears to be more abundant in pursuing things which amuse, than in those which are of great practical utility. Young ladies do not lack patience in the art of embroidery or painting. They spend day after day upon a single piece, completely fascinated by it? We have seen a gem of a painting upon which a young lady spent six months of wearisome labor. Her patience held out to the end, and her perseverance was equal to her patience.

Let this quality hail the sewing machine as it comes into the family, and girls proceed to sew as they learn to play the piano, and there would not be so many differing opinions about this modern invention. It would prove itself more frequently the friend of woman, and that too, in more senses than one. How much time might be saved for reading, and intellectual culture, by the use of this article! If one female can do the work of four with a machine, then the whole time of four out of five persons is gained for mental and moral improvement. Many a poor mother who now toils every moment, with no spare hours for reading except on Sunday, might execute her sewing in the daytime, and maintain a family reading circle around the hearth-stone every evening. In this way sewing machines might become civilizers, and greatly aid the world's progress in this nineteenth century.

CHARITY.

WE are told in classic history that an old painter was employed to sketch the Macedonian emperor. The emperor had received a severe wound upon the right temple, in one of his famous battles, and a large scar was left. The artist proceeded to the work assigned him, and sketched the monarch leaning upon his elbow, with his fore finger covering the scar. His ingenuity was universally applauded, and he became more famed than ever. So it is with genuine charity, which "covereth a multitude of sins." Instead of exposing the faults of others, and holding them up to scorn and ridicule, it covers them with the finger of love, except when truth and justice require them to be openly rebuked. The way of the world is, to expose the scars of character, and set them off in more than their real ugliness. They are the subjects of gossip and keen satire in the social circle, and the sparks of fire that are struck around them often kindle into a flame. How much more beautiful is that spirit which treats the failures of others with forbearance, while it does not excuse iniquity in the nearest friend! This is the charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and "doth not behave itself unseemly," and "thinketh no evil."

HUMAN PRIDE.

THE chiefs of two Scottish clans, that were hostile to each other, once met upon a narrow pass on the side of a mountain. The path led in a circuitous way along a rocky precipice, that was steep and fearful, and was only wide enough for a single person to walk. The proud and warlike chiefs met upon this narrow pass. Neither could proceed unless one of them laid down and let the other walk over him. But this was too humiliating by far, so both refused to yield. Words prepared the way for blows, and the two warriors fell upon each other in deadly conflict, and fought until the weaker went tumbling down the frightful precipice, and lay a mangled corpse among the rocks below. The incident is a fair illustration of the folly of human pride. Rather than yield to humiliating acts, multitudes of men will sacrifice reason, mercy and rectitude. To have their own way, they will override the dictates of common sense, and disregard all the amiable qualities that are usually admired. It is this unyielding disposition that creates feuds and contentions in neighborhoods. Men are not willing to be walked over. It is too great a fall for their pride. They glory rather in being independent, and calling no man master. Therefore when the Spirit of God renews the heart, a great change is wrought, and the proud man becomes as a little child. He can stoop low for others to pass. It is not his aim now to have his own way. He is actuated by higher and nobler motives.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

INCH BY INCH, UPWARD.

An exchange has a good article upon one who made himself, and the character of such a one is always worthy of being studied. Such examples of energy and perseverance ought to encourage every youth:—

The life of George Stephenson, the celebrated English engineer, gives an instructive illustration of perseverance in pursuit of worthy ends, of progress despite most formidable obstacles, and of triumph over seemingly insuperable difficulties.

Born in a poor village, in one of the lower rooms of a common two-storied dwelling, whose walls were unplastered, whose rafters were exposed, and whose floor was of clay, George Stephenson, so soon as he could earn a penny, was put, not to school, but to work. He first had one shilling per week for minding cows; then two shillings per week for leading horses to plough, and hoeing turnips; then three shillings as "picker" at a colliery with an elder brother; then four shillings as driver of the gin horse at Black Callerton, to which he had to walk two miles each morning and return at night; then six shillings as assistant fireman to his father, at the age of fourteen; then the same wages with the honor of being fireman on his own account; then twelve shillings as a worker at a pumping engine; then a small increase of wages as engineman to the engine where his father worked as fireman; then seventeen shillings and sixpence to twenty shillings as brakesman at the Dolly Pit, Black Callerton; then, after day's work, making shoes and shoe lasts and saving his first guinea; then, thirty-one years old, engine-wright to Killingworth Colliery at the salary of £100 per year; then the salary of £300 per year as engineer to the Stockton and Darlington Railway, then inventing a safety lamp and getting for it £1000, with which he began a locomotive factory at Newcastle; then, with ample remuneration, engineer to the Manchester and Liverpool Railway; then, with a large fortune, standing conspicuously before the eye of the world as acknowledged "Father of Railways."

At seventeen, George Stephenson could neither read nor write. The task of learning to read he found harder than that of learning the construction of steam-engines, or of working them when made. Yet, hard as it was, he achieved it. Entering himself a scholar in an evening school, in the village of his birth, he had learned as he tells us, in two years' time "to read correctly," and was "proud to be able to write his own name." Becoming a man, he married, and had one son. Keenly feeling the disadvantages of his own want of early education, he resolved to give Robert the best in his power. To do this after working hard all day, at night he made and mended shoes, repaired clocks and watches, cut out the clothes of the pitmen for their wives to make, and thus wrung from reluctant fortune the means of educating his boy. Saving £100, he

removed his son from the Parish school to a superior academy at Newcastle. Then began an interesting period of his history. Father and son studied together in the evening — their joint education proceeding rapidly and successfully. He became an eminent mechanical and civil engineer — an illustrious example of what a man may become if determined to go *upward, inch by inch*.

Now the facts thus briefly recited are most instructive. Does any young man who has recently given his heart to Christ, look longingly to the ministry as to an office in which he would gladly serve his Master, but from which poverty, want of influential friends, lack of early advantages, or the like, deter? Let George Stephenson arouse him to exertion. "Inch by inch, upward," is the motto of a man. Does any minister of Jesus lament his deficiency in learning, in skill, in practical tact, in sympathy with the perishing, or in whatever else enters into the notion of fitness for his high, holy, momentous work? Let him study the life of George Stephenson. "Inch by inch, upward," will conduct every man of fair abilities to the noblest eminence of earth, that of a wise, gentle, loving, useful, honored ambassador for Christ. Does any Christian sigh over manifold infirmities of spirit, murmur at increasing conflicts with inbred sins, or seek, at the foot of the hill Difficulty, some easier path? Let George Stephenson, the earnest, indefatigable, indomitable worker for earthly fame and fortune, impel to efforts which, on the promise of Jehovah, shall win a crown of life. "Inch by inch, upward," finds its best illustration in the man who sets his "affections on things above, not to things on the earth." *Inch by inch, upward*: What is it but the exhortation of Peter? "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and of virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity."

THE VILLAGE TAILORESS.

In *Moore's Rural New Yorker* is the following sketch of a female character, a likeness to which may be found in many communities. The picture is true to life, and for that reason may be read with profit:—

While Aunt Hester, the tailoress, was with us, the storm lasted several days, but at length it broke away. During this time that roll of cloth had suddenly turned into coats, large and small, as if by the skill of a magician. Aunt Hester had gone the rounds of the neighborhood in her criticisms, in almost every instance presenting a doleful picture of humanity. She had just taken for her text the "Elder's folks."

"There was a time," she said, "when no one thought more of them than I did, but that's gone by. Now they're getting up a donation for 'em, and there ain't no sort of use on't. I b'lieve I shan't go, though I never did slight my minister. Why I've been there and I've seen things I ain't ever told, and ain't agoin' to tell; to be sure you can't call 'em wasteful folks, but I've seen 'em have cake neither you nor I could afford. Then, when other ministers come, they git it out, and you ought to hear 'em laugh. I think a minister should be solemn. O! it does seem dreadful to me, right here in this wicked world where there is so much dyin' and sufferin', to see preachers a laughin'. As I said before, I shan't go."

Just then there was heard the scraping of feet at the door, and the minister himself entered. He shook hands with us all, then turning to Hester, said, "I have come for you to go home with me."

"What for?" said Hester.

"My wife isn't well, and she can't get along with the donation unless you come to help her. We'll see you get your pay for it."

"Get my pay!" exclaimed Hester indignantly, "I ain't on the town. I was a talking about you, Elder, just as you came in. I said then I didn't see no use of your havin' a donation, and I don't now, but if you insist on't, I s'pose I must go. I was sayin', too, I thought you was too light and trisin' for a minister, and I'm glad you've come so I can tell you on't. You ought to look solemnner than you do." Whereupon the smile upon the minister's face grew all the merrier.

Having given him a "piece of her mind," she good-naturedly put on her cloak and bonnet, and accompanied him home. She was now in her element, putting the "Elder's house to rights," quieting the nerves of his wife, and taking the charge of the whole thing on her own broad shoulders.

When the evening of the donation came, not a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere in the house. Everything was *in order*. There were no books scattered negligently on the centre-table, but piled in one large pile in the middle, one on the top of the other, according to their respective sizes. The chairs stood stark and stiff against the wall. Everything was clean and proper, and though the minister's wife did try to loop up the curtains more gracefully, a moment after Aunt Hester's coarse, rough hands had stretched them tightly back. There was no disputing the matter with her — she would have her own way, and a pretty good way it usually was. Nothing could exceed her activity during the evening. She it was that welcomed the church to the little parsonage, if welcome it could be called. The minister's wife was thrown completely into the shade.

In a gulley not far from the village lived a bachelor, by the name of Jacob Green. He was one of the quietest of all quiet men. The very land he owned had a certain retiring look, as if it longed to creep out of sight; his house was half hidden under a hill,—his horses modestly bowed their heads as they jogged along the road,—even his lambs had a certain *sheepish* look, and ran at the sight of strangers. He went regularly to church, but had a habit of slinking unnoticed into his seat under the gallery. No living man could say aught against him. He paid his tithes once a year, fasted, if we may so judge by his lean lank figure, but in no other respect was he a pharisee. That night of the donation, after the guests were all assembled, there was heard a timid knock at the door. It was Jacob Green's. His poor old mother had been taken suddenly ill, and he had come for Hester to go and take care of her. As usual, she was ready at once. The quiet Jacob had no words to express his grief, but as they rode along she could see by the starlight that his tears were falling fast. He loved his old, stricken mother with an all absorbing love. When he reached home he hurried into the house to see if she were worse.

"Oh! mother," said he, sinking down by the bed, "I don't ever want to leave you alone again. I was afraid you'd die afore I came back."

The poor creature's face was motionless as that of a corpse, but at the sound of Jacob's voice she roused.

"Jacob," said she "you must not love me so well ; I am going to leave you, and I want you to be willing to give me up."

Jacob answered only by his groans ; meantime, Hester had been busy straightening the bed, shaking up the pillows, and preparing some gruel. "Hester," said the dying woman, "come nearer, I want to take your hands in mine. I have loved you these great many years—you have been so kind in sickness, so good to everybody. Now I want you to sing me a hymn. Hester's voice was sharp, unmusical, but strong. She began,

"Jesus lover of my soul,"

but for the first time in her life, her voice faltered. She was weeping like a little child. When she turned to look on that wasted face, she was startled, for Death had already been there and stolen away the soul. Jacob went for some neighbors, and soon Hester, strangely silent, was stitching away at the shroud.

A REMARKABLE DEATH-BED SCENE.

THE following is an extract from the life of John Randolph of Roanoke, by Hugh A. Garland, which has recently been published :—

Next morning (the day on which he died) Dr. Parrish received an early and an earnest invitation to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant, John, who was much affected at the sight of his dying master. The doctor remarked to him, "I have seen your master very low before, and he revived ; perhaps he will again." "John knows better than that, Sir." He then looked at the doctor with great intensity, and said in an earnest and distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made a provision."

"I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration from you, Sir," replied the doctor, and soon after proposed to leave him for a short time to attend to another patient. "You must not go," was the reply ; "you cannot, you shall not leave me. *John!* take care that the doctor does not leave the room." John soon after locked the door, and reported, "Master, I have locked the door, and got the key in my pocket ; the doctor can't go now."

He seemed excited, and said, "If you do go you need not return." The doctor appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as he was only desirous of discharging his duty to another patient. His manner instantly changed, and he said, "I retract that expression." Some time afterwards, with an expressive look, he said again, "I retract that expression."

The doctor now said he understood the subject of his communication, and presumed the will would explain itself fully. He replied in his own peculiar way — "No, you don't understand it ; I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves — a will may manumit them, but provision for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness ; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should remain with the

party and never lose sight of him, until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John. You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me; your patients must make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning, 'Master, you are dying.'

The doctor with entire candor, replied, that it was rather a matter of surprise that he had lasted so long. He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button: he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned large sized gold stud. John placed it in the button-hole of the shirt bosom — but to fix it completely, required a hole on the opposite side. "Get a knife," said he, "and cut one." A napkin was called for, and placed by John over his breast. For a short time he laid perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed — "Remorse! remorse!" It was thrice repeated, the last time at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out — "Let me see the word. Get a Dictionary, let me see the word." "There is none in the room, Sir." "Write it down, then, — let me see the word." The doctor picked up one of his cards, "Randolph of Roanoke," — "Shall I write it on this card?" "Yes, nothing more proper." The word *remorse* was then written in pencil. He took up the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed — it was so done and handed him again. He was extremely agitated — "Remorse! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation — but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done. "What am I to do with the card?" inquired the doctor. "Put it in your pocket — take care of it — when I am dead, look at it."

The doctor now introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses to his declarations, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger. He replied — "I have already communicated that to him." The doctor then said — "With your concurrence, Sir, I will send for two young physicians, who shall remain and never lose sight of you until you are dead, to whom you can make your declarations — my son, Dr. Isaac Parrish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, a brother of Capt. West."

He quickly asked — "Capt. West of the Packet?" "Yes, Sir, the same." "Send for him — he's the man — I'll have him."

Before the door was unlocked, he pointed towards a bureau, and requested the doctor to take from it a remuneration for his services. To this the doctor promptly replied, that he would feel as though he were acting indelicately, to comply. He then waived the subject by saying — "In England, it is always customary."

The witnesses were now sent for and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in the bed, with pillows, nearly erect. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders; and he directed John to place his hat on, over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head. With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close by the side of his dying master. The four witnesses — Edmund Badger, Francis West, Isaac Parrish and Joseph Parrish, were placed

in a semicircle, in full view. He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body, to this last effort. "His whole soul," says Dr. Parrish, "seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing towards us with his long index finger, he addressed us."

"I confirm all the directions in my will respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support." And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand, on the shoulder of his favorite John, and added these words — "especially for this man." He then asked each of the witnesses whether they understood him. Dr. Joseph Parrish explained to them what Mr. Randolph had said in regard to the laws of Virginia, on the subject of manumission — and then appealed to the dying man to know whether he had stated it correctly. "Yes," said he, and gracefully waving his hand as a token of dismissal, he added — "the young gentlemen will remain with me."

The scene was now soon changed. Having disposed of that subject most deeply impressed on his heart, his keen penetrating eye lost its expression, his powerful mind gave way, and his fading imagination began to wander amid scenes and with friends that he had left behind. In two hours the spirit took its flight, and all that was mortal of John Randolph, of Roanoke, was hushed in death. At a quarter before 12 o'clock, on the 24th day of June, 1833, aged sixty years, he breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41 North Third street, Philadelphia.

THE SNAKE TAMER.

The *Home Journal* furnishes a very interesting account of a Snake Tamer in Virginia, which we copy below:—

One day, towards the close of the fashionable season at one of the most celebrated of the Virginia watering-places, a man, carrying a large box under his arm, made his appearance in the front yard of the visitors hotel. He was tall and sinewy in person, with the air and deportment of a foreigner. The steady, gray eye, and the rigid mould of his features, indicated vigor of will and energy of character. In other respects, there was nothing noteworthy in his appearance or movements.

Having approached to within a short distance of the hotel, he deposited his box upon the ground, uncovered it, and took out a large rattlesnake, which he held in his hand, grasping it tightly around the body six inches from the head, and fixing a steady gaze upon its glittering eyes. The reptile coiled its body around the arm of the man, or writhed in slow, wavy motions through the air, darting its arrowy tongue with a sibilant sound through the half-open jaws. In a few moments the erect head drooped, the mouth closed, and the subdued serpent lay motionless in the hand of the operator, who, during the whole performance, stood, erect and silent, in the position he had first taken.

A spectacle so novel and exciting, attracted at once the attention of the visitors at the Springs. The ladies crowded on the front gallery of the hotel, and the men and boys gathered in a dense circle around the mysterious stranger, to witness his perilous feat.

To convince the spectators that the exhibition was not a deception, the performer drew forth another large rattlesnake from his box, placed a

short, blunt stick upright in its mouth so as to hold the fauces apart, and then, inserting another stick beneath the fangs, he pressed them outwardly until their full length was exposed to view. In this condition he carried the reptile round the circle of men and boys, and through the crowd of ladies, that all might see it was a veritable snake, armed with fang and poison, with which his experiments were performed. This done, he returned to his first position, placed the snake upon the ground, and commenced kicking at it with great violence, taking care, however, not to strike it with his foot. Quickly irritated by the stimulated assault, the snake threw itself into a coil, shook its rattles, and seemed eager to strike its assailant, who, leaning forward, seized and held it up, writhing and hissing, in his grasp. He looked steadily for a short time into its eyes, when, as in the first experiment, the head drooped, the passion subsided, and the serpent remained subdued and still in the hand of the tamer.

He next emptied upon the ground the contents of his box, consisting of a dozen or more large, venomous-looking rattlesnakes. The reptile mass coiled, or glided, hissing and fierce, at his feet. He picked them up, one by one, gazed intently, for a short time, into their eyes, and then placed some of them in his bosom with their heads protruding as from a den; others he twined around his neck and arms, and the rest he seized and held aloft in his hands. The reptiles writhed and twisted and coiled as if tightening their hold upon the person of the performer. Their eyes glittered, and their tongues shot forth and back, like tiny arrows, from their mouths. But the ominous rattles all were still, betokening that curiosity and not anger elicited these reptile demonstrations. The snake tamer, begirt with this serpentine girdle, remained not only unharmed, but apparently quite unconcerned. He had radiated the mysterious spell of the human eye upon them, and man asserted his lordship over the most cunning of all the beasts of the field.

The report of these wonderful feats having spread through the neighborhood, with the offer of a liberal price, by the performer, for live, venomous snakes, of every description, a lad came in one morning to the Springs, bringing a large rattlesnake which he had just caught in the neighboring mountains. The snake-tamer paid the promised reward for it, and proceeded at once to subdue it in the presence of nearly all the visitors.

Having cautiously removed the lid of the box in which the snake was confined, and turned it over upon one side, he withdrew a few steps and awaited the result. In a few moments, a rusty and most venomous looking rattlesnake, of very large size, crawled leisurely out upon the grass with which the yard was covered. It is the nature of this species of the serpent race to betray neither fear nor excitement at the presence of man. Deeming themselves secure in the possession of enormous fangs and a supply of virus sufficiently copious and deadly to produce almost instant death in man or beast, they neither hasten to escape from sight when discovered, nor betray the least alarm when assailed. It is even the popular faith that they magnanimously give warning before they strike, by shaking their rattles, which produce a peculiar wurring sound, startling to the nerves and alarming to the mind.

The presence of the performer and of the large crowd which surrounded him, seemed not to disturb or even to arrest the attention of the scaly

monster, which, having crawled forth out of the box, lay motionless and extended to its full length upon the grass. The snake-tamer approached and stimulated an attack by repeated and rapid motions towards its head with his foot. The reptile became furiously irate in a moment. Assuming the coil, which is its natural position both for attack and defence, it darted forth its tongue and shook its rattles with the rapidity and violence which produce their most alarming sound. As the performer continued, at a safe distance, the motions with his foot, the snake soon became almost blind with rage. Its head flattened, its eyes glittered like diamond points, and a fearful, prolonged hiss issued from its mouth. The man made one step towards it, when, unable longer to control its passion to strike, it leaped forward and fell, full length, upon the grass, close at his feet. Before it could throw itself again into a coil, he seized it with a firm grasp, about six inches below the head, and holding it off at arm's length from his person, lifted it up from the ground.

The rage and contortions of the now imprisoned reptile were terrible to behold. Through the air, and round the arm of the performer, it twisted and writhed the caudal extremity of its body, making, all the time, a momentous and fearful whiz with its rattles, and essaying, every moment, to strike his arm or his person. The spectators shuddered with horror and alarm at the sight; but the interpid experimenter, confident in his art, betrayed neither fear nor doubt as to the certainty of his triumph.

From the moment he first seized the snake, he had looked, with a fixed almost an unwinking gaze into its eyes, which the serpent apparently returned with a look equally steady and fierce. By degrees the contortions of its body became less violent, and its efforts to strike less frequent. The arm of the man was gradually bent, so as to bring the snake, by slow approaches, nearer to his face. At length, overcome by the magnetic fascination of his look, it lay harmless and unresisting in his grasp. He placed it in his bosom, twined it around his neck and fondled it with his hands. The subdued creature, shorn of its native ferocity, yields itself to the power of its victor, and permitted him to caress and handle it with impunity.

The spectators broke forth into audible expressions of admiration at the accomplishment of this remarkable feat. The performer passed his hat around for a collection, and soon had the satisfaction of receiving it back well replenished with coins—the enthusiasm of the visitors prompting them to make a liberal donation as a reward for the peril he had braved and the entertainment he had afforded.

Satisfied with his success, the snake-tamer vanished from the Old Sweet Springs as suddenly as he had come.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILITUDES.

FROM two or three volumes which we have been reading, the following beautiful similitudes are selected. The authors are indicated.

I saw recently, an account of the shipwreck of a noble steamer, produced by the effect of a box of steel tools, hidden in the state-room of the helmsman, near the compass. A sea captain may have his course set due west, and may seem to be going by the breeze several knots an hour, and yet, at the same time, by an under current, or a devious gulf stream,

of which he suspects nothing, may be carried several knots the other way. It may be wholly his own fault, for want of proper investigation, that he is unaware of being within the sweep of the influence of such a current ; for he ought to have known his dangers, and where he was, and to have taken everything into calculation. For want of this, there is many a shipwreck for eternity, when the soul thought the course was set right by the compass. Besetting sins and sleeping but unconquered evil habits, are under-currents out of sight, carrying the ship one way, while she seems to be sailing another way. Sleeping partners in business are apt to be active partners in character." *Cheever*.

"In the battle of Waterloo, at a moment when everything depended on the steadiness of a regiment of English, at a particular point, where the enemy charged fiercely with all his strength, courier after courier kept dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, to tell him that they must be immediately relieved or withdrawn, or else they would give way. The answer to them all was the same, "Stand firm." "But we shall perish," exclaimed the officer. "Stand firm!" was the stirring answer. "You will find us there," exclaimed the officer, as he furiously galloped back to the post of peril. And there they were found, every man of the whole brigade, fighting to the death, and it was that firmness that gained the victory, though every man of them perished. So must the soldier of Christ stand firm, in the face of danger and death. It is a thousand times more dangerous to yield than to stand and fight. To yield is to perish, but to fight is certainly to conquer, though dying. There is no danger in dying for Christ, no danger in standing firm ; all the danger is in yielding."—*Ibid*.

"It is the misfortune of some to be afflicted with that kind of defective sight which prevents them from seeing to an ordinary distance ; they are unable to distinguish the most towering and colossal object, if placed at a short remove, while the merest atom brought close to the eye is magnified as with the power of a microscope. An affliction analogous to this in the moral sight, but pregnant with incomparably greater danger, is the universal malady of mankind, and our Lord insists upon the urgency of its removal. He finds them mistaking phantoms for realities ; calling an atom a world, and a world an atom ; practicing on themselves an endless succession of delusions ; and he gives them the alternative of a remedy or death."—*Harris*.

"In the prospect of a national convulsion, it is not uncommon for the wealthy to transmit their property for security, into other lands. And, O, were there a country on earth, perfectly exempt from all the changes which endanger property, that would be the envied land in which all would invest their riches. But that blessed region, not to be found on the face of the wide earth, actually exists in the kingdom of God. Yes, by throwing open to us the gates of a heavenly commerce, he would give scope to our loftiest aims, security to our choicest treasures, and objects to our most capacious desires. Here the affluent may embark their abundance ; instead of living for themselves let them live for God, and they will be remitting their property to a world where it will accumulate with abundant interest ; they will be laying up a store for the future, in which

they may live splendidly and gloriously forever; they will be placing uncertain riches in a safe repository, and transmuting them into certain wealth."—*Ibid.*

"HE settles down upon the persuasion that he can make a great IRON HORSE, with bones of steel and muscles of brass, that will run agaiſt time, with Mercury or any other winged messenger of Jove — the dærieg man! He brings out his huge leviathan heaped upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his ſtable, panting to be gone! His great heart is a furnace of burning coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the ſtrength of a thouſand horſes is nerving his iron ſinews. But his maſter reins him in with one finger, till the whole of ſome Weſtern village, men, women, children, and half their horned cattle, ſheep, poultry, wheat, cheese, and potatoes, have been ſtowed away in that long train of wagons he has harnessed to his foaming ſteam-horſe. And now he ſhouts interrogatively, ALL RIGHT! and applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and ſmoke, in its indignant haſte to outſtrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horſe in Scripture, clothed with louder thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from his iron noſtrils, he daſhes on through dark mountain paſſes, over jutting precipices, and deep ravines. His tread ſhakes the earth like a travelling Niagara, and the ſound of his chariot wheels warns the people of diſtant towns that he is coming; coming whither? To Boſton, of courſe."—*Burritt.*

"A little while ago, and this rich and populous city was a green iſland, and our beautiful bay clasped it in its ſilver arms like an emerald."—*Chapin.*

"OTHER people are great and have great power, by virtue of political importance, vaſt poſſeſſions, and ſtrong inſtitutions. To ſay nothing of the reſt, conſider that huge domain which at this hour confronts the troubled principalities of Europe. It ſtretches itſelf out over three continents. The waves of three oceans chafe againſt its ſhaggy ſides. The energies of innumerable tribes are throbbing in its breſt. It clasps regions yet raw in hiſtory, as well as thoſe that are grey with tradition, and encloſes in one empire, the bones of the Siberian mammoth and the valleys of Circaſſian flowers."—*Ibid.*

PHILOSOPHY AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

From the *Philadelphia Ledger* we take the article below, upon a topic of grave importance. Every mother ought to read and ponder, and every father, too:—

In the different ſquares of our city, it is really diſtreſſing ſometimes of an afternoon, to witneſs the effect produced by nurſes vieing with each other in decorating their poor little infant charges ſo as to make them look genteel. Go to a fashionable watering-place, and the caſe is worſe; parents and ſiſters alſo feel their credit at ſtake, in producing the beſt dressed little reſponſibilities. In the country properly ſo called, how different. There children are allowed to kick off ſhoes and ſtockings, if they pleaſe, in hot weather, and to run about at and where they chooſe.

The effect is that they grow up robust and strong, with healthy minds in healthy bodies.

The effect of these city fashions, pushed to the extreme they are, upon health, is not easily to be estimated. A child dressed up in fine clothes, cannot take proper hearty exercise. Its movements are all watched and constrained by the nurse. It never moves without the fear of being scolded by her, for disarranging its curls or soiling its clean dress.—How miserable all this restraint upon its freedom. Those ringlets so carefully arranged, what a source of misery and often sickness. Long hair will absorb as much of a child's strength in a season, as would give it an inch of growth. Now it tickles the neck, now it increases the warmth, and now it is wet, and gives the child a perpetual cold and sore throat. This fine dressing must be a source of countless irritations. The nurse acquires the habit of perpetually snapping, interfering, watching and checking all the free notions of childhood, and the little one learns to believe that to sit still, and take these lectures meekly, is the very essence of being a good child. Its spirit is broken in, and it becomes a docile suppliant, instead of a free, bold and vigorous child. No wonder its cheeks are pale, and the doctor is constantly needed, or that it grows up nervous, irritable and peevish.

The direct cost of all this is no trifle. It may gratify a parent's taste for the moment, gratify that kind of affection which loves to bestow costly tokens of regard, however useless or injurious; but where is the prudent mother who would not better show her kindness by creating a little fund, and saving all these superfluous expenses for its use at a future day. The extra cost for this curling, making and washing fine dresses of two such little ones, is not less than equal the time of a maid servant, \$250 beyond what is requisite in attention for their best health. There is telegraph stock in the city where every \$250 thus saved would increase in eight years to \$650. The habits of infancy form the tastes of youth, and the passion for finery is easily cherished. But what man of moderate means can afford to marry one of these young lilies of the valley, who toil not, neither do they spin, while arrayed more gorgeously than Solomon in all his glory.

Life itself is often put in jeopardy by all this. A thin, fine dress, has given many a child the croup; a low bare neck has enlarged the tonsils, and contracted the chest of many a pretty little one. We ourselves have very lively recollections of chilled and aching feet, chilblains and innumerable other evils, through the thin, pretty, but light shoes into which the feet of our childhood were crammed, even in winter, on a Sunday, that we might appear respectable at church.

A child just beginning to walk, climbs up to the top of a pair of stairs, step by step, alone. Its feet get entangled in its dress, it pitches headlong down to the bottom, and its brain is injured for life, or it dies, and the father finds the hopes and toils of a life frustrated. What has caused it? Some feeble lace insertings at the bottom of its dress, through which its little foot has naturally caught, torn the lace and tripped it up. Would that father but take a pen-knife and cut away the whole of such dangerous finery, it would be no small kindness to the child, nurses to the contrary notwithstanding.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

SQUASH CAKES. Squash left at dinner may be made into griddle cakes in the following manner: To one tea-cup full of winter squash, put two tea-cups of milk. Stir in flour enough to make a batter of the right thickness for griddle-cakes, and if you like it, a spoonful of Indian meal. Add a little salt, half a teaspoonful of saleratus and one egg. It is not necessary to observe this rule exactly. Use more eggs if you choose. The cakes may be made very good without any.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS. Boil a quart of milk, except a tea cup full in which to rub smooth four tablespoonsful of flour. When it boils up, put in a very little salt, and stir in the flour just as for starch. Add two tablespoonsful of sugar, and such spice as you like. Peach leaves boiled in the milk, or a spoonful of rose water, are recommended.

LOAF PUDDING. Tie up a pound-loaf of baker's bread in a cloth, and put it into boiling water with considerable salt in it, and boil it an hour and a half. Eat with cold pudding sauce.

CRUMB CAKES. Keep a bowl or pitcher with some milk in it, and from time to time throw in the crumbs of bread which break off when it is sliced, and also the dry pieces left at the table. When you next want some griddle-cakes, take this mixture and break up all the pieces with your hand, add an egg, salt and saleratus, and a few spoonsful of flour. No griddle-cakes can be better.

BOILED BROWN BREAD. If they are hard crusts, lay them over night in a dish with a little water. In the morning add milk, and boil them. Do it slowly and take care that it does not burn. Sprinkle in salt, and just before you take it up, add a little butter. If there is not much milk, take off the lid the latter part of the time. Take up the pieces as whole as you can.

A CHARLOTTE. Butter a deep dish very thick, cut thin, smooth slices of nice white bread, and line the bottom and sides of the dish, fill it with sliced apples, sprinkling each layer with brown sugar enough to sweeten it, and any spice you may prefer; also a few bits of butter. Have ready some slices of bread to cover the top, soaked a few minutes in milk or water: lay them over, and cover them with a plate that will fit close, and upon that lay a weight. Bake in a moderate heat three hours.

TEA CAKES. One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three ounces of butter, one egg, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus. Roll them half an inch thick and bake them quick.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.



THE ZEBRA.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

How beautiful this Zebra,
 How pretty is his name,
 But he's vicious,
 And malicious,
 And he cannot be made tame.

He is found in Southern Africa.
 How striped is his side;
 But he never
 Is so clever,
 As to suffer you to ride.

I have heard about a Hottentot
 Who caught a Zebra wild,
 He led him,
 And he fed him,
 And he loved him as a child.

He carded down his glossy hair,
 But all his toil was vain,
 Zebra could n't,
 Or he would n't,
 Be controlled by bit or rein.

What a shame for one so beautiful,
 And outwardly so fair,
 To be vicious,
 And malicious,
 As the pretty sometimes are.

Dear reader, aim at gentleness,
 And loveliness within,
 And no matter,
 Though mullatto,
 What apparel you are in.

God never smiles on beauty,
 When it hides a wicked heart.
 Then be good here,
 As you should, dear,
 Lest He say, at last, "Depart."

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH HIS YOUNG READERS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"THERE," said Bennie Bright, as he came in from school, "if Joe Rice ever does that again, I will give him as good as he sends."

"Does what?" inquired his father.

"Knock my cap off into the wet," replied Bennie. "He is the most hateful boy in school, and I won't put up with it."

Mr. Bright saw that his son was angry, so that he had lost his usual regard for right. Therefore he sought to soften his temper, by calling his attention to the bad spirit which he showed. But before he uttered what was upon his mind, Bennie added.

"If he knocks my cap off again, I will knock his off."

"And so return evil for evil," added his father. "This is what you call giving as good as he sends, is it?"

Bennie saw at a glance that his conduct was condemned by his last Sunday School lesson, and he scarcely knew what to say. His father continued,

"Do you think it would make him any less 'hateful' if you should knock off his cap to pay him for knocking off yours? Would it put an end to the trouble?"

Bennie was rightly named BRIGHT — so he knew very well that it was not the way to promote peace. It is only stupid boys who think that giving as good as another sends will end a strife.

"I don't think it would," he replied. "But Joe Rice is always doing such things, and it is so hateful that I can't endure it."

"And so you will appear as hateful, as he by doing just as he does, will you?" asked his father. "Indeed, if you knock off his hat, with the spirit you just now manifested, you may be more wicked than he, for he may have knocked off yours by way of sport."

"I don't think I *could* be worse than he is," added Bennie. "I shouldn't have many friends if I was."

"That may be true, my son; and for that reason you ought to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, which always gains friends. Let me tell you of a boy of whom I read the other day." Here Mr. B. told the following story:—

"A little boy went to his mother one day, as he returned from school, and said, 'Mother, may I go just down the street with a little girl that goes to our school.'"

"No, my son, it rains."

"Why, mother, I must go," he said.

"Well then," replied his mother, who began to see through it, "go, if you must."

He went; and on his return his mother inquired,

"Is that girl a favorite of yours?"

"O no;" replied the noble lad; "she treats me very ill, worse than any other scholar in the school."

"Then why do you wish to go with her?"

He replied: "You have taught me to do good to those who injure us, and she had a chair to take home, and I did not know of any other way to do her a kindness, so I thought I would carry it for her, and that would be returning good for evil."

Bennie's heart was in his face when his father got through, and he looked as if he thought forgiveness were beautiful, and that Joe Rice's cap might stay on his head forever, for all him.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL LOST THE RIDE.

There was a great stir in Greenville one bright summer morning, as all the Sabbath School children were going to Island Grove to enjoy a picnic. The grove was nearly ten miles distant, and the school were going by railroad. The railroad cars, you know, don't wait long for passengers. They have a time for starting — and they start, just as the sun has a time to rise — and it rises.

Among the little girls, whose eyes sparkled that morning as the sun rose on a clear sky, was Hattie Brown. She was lively as a bird, running from room to room, making preparations for the excursion. The time drew near for starting, and Hattie hastened to put on her bonnet."

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "where are my gloves?"

"Where you put them, I suppose," exclaimed her mother.

"Do come and help me find them, or I shall be late at the cars," continued Hattie. And she ran from one part of the room to another under great nervous excitement.

"If you had a place for your things, and always put them there, as I have often told you," said Mrs. Brown, "you could not meet with so many losses. You have lost your gloves because you threw them down anywhere, as you are apt to do."

"I haven't time to lay away my things," responded Hattie.

"It will require less time to put your gloves in their place than it does to find them," said her mother. "To observe order is one of the best ways to save time."

It was now quite time for Hattie to go to the cars, and she would have to run to reach them; so she hurried away without her gloves in rather a fretful mood, as her mother remarked,

"I hope it will learn you a lesson which I have tried in vain to teach you."

She was a minute too late for the cars. They started when she was a few rods from the depot. Hattie was sorely grieved. She turned about, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and walked slowly homeward. Her mother saw her coming back, and pitied her, although she could but feel that it was a just punishment for her disorderly habits.

Well, the little gloveless girl sat down in a chair, and cried bitterly for an hour. We rather think she had no more tears to shed, or she would have cried longer. But it was a very lonely day to her, as all the children of the village had gone to the picnic, and she kept thinking of the fine time they were having. But, on the whole, it did her good — it taught her what her mother had not been able to make her learn, — *to have a place for everything, and everything in its place.*

WHO IS THE COWARD?

"Come on, Willie, now for the pond!" exclaimed Tom, as the boys called Thomas Farr. "Come on, the ice is smooth as glass, and it is the best skating we have had this winter."

"Hold on a moment," replied Willie, "Let me go and ask mother. I guess she will let me go."

"No, no, don't stop for that; for half a dozen boys are there now. Your mother will never know it, and she won't care if she does."

"Well, I shall not go without her permission," said Willie, in a resolute manner. Mr. Blakely, who overheard him, said it was one of the noblest replies he ever heard a boy make.

"Fie on your mother!" responded Tom. "Before I would be tied to my mother's apron strings! I should like to see myself asking mother to go to the pond. You are a smart fellow. I wouldn't be such a coward!" And away Tom scampered to the pond, while Willie sung out at the top of his voice,

"I am not so much of a coward as to be afraid to do right."

Mr. Blakely, who also heard this last remark, which was better than all, could not help commending Willie for his noble stand.

"That is it, Willie," said he, "they are cowards who are afraid of the scorn and ridicule of their companions, and who disobey their parents rather than encounter such things. Tom is the real coward, and you are the brave ad. It doesn't require much courage to do wrong; but it often does a great deal to do right."

CULLED FLOWERS.

"IN A MINUTE."

WHAT do you think Johnny's birthday present was? A wheelbarrow. He was six years old. And how rich he felt. "Now I can wheel mother's dinner home from market," he said, "and I can help father, and do ever so many things." That is right. It is so pleasant to do little services for others, especially for our parents.

For two days he often asked, "Mother, what can I wheel for you? But she had nothing to be wheeled, and so she said,

"Thank you, Johnny; by and by I shall have something for you to do." Johnny wished it was now, and not by and by.

About four days after, Johnny and his barrow, and some boys, were down by the frog-pond at play. And what do you think they were wheeling? Four mud turtles which one of the boys found in the swamp. I do not know how much pleasure it gave the turtles, for they could not laugh and talk about it, but the boys had good fun.

In a little while Johnny's mother called him. He heard her call the first time, and the second, but he was too busy to mind it. His sister then came o find him.

"Johnny, mother wants you to go down street and being home some fish."

"Don't want to," answered he.

"Yes, but mother wants you to," said his sister.

"I'm taking my turtles to ride, and I can't," cried Johnny, "I don't want to."

"Come," cried his sister.

"In a minute," screamed Johnny.

How long do you suppose that minute was? It was nearly half an hour, and might have been a great deal longer, only that he pitched into the mud; over went Johnny, wheelbarrow and all. "O, dear, dear," he cried, picking himself up and looking at his dirty clothes. *Now* he thought of mother. He could run to her fast enough, now that he had need of her help, but he could not go when she needed his. O, the selfish little boy. His conscience smote him. He was loth to show himself; but go home he must, for who would take care of such a pitiful looking child but mother?

Home he trudged, leaving the boys to fetch his barrow. It was a sober walk. "O dear," he cried, coming into the kitchen; indeed, he was almost ready to cry, partly from the mud, but most for fear of what his mother would say. She heard him and turned round.

"You dirty boy, go away," cried his aunt.

"Come here, my child," cried his mother. Ah, that is mother; she is always ready to receive her child however sad his plight. The mother took her boy, washed him, undressed him and dressed him again in clean clothes. She did not talk much, but she was very kind and very sad too. Ah, she did not begrudge serving him. Johnny felt her kindness, and more and more he felt his own disobedience.

"Mother," at last he said, "I am going to kill my turtles."

"Why?" asked she.

"Because," cried Johnny, "because they would not let me go down street for you."

"Did the poor turtles beg you not to mind mother?" she asked.

"Not in so many words," answered Johnny, slowly; "but they seemed to say 'Stay, stay a minute.'"

"And do you think it was the poor little turtles that said that?" asked his mother seriously.

Johnny hung down his head, as well he might, trying to throw the blame of his disobedience on the turtles, and not where it properly belonged, on his own naughty will. Adam and Eve did just so when they did not mind God in the garden of Eden. Eve said it was the serpent who made her do wrong. Adam said it was Eve who made him do wrong. You see wrong-doing is always cowardly, trying to make excuses, and throwing the blame upon somebody else. Is it not mean?

"Do you really think," asked Johnny's mother again, "that the poor little turtles are to blame for your not coming when mother called you? Do *they* deserve to be punished?"

"No," cried Johnny, finding it hard to stand his mother's look; "no, it was only I, naughty I. It was I that said Stay, stay; and, mother, God punish-

ed me; he pitched me into the mud; and you made me feel bad, you were so kind;" and tears streamed down Johnny's cheeks. "Do let me go down street now for you, mother, do."

But his mother no longer needed the little service which he had begrudged her. The fish had come up. "Send me on some other errand," pleaded Johnny. But she had nothing now for him to do. And for all that day, and for many days after, a sorrowful shadow rested upon the child's heart, for that lost opportunity of serving his dear, dear mother.

Don't you think he minded her very quickly next time?

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A is for ADDER,
That lives in the cup,
The drunkard don't see it,
And so drinks it up.

B is for BOTTLE,
Mark "Poison!" thereon,
Touch, taste not, nor handle,
Or you'll be undone.

C is for CIDER,
To drink it is wrong,
Though at first very weak,
It is soon very strong.

D is for DRUNKARD,
Just look at his nose!
How red are his eyes,
And how dirty his clothes.

E is for EVENING,
When he goes out to drink
What he knows does him harm,
If he only would think.

F is for FOUNTAIN,
So merry and clear;
Who only drinks water,
Has nothing to fear.

G is for GIN,
That makes people lazy;
Then cross to their wives,
And finally, crazy.

I is for INN,
Like a rat-trap, no doubt;
When once you get in,
It is hard to get out.

J is for JAIL,
Where the Drunkard is kept,
Till the fumes of his liquor
Away he has slept.

K is for KNOWLEDGE,
Of which little remains,
When he puts in his mouth
What runs off with his brains.

L is for LIQUORS,
Whatever the name,
The taste, or the color,
They all are the same.

M is for MONKEY,
Who, wiser than man,
If you once make him drunk,
You can't do it again.

N is for NOAH,
Who planted the vine,
And how sad is the warning!
Got drunk upon wine.

O is for ORPHAN,
Of which thousands are made
Every month in the year,
By the rum-seller's trade.

P is for PLEDGE,
All good children should take;
If you can't sign your name,
Your marks you should make.

Q is for QUARREL;
Look sharp and you'll find,
In most every quarrel,
There's liquor behind.

R is for RUN,
And for RUMSELLER too;
With one or the other
Have nothing to do.

S is for SNOW,
Where the poor drunkard lies,
Overcome by the liquor
And freezes and dies.

T is for TIPPLER,
Who grows worse and worse,
Till he finds to his sorrow,
Not a cent in his purse.

U is for UNION,
In union there's strength,
With the young and the old,
We shall conquer at length.

V is for VICTIM,
Who staggered around,
Till he fell in the river,
Where of course he was drowned

X is for XERXES,
A great army had he;
But the army of Alcohol
Is larger to see.

Y is for YOUTH,
Darling youth, O beware,
Lest the love of strong drink
Should thee also ensnare.

Z is for ZEALOUS,
Which I hope you'll all be,
Till from whiskey's dominion
Our country is free.

TOBACCO MONEY.

A missionary was travelling in the State of Kentucky, not long since. In the town of G — he stopped to preach to the people about the condition of the heathen. There was one gentleman who seemed to listen with deep attention. You might see from his countenance that he felt deeply interested in the subject. As the missionary described the deplorable state of the heathen, you might see him fetch a deep sigh, and now and then a big tear would come rolling down his manly cheek. It was cheering to the missionary to see at least one man who sympathised thus with the poor heathen.

After a while the missionary began to tell what ought to be done for these poor, miserable people; that a great many more teachers were needed to instruct them; that more money was required to support schools and print Bibles for them. Some of the people now began to cough a little, and look rather fidgetty; they were alarmed for their purses, lest they should be called upon to give something. But not so with Mr. E —; he still listened very closely, and looked as if he would not be frightened even if a collection should be called for. The missionary told them what the children were doing in some places; that some were even denying themselves coffee and sugar, and such things, in order to have something to give. This gentleman hearing this, dropped his head a moment, and seemed lost in thought. Directly he plucked something from his mouth, and cast it under the stove that stood near him. At the close of the service he came up and cast a five dollar bill on the table. "There," said he, is my tobacco money. If the children can deny themselves coffee, &c., for the sake of the heathen, I am resolved to spend no more for tobacco. From this hour I am determined never to taste it. I threw out a quid while you were speaking; and that, I intend, shall be my last." — *Foreign Missionary.*

SWARM OF B'S.

"B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
 B wise as a Solon, B mock as a child;
 B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
 B sure you make matter subservient to mind,
 B cautious, B prudent, B trustful be true,
 B courteous with all men, B friendly with few,
 B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine,
 B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
 B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
 B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
 B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
 B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
 B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
 B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
 B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
 B dependent, be Christ-like, and you will B secure,"

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF JOHN W. HAWKINS. Compiled by his son, Rev. Wm. George Hawkins. A. M. Boston : John P. Jewitt and Co. 12 mo., 433 pp.

Mr. Hawkins was a remarkable man, and he will be known on the page of history for his self-denying labors, and large philanthropy, when the laurels of ambitious warriors have faded away. He had a heart that was large by nature, but made much larger by grace, in consequence of which his efforts in the Temperance cause were characterized by high religious principle, and the noblest Christian zeal. He was a true and gifted hero in the work to which his energies were consecrated, after his reformation, and the annals of the past contain few achievements, that are more enviable than those he wrought. Others may have performed more brilliant deeds, but none have laid the poor and needy, the degraded and fallen sons and daughters of humanity, under a larger debt of gratitude than he. He was the means, in the hand of Providence, of reclaiming thousands from their cups, and restoring them to sobriety and usefulness, of filling the hearts of desponding wives and mothers with joy and gladness, and of bearing light and hope to a host of blighted homes. How many there will be in the great day of account to rise up and call him blessed !

We hail the biography of this good man with pleasure. We have perused it with delight. It is full of thrilling incidents, and glorious victories. It is the life not only of an indefatigable toiler in the Temperance reform, but the life of a true man, and whole-hearted Christian. It is illustrative of the power of divine grace, and beautifully exhibits the spirit of disinterested benevolence. Such a life will do good wherever it is read, and it ought to be read at every fireside in the land. It will show the reader how much may be accomplished by energy and perseverance, when they are imbued with the spirit of Christ-like charity. The volume is a powerful pleader for the cause of Temperance. As such the friends of the cause in every town should labor to have it circulated and read. In this way, the noble, eloquent, high-minded advocate of Temperance will continue to speak, though dead. In the next issue of the magazine we shall give some of the deeply interesting incidents which the volume contains.

BOYS, AND GIRLS, OWN MAGAZINE, Jan. 1859. This is the first number of a new monthly for the young, published by Wm. M. Jones, of New York, 152 Sixth Avenue. It appears well, and is filled with readable matter.

We have received another package of Anti-Tobacco Tracts from Rev. G. Trask, of Fitchburg. They are as follows — “The Street Smoker,” — “A Word to Wives, Mothers, and Sisters on the Evils of Tobacco” — “A Christian Selling Tobacco” — “Rum and Tobacco,” &c., these are all pointed, practical tracts, as the titles indicate. We fully endorse the sentiments which they contain. Tobacco prevents us having many happy homes, and we wish Mr. Trask would produce a tract directly on this subject. Mr. T. has published

quite a list of anti-tobacco tracts, all of which can be had at Fitchburg, Mass. Persons can do much good by procuring them for circulation. A dollar will obtain several hundred pages. Address Rev. G. Trask, Fitchburg, Mass.

WRECKS AND RESCUES. By an early member of the Board of Managers of the Am. Female Guardian Society. Revised by the Publishing Committee.

This volume contains about twenty touching and thrilling narratives "gathered from many cases of like character, found in various departments of the work of the American Female Guardian Society, during the twenty-five years of its existence." These narratives are true to the letter, and the reader will say that "Truth is stranger than fiction." We commend the volume for its intrinsic value, and also because the profits of its sale will be devoted to the support of this noble institution — The A. F. G. S.

HOME WHISPERS TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES, By Melvin. Published by the same Society.

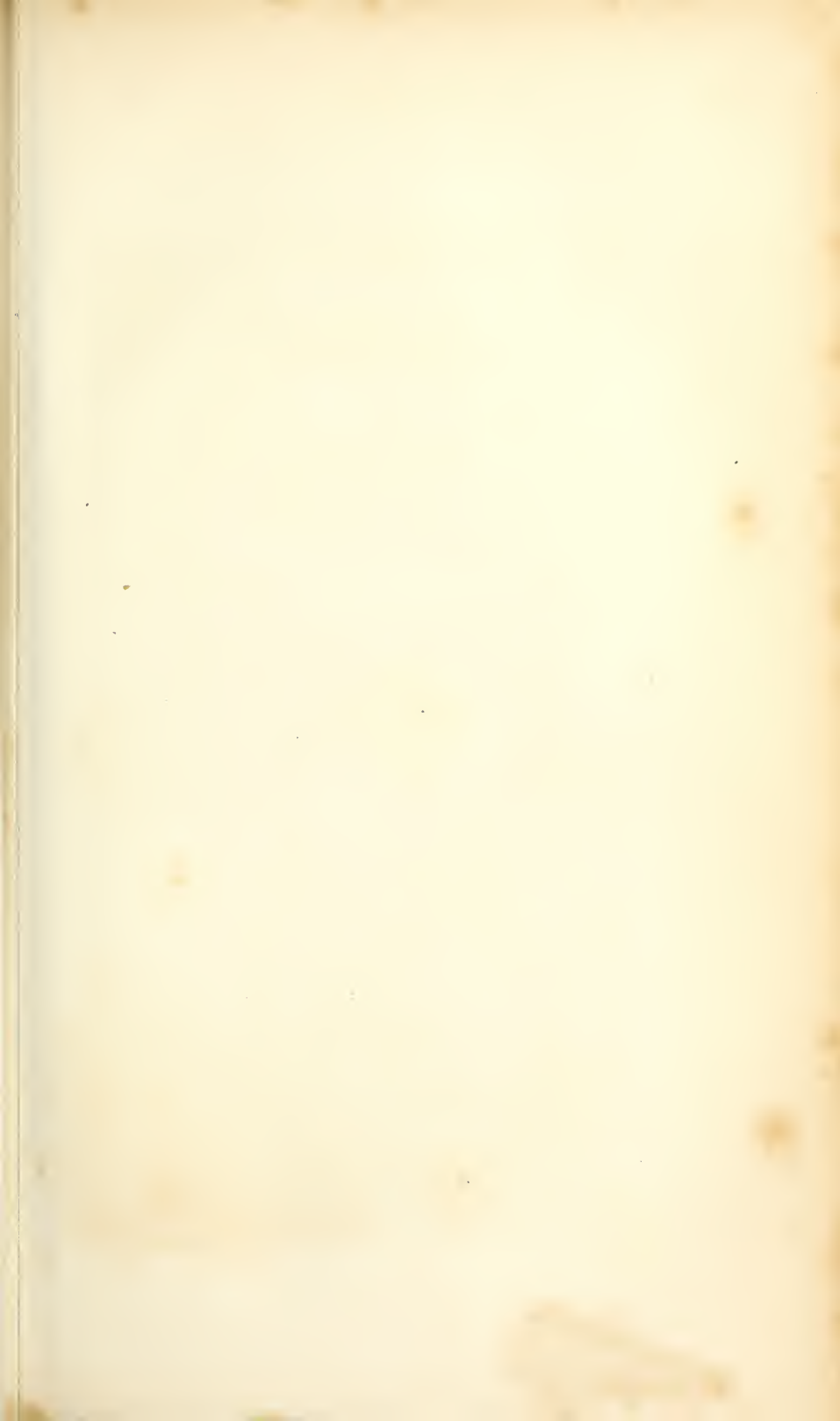
This is a volume of excellent counsels, originally published in the columns of the "Advocate and Guardian." We are glad that the managers of this excellent Society have put them into this permanent form. A copy of the book ought to find its way to every hearthstone, and leave there the friendly lesson which it contains. We trust that the sale of these two books will be so large as to bring thousands into the treasury of this institution.

BIBLEOTHEA SACRA AND BIBLICAL DEPOSITORY. Edwards A. Parks and S. H. Taylor Editors. Jan. 1859. This quarterly, as usual, is filled with valuable articles. This number contains seven articles, viz. 1. Jewish Sacrifices. 2. Early Editors of Authorized Versions of the Bible. 3. Was Peter at Rome, and the Bishop of the Church of Rome? 4. Demonology of the New Testament. 5. Latin Lexicography. 6. David Tappan Stoddard. 7. Hymnology. Also notices of important publications.

PETERSON'S PHILADELPHIA COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR AND BANK NOTE LIST, Jan. 1859. Very valuable to business men, and all who handle money. It is a quarto of 48 pages.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED. — "Luke 2: 51, Filial Obedience of Christ" — "The Downward Course of Sin" — "Plea for the Aged" — "Domestic Duties" — "Omniscience" — "Catherine Howard 5th, Queen of Henry 8th" — "Hymn for the Little Ones at Home." — "Am I His, or Am I Not?" — "The Fairest Leaf" — "Home Influence" — "An Infant School Festival in 1858" — "A Letter from Port Royal" — "Amusements" — "Childrens' Faces" — "Nervous Women" — "A Child is Born" — "The Words we Speak" — "What Shall be Done with the Boys?" — "Indulgent Parents" — "Reproving Children" — "Lines Addressed to a Flower" — "The Bible and Home" — "The Wanderer Returned" — "Excursion on Lake Winnipiseogee" — "Aunt Rachel" — "The Little Captive Maiden," — "Katherine Parr, 6th Queen to Henry 8th" — "Search for Wives" — "Lessons of the Street."







LA REINE



SPRING IS COMING.

POETRY BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

MUSIC BY L. H. SOUTHARD.

Very Spirited.

1. Spring is coming! spring is coming!

The first system of music features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

O - ver hill and o - ver plain; List, the bu - sy

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a half note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

wild bee's humming, Joy - ous spring has come again.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a half note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

2. Vio-lets in her white hand bear - ing, With her step and

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a half note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

SPRING IS COMING.

brow se - rene, Ros - es round her forehead wearing,

Comes spring's fair and ra - - - - - diant queen.

3

And the crystal brook is singing
Gaily by the cottage door;
And the wild wood flowers are springing
In the forest old and hoar.

4

Hear the song of birds, ascending
With the foamy torrent's roar,
In one joyous anthem blending;
Winter's gloomy reign is o'er

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XVI.

BROTHERS AT VARIANCE.

EDITORIAL.

The difficulty between Jacob and Esau, the two sons of Isaac, was of a very serious nature. Although it was created in a brief time, it was not settled for almost twenty years. It is often true that animosities which are begotten in a single hour last through a score of years. This is particularly true of "family quarrels," which are said to be the most bitter. It is a painful admission to make, yet facts warrant it. The reader can probably testify that some of the most unpleasant scenes that have been enacted, within the scope of his observation, belong to the family. How often brothers live at variance! How vindictive, sometimes, is the spirit which they exhibit! Is it not a singular fact, that the first murder was perpetrated by a brother? Cain slew his brother Abel; and surely that must be no ordinary hatred or malice that visits such diabolical vengeance upon a kinsman. That of Esau would have been no less malignant, if Jacob had not escaped to another land. He had murder in his heart. He resolved to slay his brother. Nor did his anger cool after the lapse of many years; for, when Jacob had concluded his long stay in Padan-aram, and was returning to his native land, Esau came out against him with four hundred men. It was nothing but the interposition of God that prevented a bloody deed; and Jacob acknowledged the hand of the Lord in preserving his life, and his heart was filled with gratitude and praise. Some portions of this sad affair is recorded as follows:—

"And Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him: and Esau said in his heart, The days of mourning for my father are at hand; then will I slay my brother Jacob. And these words of Esau her elder son were told to Rebekah; and she sent and called Jacob her younger son, and said unto him. Behold thy brother Esau, as touching thee, doth comfort himself, purposing to kill thee. Now therefore, my son, obey my

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

voice, and arise, flee thou to Laban, my brother, to Haran; And tarry with him a few days, until thy brother's fury turn away: Until thy brothers's anger turn away from thee, and he forget that which thou hast done to him; then I will send, and fetch thee from thence; why should I be deprived also of you both in one day? . . . Then Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the East . . . And it came to pass, when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob—his sister's son, that he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, and brought him to his house. . . . Then Jacob rose up, and set his sons and his wives upon camels; And he carried away all his cattle, and all his goods which he had gotten, the cattle of his getting, which he had gotten in Padan-aram, for to go to Isaac his father in the land of Canaan. . . . And Jacob lifted up his eyes, and looked, and, behold, Esau came, and with him four hundred men. And he divided the children unto Leah, and unto Rachel, and unto the two handmaids. And he put the handmaids and their children foremost, and Leah and her children after, and Rachel and Joseph hindermost. And he passed over before them, and bowed himself to the ground seven times, until he came near to his brother. And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him, and they wept."

This happy termination of their quarrel is represented in the engraving. There we see Jacob with his family divided as above described, and the four hundred men of Esau, while the two brothers have advanced to meet and embrace each other. Unexpected and beautiful close of a painful separation! What a pleasing contrast with the bitterness that almost made Esau a murderer! A kiss instead of a blow! A fond embrace, instead of plunging a sword into his heart!

It is important to know the cause of the alienation between these two brothers. This is learned from the sacred narrative, which reveals to us that Esau sold his birth-right to Jacob for a mess of pottage. The latter was in the habit of preparing a dish from a sort of pulse, boiled and stewed with oil and garlic; and this was called "red pottage." One day, when Esau, who was a "cunning hunter," came in faint and hungry, from the fields, his appetite craved this savory dish which Jacob had cooked. The latter proposed to gratify him if he would sell him his birth-right. It is probable that they conversed upon the subject before, and

perhaps Esau had expressed a reckless disregard of it. He was such a person as would be likely to undervalue the birth-right, which includes, as Scott says, "The special blessings covenanted to Abraham and his posterity ; not only in respect of the land of Canaan, but also in respect of the Messiah, who would arise from among them, and all the religious advantages connected with this distinction. These blessings, Jacob as a believer supremely valued ; but unbelieving Esau despised." Some have supposed that it included, also, a double portion of the father's property ; but Scott thinks it did not.

Be that as it may, however, Esau, being the eldest, was entitled to it, so that he claimed the right of selling it as he pleased. The bargain was struck when he seems to have been half famished ; and this was the beginning of trouble. True, Esau did not refer to the sale of his birth-right, as indicating any evil on the part of Jacob, until after the latter fraudulently secured his father's blessing. Nor can we see how he could be more blameworthy than Esau in the transaction. But when Jacob disguised himself, and went to his blind old father's death-bed, in order to deceive him, and secure his benediction, then the wrath of Esau was kindled. He reverted to the purchase of the birth-right, blaming his brother for buying what he himself was willing to sell. Most of all he hated him for deceitfully sharing his father's final blessing. What this blessing was may be learned from the words of Isaac :—" God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine. Let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee ; be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee : Cursed be everyone that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee." Perhaps Esau thought he retained this blessing when he sold his birth-right, and perhaps this was not included in that. At any rate, he considered that his brother wrested it from him by gross dishonesty. Here the alienation began in earnest. Hence, whatever precise things were included in the "birth-right," and the "blessing," the PATERNAL INHERITANCE was the occasion of the strife.

It is so at the present day. There is no more frequent cause of rupture in families, setting brother against brother, if not involving sisters in the difficulty, than the inheritance of property, or whatever is embraced in the paternal legacy. Some of the most vio-

lent hostilities have had their origin here. Branches of the same family have been separated in consequence, so that even the ordinary courtesies of social life have ceased between them, as if the blood of kindred did not flow in their veins. They have discontinued the interchange of friendly visits, and even refused to express signs of recognition in the street. The tongue has been unloosed to utter biting words, so that between lips that ought to have distilled the sweets of affection, the burning language of censure and hate has issued. The civil law, too, has been called into requisition, and long and tedious prosecutions have followed between those who ought to be ashamed to sacrifice brotherly affection for filthy lucre. At this moment, there is more than one case of this kind pending in the courts of our commonwealth.

Let the reader refer to his own memory, or glance his eye around upon the community, to see what facts will appear in regard to this matter. Perhaps he will discover some things like the following, which now come to our own mind.

A father's youngest son lived with him, and managed his agricultural affairs, while other sons resided in other places, occupied in different pursuits. It was quite natural for the father to become particularly interested in the youngest son, who was with him all the time to relieve him of care. Perhaps it was natural for said son to expect that his father would express his gratitude by bestowing upon him a large share of his property when he died. He might have attended more closely to the wants of his aged parent, because he had "the loaves and fishes" in view; and rumor said that he did. The time came for the old man to die, when it appeared that his youngest son was made the recipient of nearly all his large estate. Some very small legacies, just to satisfy the demands of the law, were distributed among the other children, several of whom were more needy than the fortunate heir. The "last will and testament" of the *unnatural* father, as many called him, became the subject of general conversation in town. The older sons were enraged with the younger, and charged him with taking advantage of the father's infirmities to secure the property. Upon this ground they proceeded to break the will, and a long, though vain struggle followed in the law. Suffice to say, that brotherly affection was buried in the contest beyond the hope of a resurrection.

The first error, in this case, was probably committed by the

younger son, who took advantage of his more intimate relations with his father to secure the property. His love of money rose superior to his brotherly affection. Had he been actuated by sincere regard for the other members of the family, as he ought to have been, he would have had no desire to rob them of their just portion of the paternal inheritance. He was wanting in genuine brotherly love. Then, too, it would have been better for his brothers, when they found what he had done, to make the best of it, instead of publishing it abroad through the court. This would have been more honorable to the relation which they sustained to him in the family. It would have been more creditable to them, and saved the world one extremely unhappy scene.

In another instance, a father, at death, willed his property to his children, as he thought their circumstances required. To some he gave more than to others, because they had not prospered so much pecuniarily; and the neighbors considered it just. But the recipients of the smaller portions, although scarcely needing more than they had accumulated themselves, were aggrieved that the distribution was not equal. Their dissatisfaction grew into undisguised animosity, and the harmony of the family was broken forever. Here the wrong lay with those prosperous brothers who had no need of the smallest share of the father's property. True fraternal affection would have caused them to acquiesce in the distribution, thankful that brothers and sisters more needy than themselves had received this timely aid.

In still another case, there was a desire among several children to possess certain articles of furniture, that were highly valued because they were the relics of departed parents. There was no will to decide their distribution, but the poorest son claimed them, partly on account of his need, but more because his father verbally promised them to him. The affair resulted in alienation and discord over the mementoes of beloved parents, who were called to their reward. In the trouble that followed, the grave of the deceased father was quite neglected, and remained inexcusably long without a stone to show whose dust was there.

Almost every village will disclose one or more examples of kindred character. Strange as it may seem, they sometimes occur when we least expect it. But whenever and wherever they transpire, we may discover somewhat of that want of affection, and that unbrotherly management, which occasioned the difficulty be-

tween Esau and Jacob. There was no need of trouble between them. If each had been actuated by a tolerable regard for the other's good, the difficulty might have been avoided, and one dark record against human nature been dropped from sacred writ.

Contrast with the spirit of either of these erring brothers that of Joseph under the most trying provocations. If ever a brother had reason to oppose and hate his kindred, it was Joseph. Greater injuries could scarcely be inflicted upon another. At first siezed, when performing an errand of kindness, by his brothers, who intended to take his life, then plunged into a deep, dismal pit to die ; and last of all sold into hopeless bondage, to serve as a despised and down-trodden slave. It is impossible to depict his sufferings through those weary years of lonely servitude. Yet how faithful he continued as a brother ! We have yet to learn that he ever indulged revengeful feelings, or was unwilling to forgive. The happy termination of the sad and mournful tragedy proves, that all the cruelties experienced did not obliterate true fraternal love from his heart. He was ready to forgive and forget—to receive and bless his guilty brothers.

The reconciliation of Jacob and Esau, as represented in the engraving, is quite enough to exhibit the beauty of fraternal love. Let those who may cherish any feelings inconsistent with brotherly affection, contemplate this lovely scene—reconciliation. Could any act be more appropriate on the part of either ? Could any appeal more forcibly to our admiration ? The ugliness of former hostility is almost lost in the beauty of this pleasant result. Each strives to outdo the other in concessions ; and while the one is anxious to bestow a munificent present, the other is quite averse to receiving it lest the giver should be impoverished thereby. Now each is willing that the other should have all he has amassed, and more too. All grasping, coveting, and overreaching, are put far away, in the exercise of a forgiving temper. What a charming picture ! “ Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon his beard, even Aaron's beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garment ; as the dew of Hermon and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion ; for there the Lord commanded the blessing ; even life forevermore.”

BROTHERS AT VARIANCE.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

How sweetly doth unity always in youth
 The lives of fond brothers adorn !
 A brother, is said in the Scripture of Truth,
 To be for adversity born,
 And brotherly kindness is none the less fair
 When blessings are showered from above,
 Or time gilds *their* temples with silvery hair,
 Whose hearts glow with brotherly love.

But sad is the spectacle, painful and sad,
 When brother to brother opposed,
 Each heart at his brother's misfortunes is glad,
 And smiles when his faults are exposed.
 When envy and jealousy, hatred and scorn,
 Have sundered each natural tie,
 And *they* become aliens, who, brothers were born—
 And, meeting, pass silently by.

The same mother's breast nourished Abel and Cain,
 Both sat on the same father's knee,
 Yet filled were the hearts of their parents with pain,
 Cain's hatred of Abel to see ;
 His own works were evil, his brother's were good,
 Hence, out of sheer jealousy grew,
 Resentment, Revenge, and it thirsted for blood,
 Till Abel, Cain wickedly slew.

Thus, Esau and Jacob, twin brothers were they ;
 But Jacob, I speak to his shame,
 By stealth, stole the birthright of Esau away,
 And Esau his foeman became.
 Relentless, his brother he sternly pursued,
 From home he compelled him to flee,
 And out of these wrongs sprung a family feud,
 The saddest on record to see.

Of brothers at variance, scarce can the muse
 Find courage to warble a lay,
 Yet must, since she cannot her service refuse,
 In Proverbs, with Solomon say,
 "*A brother offended, is hard to be won,*"
 Their obstinate passions are strong,
 "*Their contest, like bars to a castle,*" of stone,
 Each thinking the other is wrong.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE BOYS?

BY REV. JOSHUA T. TUCKER.

"We have no great concern about the *girls*, (says many a careful mother ;) plenty of domestic tasks to keep them busy after school days are over, besides the lighter employments to which they take so naturally ; and then girls get along, for some reason, so much more easily than others—we'll venture them. But what shall we do with these boys of ours ?"

The inquiry is a pressing one, for *these boys of ours* will not be boys a great while, as jackets growing curiously short about the waist, and pants creeping up towards the knee, begin to make visible demonstration. And then, mamma is almost startled out of her propriety by now and then a speech from her dear baby-son to the intent that "Will Brown is going to have a stand-up collar and a real coat next fall, and I am almost as big as he is." "Is it possible," mused the still youthful mother, "that my little Frank is getting to be a stout lad ? What shall I do with him ; what kind of business shall I put him to in a few more years ?"

A difficult question undeniably. But, just here it may be worth asking—"why so practically difficult ?" If I am not mistaken, for *this*, to a great degree, that parents have many ideas concerning the future social position of their children, and particularly of their sons. Parental ambition often miscalculates as to what is desirable and probably attainable by those whom it is training for life. Hence, its overstrained wishes and efforts show additional perplexities around a subject which has enough difficulties of its own.

It is trite to say that the aim of education should not be vanity but usefulness. If there were no other reason of this, it should be sufficient to reflect, that while any one with a right culture can do some good in the world, the chance of any person's making much of a show or individual sensation among the million competitors for this, is infinitessimally small. Even if a beardless youth, with more self-reliance than self-understanding, should, by dint of much anvil-work and patchwork, get up and get off a lecture, before a country lyceum, upon, "the History, Subjects, and Pleasures of Philosophy," it does not follow that he is therefore entered for the next Mercantile Library or Fraternity course, or is sure of an income for five years large enough to pay his tailor's bill. Edu-

cation must secure a good ground work in substantials, and never, save on this basis, attempt to raise a superstructure of ornamentals. I have known a great many prettily painted cottages, at the West, stilted up at the corners on posts, without cellar or underpinning; an arrangement by which the animals that were an abomination to the Jew, and the insects that are an intolerable plague to everybody, seemed only to be accommodated.

Speaking of the Jews, that old Hebrew custom was admirable, which put every boy to learn some trade or handicraft, before he was permitted to become a member of society. Christ conformed to the requisition to put honor upon toil, if not himself to derive advantage from its lessons. Paul had occasion to thank his parents for sending him to the tent-maker's shop, before he entered Gamaliel's learned school; a true principle to build your house before you furnish it, to secure a strong and practical physical basis of mental improvement. That method was full of common sense which prepared the man to fall back, at any time, upon mechanical labor for an independent support, if the resources of professional, or other occupation, should disappoint his hopes. It is just as full of wisdom now.

It may, however, be less practicable in our advanced civilization than at that period, although still pointing to a valuable, if somewhat vanishing idea. Invention in the useful arts has much lessened the field of mechanical labor as an individual reliance. Very many of our trades are monopolized by corporations, and thus are taken out from private competition. But false pride has done this much more effectually. And desire of sudden wealth has powerfully helped this, its natural ally.

The farm or the workshop will ordinarily furnish a fair and comfortable competency to a frugal industry. Much more than this can hardly be expected; and if true love reigns in the modest cottage or venerable old homestead, what beyond such an independence is really needed? Nothing, if one only reflects upon it in a manly or womanly way, and will not believe the silliness, that, to be happy and respected, it is necessary to empty one's purse every few months over a dry goods counter, or into the dress maker's or milliner's or upholsterer's money drawer. But that creed of folly unfortunately happens to be about the only catechism, which a large number of our parents and their children learn to have inwardly digested for outward exemplification.

The consequence is, a looking around for some more remunerative, and at the same time more genteel calling than shoving a plane, hammering a last, or holding a plough-handle. Hence, an almost numberless catalogue of ways and means to try to advance in life with unsoiled fingers and uncalled palms. And, in fact, if keeping one's hand in one's jacket, too lazy to pull them out even to snap off the ashes from the end of a bogus Havana, should make them soft, the hands of not a few of our young Americans ought to be as flaccid and pulpy as are their brains, which have never yet come out of the long vacation. It is melancholy, it is ominous to see so many of our lads verging to their majority without any definite, fixed, reliable means in view of supporting their own individual selves in an honest way; much less a family, which every young man should feel it his duty to do, in ordinary circumstances, within a reasonable time.

Professional life is a proper mark of ambition for those who have a taste and talent for it, and can reach it. But it involves severe labor for success; it is no idler's play; the social consideration it secures is in itself a poor object of toil; the remunerations of its services are, in general, neither rapid nor large. A considerable number of our young men will be wanted to fill the ranks of these classes in the community; but the tendency is to an over supply of at least two of them; and the *third* is not strengthened by every recruit who can thump a pulpit cushion. As a common rule, it is not best to urge boys into college, even if in easy pecuniary circumstances, unless they discover a decided aptitude for study. A graduate, who slides off from commencement day, into life without going into a profession because of too small an amount of personal force to grapple with its studies and practice, is apt to be spoiled for every other pursuit. He has been at college, and of course, cannot descend to ordinary work. The four years there consumed have taken up the time when he might have been taught some useful art. As the boy of seventeen, yet untaught his alphabet, is ashamed to go to the public school, so the collegian who learned nothing at the university, and knew nothing before he entered, is too old or proud to begin to acquire practical information. It is a pity to raise thus, at the price of a diploma which means nothing, what might have made a respectable mechanic or tradesman. Nor is the ruin prevented by merely thrusting a quack or a drone into sulkey, court room, or preacher's stand.

School teaching is an important, but hard occupation. No one should embark in it to be lifted into a more genteel and intellectual circle. Its successful prosecution pre-eminently demands a constitutional fondness for instruction, a natural or acquired tact at governing and stimulating mind. It affords fine opportunity of usefulness to such. But to undertake its tasks just to be "a master," and to be thought literary, is a very unworthy mark of attainment.

A few branches of artistic culture, as music, painting, designing, require a gradually increasing supply of pupils; but these are rather the side dishes than the substantial fare of life. Nor are they, in their best estates, very promising ways of sustenance, that too many of our boys should be devoted to their pursuits. It will do for some of them to drive around a photograph saloon, or to profess sweet sounds for a living whether vocal or instrumental. If one has a turn that way, a fine, a manly thing is an artist-architect's life, for which, it is to be hoped, an improving taste in building private and public edifices will make a much increased demand. But it will not do for parents to think that boys are all to carry portfolios, to be artists, professional men, or merchants. There is not room for this; not recompense enough; not natural talent enough of the requisite kind.

The main dependence must be found, to meet this demand—in agriculture, mechanical and manufacturing occupations. These are the indispensable employments of society, and must also be its chief labor in a healthful condition of the community. I think it is the duty of parents to select, with as much judgment as possible, a son's respective business, his aptitudes being consulted more than his transient wishes, and kindly to endeavor to shape his preferences towards that pursuit.

"But my boy wants to be a sailor," says some anxious mother, with the tear of apprehension trembling in her eye; "and I cannot persuade him out of it, nor consent to grant his strange propensity." *Strange?* I do not know about that. God made that glorious sea; it is full of beauty, power, life; somebody must dwell on it; noble spirits have; and all its voyagers are nearer, it always seemed to me, to the eye and care of the Viewless, Eternal Spirit, than any others. One would scarcely wish to encourage a child to become a sea faring man: but where that passion for salt water

exists, and years show that it does not lessen, it is far wiser for the parent not to oppose it, but to assist, with a hopeful, helpful spirit, to gratify it in a way to make it as safe to morals as possible. A boy of this roving, adventurous disposition, who stays on dry land with about the same pleasure that an eagle would feel in your poultry yard, should not be too strongly tempted, by parental objections, to run away from home that he may indulge his proclivity. That desperate step must be most painful to both parties. It often makes a hard boy irreclaimably harder. Many mothers and fathers have been sorry when too late, that they did not provide a good captain and ship for their son to make his trial trip, instead of allowing him to slip off from their reach with some, wild set of rovers to contaminate his morals and to utterly wreck his soul.

A word concerning the moral perils of the sea. With all its reckless wickedness, I am quite convinced, that, in fair circumstances, as on board our regular marine, and undermasters of average character, the risks are by no means so great, as to send a lad of seventeen or twenty to New York or Boston, to be tempted to theft and all manner of dissipation by theatres, gambling hells, and houses of assignation. The sea itself is a grand temple of elevating suggestion and devotion. Its silent waters lead to thought. Its boundless reaches remind of eternity and God. To be in port at the intervals of months cannot be so dangerous as to be within ten minutes walk of theatre alley every evening. There is many a worse place where a bold, spirited youth, might be than the deck of a round-the-world cruiser, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

A single further advice; whatever you do with your boy, do something substantial with him. Put him into contact with his fellow men, through some power of aiding the real progress of society by helping to supply its wants, physical, or spiritual. Do not make a mere *fancy* man of him, good for nothing but to soil kid gloves and pick up ladies handkerchiefs. If there be a righteous ground of offence to man and man's Maker, it is found in such a perversion of humanity.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

DEATH.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. P. S. J.

BY M. J. BISHOP.

Tell, angel, what is that called death?
 Through what domain, swift and weariless,
 Wings the undying soul? What is the mystery,
 Our being binds fast in its icy spell?
 Oh, bow your star-crowned heads, ye spirits bright;
 Ye, whom the righteous tenderly uphold!
 The guardians, doubtless, of the holy dead!
 And tell—if man may listen to the tale,
 Of bright immortal mansions—how they rise—
 How shines the pearly gate, the portal fair—
 When ope'd to call a weary pilgrim home.
 Oh! what is *Death*? We see it upon the marble brow,
 Where the long lashes droop in endless sleep,
 Where the thick tress untwines its heavy curl,
 And the young head that bears it meek and low,
 Rest, in a strange, still sleep—the sleep of death.
 Oh! what is *Death*—these cold and chiselled lips
 Sealed in unbroken silence—might they speak,
 And tell us of the home where Jesus lives,
 How would they lure us with the holy tale?
 These snowy hands folded as if in prayer!
 Say! What is the petition? *Silent* still?
 I gaze and wonder! long to pierce the veil
 That envious death hath dropped so thick, so full,
 Between my friend, and my sorrow-stricken heart.
 Affection bends again above thy form,
 And seeks one answering look in *vain*!
 Thou *will* not—*wouldst* not wake, from dreams of bliss
 Beautiful sleeper, rest; pillow thy head,
 Calm, still, and peaceful on the Saviour's love,
 Until—with angel shout of jubilee,
 The resurrection trumpet, loud and long,
 Shall usher in of life, the glorious morn.
 Come then, blest faith, with visions bright and clear,
 Pierce these dense mists, and roll these clouds away!
 With inspiration's bright celestial key,
 Turn back the wards of death! uplift the veil
 Which thy strong hand alone is nerved to bear,
 And open wide the realms of paradise!
 The clouds grow crimson *now*—and glories crowd
 Like night's rich galaxy—death's darksome sky.
 Gem'd with God's mercies, and flashing with His love,

Ringing salvation from its golden hinge,
 Turns at thy holy touch, and o'er it spans
 This high inscription, breath'd in Galilee,
 From the Redeemer's lips—"I am the way."
 The door I dreaded, is the gate of life!
 'Tis my Redeemer! 'Tis the mighty God!
 The way—the resurrection—and the life!
 The veil grows gauze-like—we can pierce it now,
 It hides the inner sanctuary of love.
 And drops its silken glory-fringed fold
 Before the holiest ark of endless joy.
 It screens a Saviour from his people's gaze!
 It just parts Jesus from his Orphaned Church,
 And hangs its soft and self-illuminated fold,
 Between my spirit and my Father's love.
 Faith! drop the curtain *now*, Oh, lift it not.
 It gently shades the high Shekinah beam,
 Of love omnipotent—and endless bliss!
 And drapery, wove by angel hands of heaven
 Waves light before our peaceful, palm-crowned homes.
 On yester-morn, the fold hung darkly there;
 At eve, it lifted! and the light streamed through,
 As by heralds led, to her reward—
 The meed of faith, and life-long charity,
 Our dear and gentle sister passed there away.
 Said I the light streamed through? it lingers yet,
 A silver radiance on the path we tread.
 And beckoning seraphs float on every ray,
 And lift the heart from the believers tomb
 To God, to Immortality and Heaven!

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A RAY OF LIGHT.

BY D.

Amid the leaves, the bright, bright leaves,
 Which summer in its gladness weaves,
 A ray of light comes stealing through,
 To glitter on the drops of dew;
 And earth grows bright as heaven serene
 Where e'er that ray of light is seen.
 And then the lowly, drooping flower
 Becomes fit guest for lady's bower;
 And smiles with beauteous eye to see,
 The gloomy night of darkness flee;
 And looks up with such loving eyes,
 As if it had hopes of kindred ties,
 Or Friendship's gifts, too rare a gem
 To grace a monarch's diadem.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH, &c.

NUMBER VIII.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, A.M., M.D.

Strange that man should be proud of dress—Indiscretion of parents in dressing children—Use of Flannel—Injury from cold—Care of the feet—Evil of compression on the body of a child—A wrong plan for managing weak muscles—Shoes and corns.

It is a natural inference from sacred history that if sin had not entered our world, we should have felt no need of clothing. But, since the period, when our common mother attempted to make clothes by sewing "fig leaves" together, and the Lord condescended to make our great ancestors garments of a more substantial fabric, composed "of skins," some kind of clothes have been worn among all civilized nations. Fancy and invention have had much to do, and vast sums have been expended upon the almost endless variety of clothes which have been devised, to supply the want made manifest to us by finding that we were naked? and this sense of nakedness is the result of wickedness.

Then, that we should be proud of gay clothing, and that it should receive honor and flattery, and commendation—that

"Well dressed, well equipaged, is
Title good enough to pass us readily through
Every door"—

when it is a covering for our shame, may well astonish a thinking and accountable being.

But, to our present purpose, which is to speak of the clothing or dress of children.

It has already been said (in a former paper) that tight compresses and pins should never be used in dressing infants. "Plenty of milk, plenty of air, and plenty of flannel," was the specific of the celebrated Doctor John Hunter, "for raising healthy children."

Flannel, unquestionably makes the best garment for an infant. When this is said the writer is aware that, there are those, and some of them, of no mean standing in the medical profession, who entertain a different opinion, and maintain that linen to be worn next to the skin is preferable to flannel. But he is, also, aware that this is an age in which doctors, not only sometimes disagree, but, also, one in which the opinion of the doctor is often

called in question, and when he is considered by no means infallible. Still, it is believed that the teaching of the great Hunter, upon this point, was correct, and flannel, where due attention is paid to cleanliness, is the best fabric for the infants' clothing to be worn on the surface. But the flannel to be worn next to the skin of an infant should be made of lamb's wool, or of that which is soft and fine; otherwise, it may injure the tender and irritable surface. A small part of the great mortality among children arises from cold. This evil is not confined to those whose parents are unable to furnish proper clothing for their children, but, it prevails, to a great extent, in families who are in affluence, and operates unperceived and unsuspected by them, because it is difficult from the feelings of parents to judge of the effect of cold upon children; and, also, because cold does not always manifest itself by uniform sensations. The child says, he does not feel cold; but still he may have an uneasiness, arising from it, by which his constitution becomes deteriorated, and he dies from some cause to the parents unknown; and, the reason why it is unknown is, because the injurious effects of cold do not always manifest themselves at the time, or immediately after, it is applied.

The folly and vanity of many parents in dressing their children baffles description. It chills the heart to see them in the street, on a March or December day, with cap and feathers, set upon, but not covering the head, like the present sized *bat-wing* bonnets of some of our fashionable ladies, the color and richness mournfully contrasting with the blue ears, sharp nose and shrunken cheeks, where cold depicts upon the countenance the features of starvation, and where the short cloak and shorter hose, expose between them the cracked and quivering knees—altogether, it is a sight that would call forth laughter, did not the distress of the poor sufferer excite commiseration. This may be called a “hardening” process; but, it is one quite too hard for ordinary children.

The child's clothing should be such as to protect it against the rigors of our climate.

The feet, especially, in cold and wet weather, should be clad with substantial stockings and shoes.

As to night-caps, the child, (and the adult too,) will do better

without, than with them, as a tendency to morbid excitement of the brain, which is strikingly characteristic of children will be increased by their use.

Two evils are avoided by not wearing the cap, first, the head is kept cooler, and second, the growth of the hair, is promoted by not being confined.

Boys should be scrupulously preserved from every thing partaking of the nature of the straight-jacket, and from tight trowsers and braces ; and girls from stays and corsets of all kinds. Serious injury has often been committed by the latter upon the organs of the chest and abdomen. The chest has been known to be completely altered in shape, and the lungs diminished in capacity, by constant pressure thus applied.

Derangement of the functions of respiration, circulation, and digestion, follow as natural consequences, and often have led to an early grave, or a debilitated constitution. Happy for our race, and more especially, for our females, this evil is not as prevalent now as it once was.

Nothing can be more deleterious to a young child, or to any child, than compression, as not the muscles, but the bones, also being in the gristle, may be made to grow into any, or out of all shape. We have a specimen of this, in the feet of a Chinese female. The writer has had a trying case of the same kind in a fine young lad, who at school was allowed to sit in a corner seat, where by leaning upon one elbow, the large bone of the shoulder became raised from its socket, and grew out of place, presenting a large protuberance upon the upper portion of the shoulder, while the socket became filled up with a fleshy and hard substance, thus preventing the return of the bone to its proper place, and totally destroying the use of the arm. This melancholy and irremediable affair was all accomplished in the short period of one year ; and, strange to say, the injury was not noticed, either by teacher or parents till it became irremediable.

No limb or part of the body can be kept in its place so effectually as by the use of the muscles, which the great "Former of our bodies" placed there for this very purpose ; and those good mothers and physicians, and surgeons, wholly mistake, when they attempt to improve upon the handy works of God, by making corsets, stays, trusses, spring-supporters, and the whole nameless

class of such paraphernalia, supply the work of human muscle. The whole effort should be directed to help, or make the muscles do their appropriate work.

Perhaps, in no instance among us is the rule of never compressing any portion of a child's body more frequently violated than in our common use of shoes. If these were made in the natural form of the foot, and properly adjusted to it, much suffering would be avoided, as corns and tumors upon the feet are almost always the result of tight, or ill-fitted shoes. No person can rightly claim compassion on account of corns, save the poor child upon whom they are entailed, either by the ignorance, or culpability, or both, of their parents or guardians.

THE DOWNWARD TENDENCY OF SIN.

NO. II.

BY REV. G. E. FISHER.

The downward course of sin *as a fact* has already been illustrated. But can no efficient check upon its course be found? Is there no power to arrest its progress? None, I undertake to show, apart from the spirit of God. Only the omnipotent Grace of the Holy Ghost can effectually stay this downward tendency.

We notice at this point, *the Nature and Power of Habit*. Habit is an appetite for the performance of certain actions, acquired by the frequent repetition of the same act. Habits of sin are more unyielding and influential than those of holiness, because they fall in so directly with the heart's bias to evil, and flow along so naturally with the current of its depravity. They are more readily acquired, and it costs a longer and a harder struggle to break from their hold. A single act of sin is somewhat like a single drop of water. It has but little force—it may be turned in any direction. But, multiply these water-drops, and they become a mighty, rushing, irresistible torrent. So with acts of sin. Sinful thought thrives with thought—sinful feeling flows into feeling—sinful act, runs into sinful act. Deeds which once and alone were performed only with hesitancy and shuddering, come to be done almost mechanically, “like some impulse of velocity, which, overbearing our powers of resistance, hurries us away.” One comes, at length, under a sort of *necessity* of sinning, and yet it is a *guilty* necessity—the more it is a neces-

sity, the more guilty it is. One deed of wrong makes another probable, is a motive and an encouragement to another, is an earnest of another, is a specimen seeking repetition and demanding consistency. Few but those who have had experience know how hard a thing it is to break away from the thralldom of custom—to cut loose from habit—to leave off practices in evil which long indulgence therein has confirmed and rendered *second nature* to the soul. The channel downward is cut so deep and worn so smooth, and the current has become so swift and strong, that no human power is sufficient to stay its progress. Oftentimes the sinner has so long worn the chains of custom in sin, that he comes even to clank his fetters with delight, and to love the bondage in which he groans and grinds.

Again. Only the Spirit of God can reach the source of sin. All other employed counteracting influences fail in this—that they do not reach and renovate *the heart*, which is the seat of all sin in the life. The regulations of civil society, for instance, cannot touch and purify this fountain of all evil. At most and at best they can only partially purify a few issuing streams. They cannot hinder from sinning, and from sinning worse and worse, a heart that is full of sin, and that will sin in one way if not in another, indulging itself privately if it cannot do it publicly. Effectually to check and change a course of sin, the very nature of the soul, which is in love and in league with sin, must be changed. And this is the distinctive work of the Spirit of God. Mere moral influences are no more efficient than civil checks and restraints, and so of all other conceivable influences aside from the Spirit. They do not strike at the root. They simply strip off a few leaves—at most they only break off a few branches, while the great trunk stands upright and strong, and the life-root goes down large and deep. Or, admitting that other counteracting influences have some effective force at the first, another consideration is,—

That they are all the while losing what little power they at first seemed to possess. The loud voice of remonstrance which they once raised, grows feeblér and fainter, and in no very long time dies in silence. Whatever restraints the civil power or moral forces temporarily impose, become weaker and more ineffectual, till they are scarcely recognized, much less regarded. Reason, which indicated the propriety, not to say the duty, of an upright course, and the impropriety, not to say the sin of the opposite, is

perverted. Conscience, which pointed out the way of right, and bade the sinner walk in it as the way to life—which also disclosed the way of wrong and warned him from it as the way to death,—which, when the right was not done, and when the wrong was perpetrated, was wont to drive down its sting deep into the soul starting it with terror and wringing it with agony—that conscience has been so often disregarded when it cried, and disobeyed when it commanded, and unheeded when it smote and stung, that its rectitude and its restraining power are alike gone.

And “every new triumph over conscience is connected with a new impulse in the career of unholiness, and the more unequivocal the dictates of conscience which have been silenced, the clearer and brighter the light of it which has been put out, the deeper the succeeding darkness, and the fewer and feebler the restraints to lawless desire, and the more rapid and fearful the development of the innate depravity of the human heart.”* So with the gospel. The sinner for a time listens and even trembles at the word, and he resolves to give heed to the truth and repent. But he delays, and meanwhile sins more and more, and when next the gospel call is sounded in his hearing, he is less susceptible to impression than before, and calls to which he once could listen only with alarm, and warnings under which he once quaked with terror, fall powerless upon his ear and heart.

THE LESSONS OF THE STREET.

BY MARY H. SAFFORD.

“I hear that William Gorham’s oldest son is getting to be very dissipated ;” said Mrs. Andrew Lewis to her friend Jane Holmes.

“What ! George Gorham ? I’m astonished ! The father and mother are very sensible people, and, as I have good reason to believe, Christians. You know we lived next door to them several years ago.”

“Yes, I remember. I wonder how old George Gorham is ?”

“Let me see,” said Mrs. Holmes, “I think he is three years older than my eldest son. That would make him twenty. Walter was quite intimate with him, when we were neighbors. And we liked the whole family. The daughters are very intelligent and agreeable girls. Do you know how George came to contract bad habits ? I hadn’t heard a word of it before.”

“I do not,” replied Mrs. Lewis, “but my husband says he has

* Dr. Erskine Mason.

been allowed to be in the streets in the evenings ever since he was a dozen years old. It isn't a very hard matter for boys to learn bad habits, if they can spend their evenings as they like."

"As they like? Why Ellen! Do you mean to say that you can make your boys stay at home evenings, if they don't choose to?"

"Certainly. And I am astonished that you, a mother, should ask. If my sons had their own way in that thing, I should tremble to think where it all might end. The lessons of the street will be more effectual than advice, entreaty, or commands when young lads get to be their own masters.

"I suppose it must be so," said Mrs. Holmes thoughtfully.— "But I cannot see how you manage it. For my part, I have enough to do to look after the housework and take care of Emma and Alice. I let Mr. Holmes take charge of the boys, and he prefers it."

"Does he let them go out every night?"

"Well, no. He don't quite like to have them out as much as they are, but they are never contented to sit down to a book like some children. Once in awhile, he makes them stay in, and you would be amused to hear the excuses they make to get off. I always dread those evenings. Mr. Holmes is usually out of humor, and he brings up all the faults they have been guilty of for weeks. Altogether we have a miserable time of it, and I am truly thankful when it is nine o'clock."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Lewis, "that is why your boys dislike to stay at home. They need encouragement at every step, I find, and when all their short comings are brought out together, they are apt to get discouraged."

"Quite likely," answered Mrs. Holmes. "But what we fail in, at our house, is a lack of uniformity in our regulations. I feel that keenly. If we have company, or anything comes up to break in upon our usual routine, the boys go out without so much as asking leave. This often goes on for a week or two, then Mr. Holmes will keep them in and scold them all the evening. I have said a great many times lately that I wished he would find out where the boys spent their evenings, if they must go out."

"That is a long step in the right direction," answered Ellen Lewis, "when you know where your children are. One of the most imperative of parents' duties, is to see that their children

are not under bad influences. Truly we always need something more than human strength and patience to do our duty by these little ones. Perhaps, Jane, you have read the story of the old man in prison who told a person that the bad things he learned in the *street*, brought him there? His mother died when he was a child, and his father was selfish, and so his boy did not trouble *him*—never cared what became of him. So the lovely child went into dark lanes and around where boys are always idle, for the sympathy, the companions, the love also, which his father denied him. He found them *all*. To be sure his friends were counted outcasts from society, they smoked, they drank, they learned even the innocent child to swear, but no one else cared for him. Oh! there is a great deal in that. From liking them, he grew up to be one of them, and he became a bad man. When he was an old man, with a white head, with dimmed eyes, and feeble steps, he was condemned to prison for life.”

The two friends sat a little time in silence then—both thought, what if my own son should come to such a fate? Mrs. Holmes with new emotions, asked something of the family of young Gorham.

“They are in great distress,” said Mrs. Lewis. “It is said the young man plays high, and is too fond of cards and wine. Does your Walter have much acquaintance with him now,” she went on in a hesitating tone. “I heard something which led me to that conclusion?”

“No, I think not, it cannot be,” said Mrs. Holmes hurriedly, while doubts began to come. “At least I have known nothing of it. I *hope* it isn’t so.”

“I hope not, Jane, but I spoke of it, as I would thank any one to do, if they saw or heard of one of my children going wrong.”

“Yes, and I thank you, Ellen. It is the truest kindness. But how do your boys pass their evenings?”

“Well, Henry generally has to study an hour, and then he reads a great deal. Then we often have friends in, and he is old enough now to take an interest and pleasure in society. Quite often he goes out with one of the girls to a lecture or concert, and we allow him to invite his friends to pass the evening with him occasionally. I take an interest in all these things and encourage them as much as possible. Edgar and Alvin never sit up after eight. I

provide them with books and games, and they 'have company,' as they call it sometimes. But above all, we try to make home a pleasant, happy place for them. I will always have bright lights, and bright fires where the boys are, and I will suffer no cross looks or cross words in the little circle."

"Really, Ellen, I should think the house would come down over your heads with three boys in one room, to say nothing of company."

"I should be sorry to admit that my boys were so rude and noisy as to endanger the roof," said Mrs. Lewis, smiling.

"But you have to give up a great deal to go on in that way with your boys."

"How you are mistaken, Jane ; I do not in reality give up anything. You and I both labor to bring up our children to be good, useful men and women, and we hope Christians, with God's blessing and aid. That is the highest aim we have, the best lot we could wish for them. Isn't it so ?"

"Why, yes, of course. But they are only children now and we cannot expect much of them. But I never should have any peace of my life with them all flying around me in the evening. That is the only time I get to rest. But I think very likely your boys are better, mine are never still."

"No, I do not imagine my boys are any better than other children ; and to go on with what I was saying, I look forward ten or twelve years, and ask myself, what sort of persons my children will be, with the training they have. Then I consider how I must go to work, with God's help, to bring them up to the right standard, that I must never by word or deed of mine weaken the respect they naturally have for me, or the influence I have over them. I must make the place where I am, *Home*, a charmed spot to them. Children are full of life, and open to every good influence ; they must have something to do ; if it is not work or innocent play, it will assuredly be mischief. So I conclude that it is better for me to take a lively interest in all their little joys and sorrows *now*, if I mean to take any pleasure in *them* hereafter."

"Then you have as much authority over your sons as your husband has," enquired Mrs. Holmes.

"Yes, for a mother's influence and a mother's counsels can never be supplied by any other person. I think parents should work

together in family government, and in moulding the characters of their children. Sometimes unmeaningly one parent weakens or destroys all authority in the other, by giving contrary commands, by allowing a child to coax them for some favor which the other had denied. On matters of importance, the father and mother should agree as to their mode of action, that entire harmony of opinion should appear to the child. And in other things children should never be suffered to appeal to one parent for that which the other forbids."

"It is a great trust, a great care to bring up little ones," sighed Mrs. Holmes. "So easy to do wrong—to fall into error."

"It is, indeed, a sacred and very responsible duty, but you know the text, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' It seems to me as if that was peculiarly applicable to the onerous, and often unforeseen trials which parents have to bear."

"But," said Mrs. Holmes, "the hardest thing of all is to know just *what* to do. I always look on the dark side, Ellen."

"Try to overcome *that* then. It will help you to do the rest; there is no light for the first step, you see?"

"And after that?"

"Pray for help, and trust Him to whom you pray. Do *your* duty, Jane, and it will all be right in the end."

THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELLL.

Thou hast woven the spell that bound me
Through all the changes of years;
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee
Have faded and melted in tears.
Like the poor wounded fawn from the mountain,
That seeks out the clear silver tide,
I have lingered in vain at the fountain
Of hope—with a shaft in my side!

Thou hast taught me, that Love's rosy fetters
A pang from the thorns may impart;
That the coinage of vows and of letters
Comes not from the mint of the heart.
Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
And warbles in bondage, her strain,
I have struggled to fly thy dominion,
But I find that the struggle is vain.

MORRIS.

KATHARINE HOWARD, FIFTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

BY S. E. HOMER.

"One sad loss stains a name for aye."

Katharine, fifth Queen to Henry, was a daughter of the lordly line of Howard, which, for its ambition, talents, and misfortunes, had for centuries been conspicuous in the annals of English history. In her veins the royal blood of France mingled with that of the Plantagenets.

She was born at Lambeth, in 1522; the daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, and granddaughter of the illustrious Duke of Norfolk. Early deprived of a mother's watchful care, and separated from her father by circumstances over which he had no control, she was by him entrusted to the care of the Duchess of Norfolk. This lady, wholly unmindful of her sacred charge, not only allowed her to associate with the servants, but to occupy at night the room appropriated to their use. She became the special charge of an abandoned woman, who in the capacity of nurse, was an inmate of her house.

When but a child, she was by this wretch involved in an intrigue with a low born musician, which on the testimony of this base woman, eventually sent her to the block. Not long after, she became again entangled in clandestine courtship. She was possessed of much vanity, and so destitute of the means for its gratification, that Francis Denham, a gentleman in waiting to the Duchess, taking advantage of her weak love of dress, supplied her purse, at the price of her hand. This crowning dishonor becoming known to the proud relatives of Katharine, the aspiring Denham was obliged to flee for his life, but not till the imprudent pair had once more exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. Lord Edmund Howard died soon after, without knowing the sins and sorrows of his young daughter. The departure of Denham for Ireland, where he pursued the vocation of pirate, removed from the path of Katharine all temptation to her youthful indiscretion, and from that time her conduct was marked by the strictest decorum. When the Flemish descendants of Queen Anna were dismissed, Katharine was appointed maid of honor to that amiable, but unloved Queen; and in that capacity first attracted the notice of the King.

But no such charges have ever been brought against Katharine,

as darkened the fair fame of a Boleyn and a Seymour under like circumstances ; on the contrary, it was her modest deportment which first won the admiration of the King. There is no reason to suppose that she desired that admiration, but was a passive political instrument, in the hands of her ambitious uncle, Duke of Norfolk. Her picture at this time, represents her as a beautiful blonde, still in her teens, "exquisitely graceful," but so unusually small as to be designated as "that very little girl." Although Katharine was a private gentlewoman, she was by noble descent the peer of the King.

No sooner did her proposed elevation become known, than those miserable beings who knew of her early frailties, flocked around her, demanding place and preferment ; and she helplessly yielded ; for had the ambitious schemes of her family allowed her to rid herself of these dangerous demands, by confessing her early life to the King, still the temptation to silence was a crown, which was as we may suppose to one of her taste irresistible. Henry having so early disposed of Anna, in a "very few days or hours it may be," married Katharine, whom he seems to have loved more entirely than either of her predecessors. His love so far influenced him, that when a few months after his marriage, a whisper of the Queen's early deviation from virtue met his ear, he passed it over with the admonition to the priest from whence it came, to "command his words."

The human vultures seemed gathering round their victim ; for the worthless nurse who led her infant feet astray, was now a personal attendant ; the seducer of her childish years was one of the royal musicians ; and worst of all, Denham, her affianced husband was her private secretary. That elevation must have seemed to the helpless Queen indeed a dizzy height, when she knew that from it, by one breath, her menials could hurl her to destruction ; and the cold splendor of her queenly state could poorly compensate for her torturing fear of treachery. Her relative, Lord Culpepper, knowing her early life, and seeing how desperately she was becoming entangled by these pitiless demands, sought and obtained an interview to warn her of danger ; which kind act was used to criminate the queen, and cost the noble friend his life. Katharine held her court with little display, and the royal pair passed a considerable part of their time in comparative retirement,

the queen still being guided by the advice of her uncle ; but as time passed on, and the King became more and more in love with his young queen, she, blinded by her influence over the King, and forgetting the graves of her predecessors, threw off the leading strings of her uncle's influence ; thus depriving herself of her most powerful friend.

England was at this time so nicely balanced between the Protestant and Catholic interests, that the weight of the King in either scale, decided the contested question ; and this exact division of the nation, gave Henry that desperate power by which he could with impunity disregard law and justice. As Henry had "repudiated a nominally Protestant queen" to give place to a Catholic successor, whose attractive person and sweet temper endeared her more and more to the King, her growing influence becoming apparent to all, she was watched with the greatest interest by the party most interested in her downfall, and to whom her early follies were but too well known, so faithlessly had that fiend in woman's shape, Mary Lassells, betrayed her. The Protestant party, "influenced doubtless by the Duke of Cleves, supposed that, could the unworthiness of the Queen be proved to Henry, Anna might be reinstated."

A Catholic insurrection occurring at this time, called down the vengeance of Henry upon the offending sect ; and as threatenings against the opposite party had recently issued from the same high source, the Protestant party felt that the time had come to venture all upon a single throw. Henry in his proud fondness for his queen, had ordered a form of public thanksgiving to be prepared, "thanking God for conferring upon him so loving, dutiful and virtuous a queen ;" but the day before it was to have been read, "Archbishop Cranmer put into the hand of the King, a paper containing an account of the youthful misconduct of the queen." Henry treated the whole as a base calumny, but in much perplexity, ordered an examination, to prevent as he said a breath of slander from touching the fair fame of his Queen.

The base woman whose evil influence so early sullied the fame of the motherless Katharine, and to whom the story was traced, being examined, gave evidence of the early life of the Queen. Denham was arrested on charge of piracy, but examined with reference to his connection with Katharine, and "he boldly

confessed the existence of a precontract, and as boldly denied the least intimacy since her marriage with the King."

When Henry was made acquainted with the result of the day's investigation he seemed broken-hearted ; and after in vain attempting to speak, his kingly dignity left him, and he wept like a child ; the next day he left the court, without even a message to the unfortunate Queen, who solemnly denied all charges brought against her. Her mental anguish, however, was so acute, as to throw her into fits so severe that her life was despaired of, which, when Henry heard, he sent her a false promise that if she would confess, her life should be spared. Nothing however could exceed the perverseness with which she denied the existence of the precontract with Denham, which alone could save her, for in those days of Catholicism, such engagements were recognized by the church as binding ; and if the existence of a precontract could be proved, it not only presented, while undissolved, an obstacle to the solemnization of matrimony between either of the parties and another person, but if such matrimony had been contracted, rendered it illegal. But with the characteristic firmness of a Howard, she chose to go to the block a Queen, rather than to live dethroned.

The severest torture could wring from Denham and Culpepper nothing but the most solemn protestations of the Queen's innocence, but her execution had now become a political necessity to the prosecuting party, and these two gentlemen, whose innocence of the charges against them was apparent, must die that the execution of the doomed Queen should not so glaringly seem murder. "Denham was drawn and quartered, and Culpepper was beheaded." The only one who could now help the Queen, was her uncle, Duke of Norfolk, who as first peer of England, "had the power of rising in the House of Lords, and demanding for his niece, the Queen of England, a fair trial." But Katharine, like her fair and reckless cousin Anna Boleyn, had spurned his trammels in the brief hour of her Queenly pride ; now, when the day of her adversity arrived, he not only abandoned her to her fate, but ranged himself on the side of her persecutors.

Katharine, now relying on the royal promise, was astounded on a rning that a bill of attainder against herself, had passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the royal signature, and that but two days were allowed her, in which to prepare for that higher

tribunal, where justice mingled with mercy will be meted out to all. Not the slightest proof of crime committed after the years of early childhood was ever found against her.

Without the privilege of a single word in her own defence, which in the impartial judgment of another generation might brighten the tarnished lustre of her name, solemnly denying to the last, even the thoughts of unfaithfulness to the King, in the twentieth year of her age, this innocent victim of party rancor met her fate, with courage and Christian resignation. Side by side, beneath the chapel of St. Peter's, the mangled remains of the Howard Queens, Anna, and Katharine, calmly repose, for

“After life's fitful fever they sleep well.”

MINISTERING ANGELS.

REV. BY JAMES BOGGS.

“Hark ! they whisper ! Angels say,
Sister, Spirit, come away ?”

Is the above mere poetry ? I presume that the theology of many would well nigh make it so. For, if I am not mistaken according to the opinions of many, no friendly warning—no suggestions of the right—no exhortations to flee from the wrath to come—no exceeding great and precious promises, are ever whispered to our inner man, except by the Holy Spirit. Angels have been visitants to our world ; they have ministered to the heirs of salvation ; but with the last inspired writer, they took their flight to their native heaven. Since then their visits have been “few and far between.” 'Tis true that they may hover around the death-bed of the saint, that they may carry his spirit, as they did Lazarus, into Abraham's bosom ; but in general, they are supposed to have little to do with the affairs of earth. Even Satan and his fallen hosts are divested of much of their former power and energy. They may still have the same malice ; but they are only the invisible suggestors of that which is wrong. They have long since quit many of their former modes of warfare. They are no longer roaring lions going about seeking whom they may devour. They are now only lurking, secret, wily serpents. Hence earth has well nigh ceased to be the great spiritual battle-field, which it once was. Indeed, the enlightened theology of some, dispenses with fallen spirits altogether.

It is a remarkable fact, that on a bed of death, the vail is some-

times so far rent, that the dying can see something of the spiritual and eternal world—can see angels or fiends hovering round, waiting to escort them home. Instances of such death-bed scenes are so frequent, that even Pope has introduced them into his “Dying Christian,” beckoning the happy soul away. A dying infidel once said, “I feel that my life has passed down from the brain to the ganglionic region of my hands and feet; I have no consciousness, but I see things which I never believed; there is another world.” So saying he expired. So undeniable are the facts, that the chamber of the dying Christian has come to be regarded as a privileged place, well nigh within precincts of heaven. There is also something peculiarly solemn and awful,—yes, sometimes extremely fearful, about the bed of the dying sinner—it seems to be very near hell. So true is this, that there have been instances in which no impenitent sinner could endure to be present. Oh, if they so fear the outer courts, how shall they be able to endure the place itself.

But is it only in the chamber of death, that angels are near us? Do they not visit us through life, or but rarely through life? When we wrestle with principalities, powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, and wicked spirits in high places, do we wrestle alone? or is He only with us who has said, “Lo, I am with you always”? No, no; they who will be with us in the last conflict, will be with us in all the conflicts by the way. They that are with us—they that are for us, are MORE, not merely mightier, but MORE, than they that are against us. “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?” Heb. 1: 14. “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” Has the promise failed? Have they ceased to encamp around about us? “For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.” Ps. 91: 11. Do two hosts of angels appear for Jacob’s deliverance, and will they leave us to the tender mercies of our most dreadful enemies? Was the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire around Elisha, and will they not protect us from enemies, which are far more fearful than the Syrians? Oh, have the many most precious promises failed us? No; I am fully persuaded, that notwithstanding they are invisible, they are as really present to us, as they were to Abraham, Jacob, Elisha and others. And we may as really

rest on these promises as David, and with him receive the consolation they are calculated to impart.

In our pilgrimage through this life, we are not unattended by the good, as well as the evil angels. The holy are our guards—always present—always faithful and true. Never had a king a more powerful, faithful, vigilant and active body-guard, than every child of God has. Does an enemy appear, an angel more powerful, active and wise, is set for our defence. Only let us co-operate with him and our victory is certain. Does danger beset us, an angel is nigh to protect and deliver us. We are permitted to suffer no more than our own good, and the glory of God demands.

Many of you have read Doddridge's dream—is it not more than a dream? You recollect that in the better world he saw a chart of his whole life, and in his many remarkable deliverances, he saw that an angel had rescued him. I think we are authorized by the word of God, as well as the physical sciences, to believe that the heavens have charts of our lives, and not only charts, but also daguerreotypes of our whole lives. Hence, when we enter the better world, we may really be able to see all that angels have ever done for us.

Perhaps, could we see many of these charts, which have been made for eternity, it would appear that in many of our narrow escapes an angel was nigh—he stepped in between us and the danger—he averted the stroke; that fall would have proved mortal, had he not stayed us up; that disease or that wound would have brought us to the grave, had an angel not been our physician. The vital and healing energy came from him, and not from the medicine.

Are we lured to transgression, either by friends or by men in the flesh? an angel is near, suggesting to us the right, the transgressor's doom, and the exceedingly great and precious promises. Can the fallen suggest to us the wrong, and present sin to us in a thousand living forms, for the purpose of enticing the soul to the way to death? Who can doubt it? Has sin given the fallen powers, which they did not originally possess? Certainly not. Or were the holy created inferior to the fallen? Who can believe it? Can they not, then, with equal power suggest the right, and present to the mind motives for holy living, drawn from three

worlds—hold up before the soul, in the light of eternity, the realities of another life? Are they any less active, powerful, vigilant and faithful than the fallen? No.

They go where we go—watch over and protect us; and should a fallen spirit suggest to us the wrong, they are ever ready to present to us a counter-suggestion; and thus through the tender mercies of our God, we come off more than conquerors.

Are we called to pass through the dark valley and shadow of death, we may fear no evil; for not only do his rod and staff comfort us, but his angels go with us, and

“In thy last expiring hour,
Angels, who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.”

What a source of consolation is it, that we have not to go through this dark world alone, unattended by the holy and unfallen. How fearful would our conflicts be with legions of spirits full of desperate hate, were it not for the powerful ever-watchful guards which our father has stationed around us! Are we weak? they are powerful. Are our enemies wise and subtle? they are wiser. Are fallen spirits powerful and active? they are more so. Are our enemies numerous? our friends are more so—there is an innumerable company of angels, and *they are all ministering spirits, sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.*

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PATIENCE.

BY M. J. BISHOP.

The general acceptance of this word, appears to denote bearing with composure something which is in itself an evil, whereas, to Christian minds, it mingles somewhat of hope and anticipation. Let the Religious man be placed in whatever circumstances he may, he knows and exclaims, that all is working for his highest prosperity, as rapidly as the wisdom and power of God can make it. Patience sits at his heart watching for returning joy, with as certain expectation as the watcher through a cold night, without anxiety, anticipates the dawn. Where the heart is fixed upon the Rock of Ages, the effect of trouble is, although at the first shock the spirit may tremble, to make the soul cling closer to its firm foundation.

There is something sweetly sublime in suffering, when the mind is established in the belief, that it is tending to some new and

beautiful issue. At this point the Christian appears to best advantage. And because he can see with the eye of faith, that a merciful and omnipotent Being is weighing his highest happiness in the scales of his own holy will, his mouth is filled with thanksgiving for divine goodness. He sees that life, with this pleasing view of Providence, presents a cheering prospect; and to strike out any circumstance would mar the loveliness of the scene, as much as to dig down the mountains and fill up the vallies, of a fine landscape.

There is an exquisite harmony in the strings of Divine Providence, and often the silence of a single note jars for a long period on the heart. But if patience has her perfect work, and we listen, until that mighty finger, that touches naught in the universe in vain, has swept in heavenly melody across the entire chords of life, then we shall find that there was but one sweet cadence from the beginning, resulting in heavenly praise. Then why not watch for beautiful light to break upon darkness, and declare in the saddest day, that its sunset will be glorious? Here patience may have its perfect work, and we shall have our reward.

Methinks I behold an angel's fair form,
That sits on the darkest cloud of the storm,
With a heavenly brow and pinions at rest,
She waits on the will of her God to be blest,
Though the tempest increasing its billows may roll,
Where patience is queen, how sweetly the soul
May sit 'neath her sceptre, and smile at the gale,
Sighing louder, and deepening its sorrowful wail!
Though dark is the day, yet the evening so fair,
The mercy and goodness of God will declare;
Though our home may be dreary, our heart may be sad,
Let us trust in our God, rejoice, and be glad.

SORROW.

Then in life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know,
How false its sparkling bubbles flow,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

THE BIBLE, AND THE SPIRIT OF OUR AGE.

BY REV. HOLLIS REED.

THERE is much *in the spirit of our age* that creates an imperative demand for the study, and the all-pervading influence, of the Bible.

“In an age,” says Lacon, “remarkable for good reasoning, and bad conduct; for sound rules and corrupt manners; when virtue fills our heads and vice our hearts;—in an age when modesty herself is more afraid of detection than delinquency; when independence of principle consists in having no principle on which to depend; and free thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being free from thinking; in an age when patriots will hold anything but their tongues, and keep anything but their word, and love nothing particularly but their characters; to attempt to improve a people in such an age, must be difficult: to instruct them dangerous: and he stands in no chance to mend them, who cannot at the same time amuse them.”

Our age is like so many of our children—too wise for its years. It has grown wiser than its teachers. It is heady and high-minded—has sail enough and breeze enough, but lacks ballast. It needs more of the sober, the profound, the conservative. It has action, invention, enterprise, activity of thought, beautifully constructed systems of morals and benevolence. But it lacks *principle*. And where is the remedy? I hesitate not to say, the Bible supplies it, and the Bible only. The mind of the world is now, as never before, in a roused and forming state. Old systems are decaying, old shackles are falling off; the slaves of mental and political despotism are waking up to their bondage, and looking for a substitute. Oriental nations are getting ashamed of the grossness of Paganism; Papal mind is growing restive under the iron rule of Rome; and the followers of the Arabian prophet are turning a favorable eye towards the religion of the cross. The pent-up fires of liberty, which have been so long smouldering in the dark caverns of ignorance and superstition, are now finding vent. Mind is demanding its emancipation. An immense mass of unformed, uneducated mind is now prepared to receive instruction.

No age ever stood more in need of the Bible. Its forming mind demands it—it must have it, or we must yield it up to the tender mercies of infidelity.

The vitiated *literary* taste of our age is—learning. The effervescence of knowledge is preferred to knowledge itself. The world has gone frantic after fiction and falsehood. Now how can such a taste be met and corrected? Certainly only by its natural antidote, truth, Bible truth.

The foregoing remarks apply with especial directness to our own country. Nationally, socially and religiously, we are a forming people. Nothing is yet matured; and we are attempting to build materials as heterogenous as large ingredients from every nation in Europe can supply. Whether we shall be a nation of Christians or Infidels—of Protestants or Romanists, we cannot predict. Or whether we shall be a Republic, a Monarchy, a Despotism or an Anarchy, lies hid in the same uncertain future. These questions depend on another, viz: whether the Bible shall or shall not rule in the hearts of our people. Nothing short of *character formed on a Bible basis* can preserve us a Republican, Protestant nation. In proportion as we see our country, filling up with anti-Bible men, or as the Bible is losing its hold on the hearts and consciences of our native population—especially of our rulers and leading men, we have occasion for alarm. In every development of infidelity—of irreligion which is but a practical atheism, we descry the premonitions of our downfall. If we forsake God, he will forsake us.

A judicious writer has well said: “the prevalence of atheism may be considered a political presage; it is systematic of a decay of States as well as the corruption of individuals—and of the dissolution of society as well as of morality.” It broke out in Greece on the eve of its loss of liberty; it reappeared in Rome when the republic was on the wane; it revived at later times amidst the corruptions of Italy and the papal church previous to the Reformation, and in France it accompanied the decline of the monarchy, and was the precursor of her dreadful revolution.

The Bible alone can save us from going the way of all demolished republics. If its truths sway our national mind, form our national character, and reign in our counsels of State, we have nothing to fear. God will be with us and we shall prosper. But if left to the blind guidance of human sagacity—to the practical atheism of irreligion, we shall make shipwreck of our national prosperity. “Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stabili-

y of thy times." We can secure this "STABILITY," only by the prevalence of the "wisdom and knowledge," of God's eternal truth.

REMINISCENCE.

BY L. D. BURROUGHS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
All seasons are thine own, oh, death.

MRS. HEMANS.

I met her when in childhood's bowers,
She bounded light and free —
When like a bird among the flowers,
She caroled merrily.

I knew her when the rose of youth
Was blushing rich in bloom ;
When guileless innocence and truth,
Bespoke no coming gloom.

I saw her, when admired by all,
She graced the festive scene ;
When sylph-like in the brilliant hall
She seemed some fairy queen.

I saw her when a Christian meek,
She owned a Saviour's love,
And Mary-like at His dear feet
She sought "the rest above!"

I saw her when a timid bride,
She at the altar bowed ;
And sweetly at her loved one's side,
Her "love unchanging" vowed.

I saw her when most happily
She graced her husband's home ;
While he beheld admiringly,
The *star* that round him shone.

Again I saw — but ah, how drear ;
How changed — each joy had fled ;
That lovely one indeed was here —
But *silent* — faded — *dead* !

I gazed upon the beauteous one,
 Enshrouded for the tomb,
 Exclaiming, "Death what hast thou done,
 Why sets her sun at noon?"

Why take the loveliest one -- Oh! say
 Why pluck *that* beauteous flower,
 Why snatch that happy bride away,
 Just in her bridal hour?"

But ah! no answer came to me,
 To cheer my querying mind,
 But this -- "enough is given thee"
Her "better portion" find!

The fairest form must fade and die,
 The brightest eyes grow dim;
 The dearest friend in death must lie,
All yield alas, to him.



THE WORDS WE SPEAK.

BY REV. H. N. BULLARD.

OUR words are imperishable. Like winged messengers they go forth, but never to be recalled,—never to die. They have a mighty power for good or evil through 'all time; and before the great white Throne they will be swift witnesses for or against us.

Within the massive walls of a gloomy building, a nobleman was undergoing inquisition as to certain acts of his previous life. He had been told that nothing he might say should be divulged or recorded, and he spoke freely. But soon, behind the arras, his ear caught the sharp clicking sound of a pen, which recorded every word he uttered, and by those words was he to be judged. Do we remember that there is an ear that catches every word we utter, no matter how lightly, how scoffingly, how secretly spoken? and by these words shall we one day be acquitted or condemned?

The words we speak have a mighty power; and there are words angels might covet to utter. There are words of comfort to the afflicted. There are sad hearts that need comfort every where, and there are words of blame and cold indifference, or feigned sympathy, that fall like lead upon the stricken spirit, and there are blessed heart-words of cheer, which bear up the soul and en

able it to look out from the dark night of its troubles and discern the silver lining of the gloomy cloud.

There are words of counsel to the young, to the tempted, the erring. Speak them earnestly, affectionately, and though the waves of circumstance may soon waft them away from your observation, yet such is God's husbandry, that if uttered in faith and with prayer, he will take care that on an earthly or heavenly shore the reaper shall rejoice that he was a sower.

There are kind words, how little they cost, and how priceless they are. Harsh words beget harshness; and fretful words, like a certain little insect, sting us into a feverish impatience. But who can resist the charm of kind, loving words. The heart expands beneath them as to the sunshine and they make us happier and better.

It was said of the gifted Mrs. Fry, that she had a wise, kind word for all, and those kind words unlocked stony hearts, as well as prison doors, and made her a blessed visitant to the criminal and the outcast.

Then there are cheerful words, and why should we dole them out with such miserly care. They ought to form the atmosphere of our homes, and to be habitual in all our social intercourse. We have so many weaknesses, so many crosses, so much that is down hill in life, that the habit of thinking and speaking cheerfully is invaluable.

But there are other words against which we should pray, "Set a watch, oh Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." There are words of falsehood and deceit. They lurk in our expressions of civility, our professions of friendship, our transactions of business. How early do children even, begin to weave a web of deceit, and how carefully should those who train them watch against this sin, and by example and precept, teach them always and everywhere to speak the truth.

There are slanderous words—how mischievous they are! There are the words of the tale-bearers, that breed suspicions and jealousies in neighborhoods, and between families. There are envious words and flattering words, which are idle words, and flattering words, which are no better. Then there is the long list of idle words, or by words as they are called.

How many there are, who shudder at an oath, who yet break

the spirit of the third commandment, by constantly interlarding their conversation by expletives.

But there are another class of words to which we would gladly refer; they are the words of eternal life. Cornelius sent for Peter that he might speak words to him. What blessed words those were! will they not be remembered with joy by both speaker and hearer throughout all eternity? As we pass along through the world, God will often let us speak a word for him; and if we seek his aid, He will make it a word of power and comfort, a word in season, to him that is weary.

“Speak gently; ’tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart’s deep well:
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.”

THE LESSON OF SORROW

BY ALICE NETT.

“Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.”

It was a warm, beautiful August afternoon. The sun, wrapped in his broad golden sheets, lay joyously in the west; while the sweet cold breath of evening was beginning to freshen up among the trees and bear away the great heat of day. A hundred cheering lights rested on the hill-tops, and sparkled on the bosom of the gay little stream that wandered at its own wayward pleasure through the quiet village—now hiding coyly in some sheltered valley—now flashing into sight in the broad meadow, like a saucy coquette, bewitching the eye with a subtle winning charm, and at last creeping with a wide bend through the grounds of one of the handsome residences of the town. It was a beautiful spot; on either side of the rustic bridge a clump of willows dropped their long branches into the water, and the smooth green lawn which sloped down to the river bank was shaded by the interwoven foliage of giant forest trees. The house, was one of those handsome old-fashioned edifices, built by the New England aristocracy fifty years ago. The carefully cultivated grounds around it, the shaded avenue which wound from the road to the open gateway, and the

heavy drooping elms which cast their shadows over the square roof and quaintly carved porticoes, gave to the mansion an air of generous and refined hospitality. It was nearly vacant on the evening of our story. The father and mother were sitting in a summer-house which faced the west; they were a handsome couple; the one in the full maturity of manly power; the other in the ripened grace of womanly beauty; the easy indulgent husband; the happy trustful wife. There were no traces of sorrow on either countenance: fortune had pressed the cup of blessings to their very lips, and the smiles which rested there reflected from its pleasant waters. Several of their children were gathered around them, eagerly discussing the next day's ride to the city.

"Now, father," pleaded a merry girl, gaily shaking a silk purse before his eyes, "I can't go shopping with mamma to-morrow, unless you will fill this for me. Now don't frown, I haven't had a new dress for an age, and Kitty Fay says the berages at Lawton's are perfectly lovely. Come, where is your purse," and she playfully thrust her hand into his vest pocket.

"Little vanity," said Mr. Willard, pinching the soft fingers, and looking smilingly down into her laughing eyes, "Your money vanishes before the very sight of finery and confectionary. Why don't you be good and prudent like your elder sister there," and he glanced at a dignified girl who sat quietly drawing, by his side.

"Oh! but, father," said Helen laughing and blushing, "you know well, that goodness is no part of *my* nature, but I'm not little vanity after all. Mary spends more time than I at her toilet, especially since Arthur Morton came home with Harry: but really, dear papa," she added hastily, and without appearing to notice her sister's indignant blush, "I think common charity should lead you to have compassion on me—a poverty-stricken wretch, without even the usual signed and sealed testimonial of good character. Please sir, have mercy," and the little speaker dropped on her knees with a comical expression of mock distress.

"A pretty subject for charity," said Mr. Willard, laughing, but yielding as a man must in such circumstances, he drew a roll of bills from his pocket-book and laid it on her demurely folded hands.

"Ah"! said Harry Willard—a young collegian, sauntering up with his friend Arthur Morton—"Nell has found the sovereign

balm for every wound—the great essential to the happiness of most men.”

“To be sure,” said Helen, thoughtfully tossing the purse in the air, “what pleasure can we have without money?”

“The highest pleasure—the pleasure of love,” said Arthur in a low voice to Mary, who bent her head lower over her drawing.

“Hark!” suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Willard: as she spoke, the deep toll of the church bell sounded through the air.

They all stood and listened. In a few moments the funeral hearse, followed by a small band of mourners, wound through the road at a little distance from the summer-house.

A momentary awe fell over the merry group. Few can witness unmoved, the sight of real misery; but, at this hour, when the heavens were glowing with rosy light; when the earth was vocal with the subdued lullaby of the birds, and the murmuring sound of falling waters; when all nature seemed abundant, festive, joyous, the thought of death and sorrow, of broken hearts and bitter wailing, came with startling power to all. Harry first broke the silence.

“How strangely all our joys and sorrows are mingled,” said he musingly, “In our gayest hours we are reminded that death is close by our side.”

“My Sabbath school teacher told me,” said little Fred, soberly, “that God sends affliction on people to make them better and more capable of doing good in the world.”

“I don’t see that,” said Mr. Willard, quickly, “though, to be sure it is what good people always say, but I’ve seen many a poor fellow hurried from circles of influence into the grave or obscurity by some great trial.”

“I think I can understand,” said his wife, thoughtfully, “how a severe grief could enable us to sympathize more deeply with those suffering around us. I have often felt that I could not enter fully into the feelings of my afflicted friends—never having known a great sorrow myself.”

Harry’s eye rested long on his mother as she said this with a sad foreboding earnestness. Helen alone noticed it; she remembered seeing that same wistful look the last Sabbath, as they sat side by side, at church. An indefinite sense of pain came over her, and a few moments after, when the conversation had assumed a gayer tone, she slipped quietly away.

"I will go and see aunt Amy," she said to herself, as she walked towards the house, and with the thought, she ran down the lawn across the little bridge and dusty road, into a small cottage, which stood almost hidden by shade trees, on the borders of the village. Amy Moore sat reading by the door. She was evidently quite old, the lines of toil and sorrow lay deep on her brow, but the mouth had a wonderful mingling of patience, hope, and gentle dignity—the whole face spoke of great strength of character—of firm, but meek self-reliance. Her life had been one of many hardships; fortune, husband, children, had been taken from her, yet she had not fallen. Patiently, submissively, but firmly, she had struggled through life, daily leaning on the arm of her God, and ever waiting to be received into His full embrace.

As Helen flung herself on a low seat by her side, she looked with slight surprise into her troubled blue eyes usually so merry, but without comment, she took the fresh girlish face into her withered hands and gave it a warm kiss.

"Shall I read to you, aunty?" asked Helen, taking the open Bible from the table, and without waiting for an answer, she began the ninetieth Psalm. The solemn scene she had just witnessed, and unconsciously to herself, the expression on her brother's face, had awakened feelings she could not overcome, and she read the Psalm with a serious attention very unusual.

"Auntie," said she, suddenly pausing, "what did David mean when he said, 'Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us?' How can any one be thankful for sorrow?"

Aunt Amy smiled—a smile of sad, sweet, life-wisdom. "You have the lesson yet to learn, Helen, you will understand it then."

"I don't want to learn it," replied Helen hastily.

"It must be learned," said Amy gently—"life would not be perfect without it; as well might the rose stay in the bud, or the unripe grain be gathered into harvest."

"It seems a dreadful mystery to me," said Helen, "in this beautiful world, I do not see the use of sorrow to any one."

"My child," said Amy after a short pause, "one of the noblest faculties God has given us, is that of sympathy, the power of bearing one another's burdens; but we are naturally so selfish that we think and reason coldly about the sufferings of others, until we have felt the same ourselves. If our sorrow then has made us more loving and compassionate to those around us, it has accom-

plished its purpose. Look my dear"—and she crushed a geranium leaf in her hand—"the heart is like this flower, it must be bruised before it can perfume the air. There are many souls which are like the alabaster box of precious ointment, full of rich and fragrant odors, and yet which shed no soothing balm over a mourning world, because a great sorrow has never broken them."

"Mamma said something like that this very evening," said Helen, abstractedly, "but tell me, dear Auntie, do trials do the sufferer *himself* any good? I wish to be made better, but not in that way."

"You have only to look at the lives of all good men to answer that question, Helen. Did not Howard's sorrow nerve him to his great life-work? Was not God's own Son perfected through suffering? So it is with all; it is often only when for us, the earth is hung in weeds of mourning, that we begin to turn from its vanities, to look within our own hearts, and see the sin and folly there, to conform our lives to the life of Christ, and find in *Him*, our highest joy."

"Oh! Auntie," exclaimed Helen bitterly, "is this to live?"

"It is perfect life," said Amy in a low voice. She spoke very humbly, but with the calm joy of one to whom the study of the Son of God, had become the daily sanctification of existence, and a smile of peculiar sweetness broke over her pale face. Helen noticed it and was awed.

"But we ought not to desire sorrow for ourselves?" she asked with a shudder.

"No," said Amy, "that would not be human. Our father asks us only to bear His chastisements when they come, in a humble, trusting spirit, and believe me, dear Helen, the highest happiness springs not from accomplished wishes; there is a joy which may be born of tribulation and darkness, and yet has a sweetness and power which none but the followers of Christ may know."

Several village friends now entered and Helen rose to depart.

"My dear," said Amy, detaining her for a moment and speaking hesitatingly, "Harry was here this morning, is he quite well?"

"Oh! yes," said Helen, "though he looks pale from hard study. "Do you think him ill?" she added with a strange throb of pain.

"Oh, no, not exactly, but not so strong as he was last vacation. Good night, my dear child," she continued sadly and thoughtfully, as Helen tripped lightly away.

Hardly a fortnight had passed, before Amy's unspoken fears were realized. Harry Willard lay in his grave. A deep-seated disease of the heart had suddenly developed itself, and almost before the family were aware of his danger, he was struggling in death.

"Dear mother," he said, on the last night of his life, as she knelt in anguish by his side, "Do not grieve. My father's mansions are already opening for me. Remember your words the other night. God has a work for you to do."

The effort of speaking exhausted him; he moved his head a little on his pillow as if to sleep, and when the morning star shone into the darkened room, he was gone.

How changed now was the world to the mourning household ! In that hour of utter desolation, it mattered little to them, that Nature was joyous and gay, that birds sang, flowers bloomed, waters sparkled, and the sunlight fell warm and bright on the lawn ; that all the pleasures of wealth, reputation and fashion, were as free as ever. They saw and felt only their one great loss. But as days and nights of weary anguish passed slowly by, and the long months of autumn wore away, time moderated the violence of their sorrow, and they could recall more calmly, the holy words and consistent Christian life, of the departed one. The vacant chair and room, became a tender influence to win them to duty. A deeper love bound them together, all unkind feelings were put away, and a quiet serenity settled down upon them all. The icy fingers of death left, indeed, a chill upon their hearts which a life of sunshine could never warm, but it led them nearer to Him who is the fountain of light, love, and blessedness.

To Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Harry's death was a new experience in life. Never before had they known a similar sorrow, and it carried with it, a disenchanting power. Under its influence the treasures of earth faded into their proper insignificance, and the real joys of heaven, and the true work of life, stood out distinctly before their eyes. They became known as general benefactors among the poor and sorrowing. In lowly homes where the hand of the destroyer was heavy, Mrs. Willard was often welcomed : her words were tender with the knowledge of sorrow, her gifts warm with compassion and sympathy. She had herself been comforted ; should she not comfort others ?

Perhaps to no one of that band of brothers and sisters was this affliction more blessed, than to the hitherto thoughtless Helen. After the first bitterness of her grief had passed away, she remembered her conversation with Amy Moore, and laying a firm hold upon those truths which are as an anchor to the soul, she turned her feet at once into the narrow path of holiness, and thus in this deep sorrow, the marvellous peace of God was in her heart. Gratefully, she submitted herself to His will, and every day's discipline, unconsciously to herself, mellowed and chastened her character, making it more Christ-like, compassionate and gentle, until at last the gay and fluttering child of fashion ripened into the lovely, earnest Christian.

Two years passed away, and on another pleasant summer evening, Mrs. Willard with her children gathered around Harry's grave. Behind the dark out-line of the hills the sun was setting gloriously. Piles of loose, floating clouds caught the rosy flush of the west, and lay softly in the blue heavens. All was silent in that quiet resting place, save the rustling of the trees, that seemed murmuring the words so often repeated there, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"Dear Harry," said Mary, as they turned slowly homeward, "how much his life has taught us."

"And how much more his death," said Mrs. Willard. "Oh! my Father," she added in a whisper, "let the loss of my darling boy be hourly sanctified unto me, until the days of my mourning shall cease."

Helen was silent. She lingered alone before a lowly grave that lay near the little foot path.

"Oh! Aunt Amy," she said, laying her cheek upon the cold marble slab, "Your words were indeed true. The lesson of sorrow, though very bitter, *is blessed.*"

"Virtue's like gold : — the ore's alleged by earth,
Trouble, like fire, refines the mass to birth;
Tortured the more, the metal purer grows,
And seven times tried, with new effulgence glows!
Exults superior to the searching flame,
And rises from affliction into fame!" — BOYSE.

WALKS ABOUT ZION.

NO. III.

BY PROFESSOR LAWRENCE.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

As I ascended its rugged acclivity, amid scattered and stunted olives, I recalled the affecting scene of David's humiliating flight before his rebellious son. "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet and wept as he went, and had his head covered, and he went up bare-foot." On the summit where "he worshipped God," he met Hushai, whom he sent to defeat the counsels of Abithophel. As he passed down on the other side to Bahuring, Shimei, the Benjamite, came out and cursed him, casting stones at him. Poor David, thy heart-strings are now broken, and the music of thy troubled soul is the sad psalm of grief.

Hither came his royal son, when he gathered such rich lessons from nature, as from this summit, she unfolded to his delighted eye, the wealth of her inexhaustible treasure. The Dead Sea glitters in the morning sun, and the fertile valley of the Jordan spreads itself out before him in luxuriant beauty. "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the vallies also are covered over with corn; the little hills rejoice on every side."

But a greater than Solomon has been here. Every inch of this mount is hallowed by the foot-prints of the "Man of Sorrows." Hither, among the shadowing olives he fled from the tide of earthly passions, rushing against him within the crowded city, — sometimes alone to pour out his soul in communings with his Father, — sometimes with his disciples, to impart to them consolation and instruction. On the side of this mount, he explained to them that wonderful prediction concerning the ruin of the temple, then glittering in full view. Near the summit, while looking down upon the devoted city, he often stood in the deep grief of that most touching lament, afterwards so pathetically uttered in the temple. "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, but ye would not." While yet the smoke of the evening sacrifice was going up, from an "altar at

which the fire of heaven had ceased to burn," he saw in vision, the Lion of Judah, bayed and torn by the hungry dogs of the Roman hunter.

"And throned on the hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her feet,
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone."

THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

On the summit of the Mount of Olives, in close connection with a Turkish mosque, stands the Church of the Ascension. Within, cut into the rock, is the print of a human foot, said by the priests to have been made by the Saviour, as he arose from the earth. Here, as in many other instances, the monks betray a singular ignorance of the Scriptures, as it is expressly asserted that the Ascension took place at Bethany. The Shekinah, according to the Mishna, when reluctantly retiring from the temple at Jerusalem, dwelt three and a half years on the Mount of Olives, symbolically saying to the stubborn Jews, "Return to me and I will return unto you. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," and then retired to his place in heaven.

SITE OF THE TEMPLE AND THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

At the left, as you enter the Gate of St. Stephen's, is the site of the Temple, of which there are no remains, except some of the stones which are built into the walls of the city. The area, within which none but a Mohammedan can pass, except at the peril of life, is called El Harem Sheriff—the noble sanctuary. It is inclosed on the eastern and southern sides by the walls of the city, and is ornamented with beautiful fountains, and with the cypress and olive tree. In the centre stands the world renowned Mosque of Omar, an elegant octagonal structure, in the finest style of Saracenic architecture. Next to the temple at Mecca, this mosque, to all Mohammedans, is the most sacred in the world, and the most magnificent, except the one at Cordova. The entrances are by four spacious doors, facing the cardinal points. In each of the other four sides are seven well-proportioned windows, of stained glass. The roof is overlaid with colored tiles, arranged in

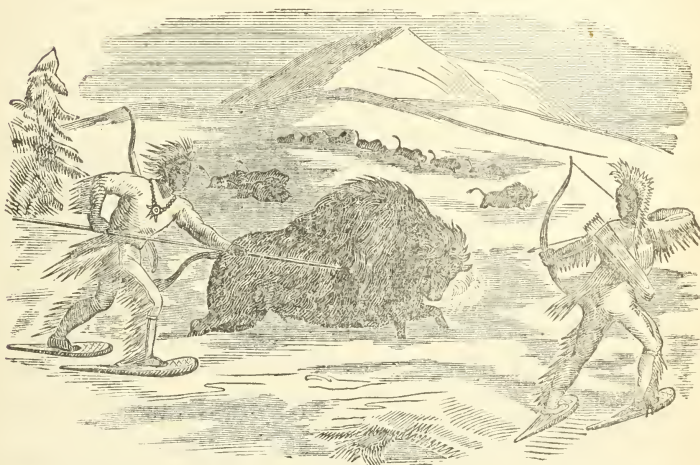
curious and elegant devices, a gilded crescent surmounting the dome. In the interior, immediately under the dome, as related by Catherwood, is an immense lime-stone, which Mohammedan tradition represents as having fallen from heaven on the first descent of the spirit of prophecy. When the prophets fled from Jerusalem, the stone desired to accompany them, but was detained by the angel Gabriel until the arrival of Mohammed, who fixed it forever in its present place. Within this mosque is the well of souls, or the entrance to the lower world. Here, too, are the *scales* for weighing the spirits of men,—an original copy of the Koran, the leaves of which are four feet in length, and a slab of green marble on which are marked the eighteen Mohammedan epochs, at the expiration of which the prophet will arise to judge the world.

At night the whole mosque is illuminated by one hundred and eighty lamps, and guarded by seventy thousand angels, who are relieved every day by a fresh convoy from heaven. The avenues to it, are committed to the custody of brutal Ethiopian Dervishes, who think they are doing service to Allah, by injuring a Christian or abusing a Jew.

My German friend unwittingly fell into their hands, by approaching too near the forbidden ground. He effected his escape however, by the intervention of a friendly Turk, with no other injury than a little rough usage and a good deal of fright.

The city has been several times destroyed since the trial and conviction of Jesus, consequently, of the precise localities of these events, nothing can be certainly known. But in walking from the gate of Saint Stephen, through the Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we pass in the same general direction in which the Saviour was led to the Judgment Hall, and probably not far from the way which was passed by his sacred feet. Standing here, readily does the mind picture to itself that series of touching events. On the left, within the Judgment Hall, amid derision and blasphemy, the mock trial commences. Here Jesus turns, and gives that cup of consolation to the sorrowing women, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me." There he sinks down, weary and faint under his heavy cross.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.



THE URUS.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

Whole herds of the wild Urus
 In Lythuania dwell,
 Though, sometimes they are Bisons called,
 A name which sounds as well,

The Urus, he is homely,
 His hair is very black,
 Except a stripe of greyish white,
 Which runs along his back.

His eyes are fierce and fiery,
 His horns are short and strong,
 And underneath his sturdy neck
 His hair is very long.

When hunters try to trap him,
 To get his flesh and skin,
 They cover pitfalls dark and deep
 Where Urus tumbles in.

So Satan, like the hunters,
 More cunning far than they,
 Digs pitfalls for the children who
 Their parents disobey.

He's crafty and he's busy,
 O, pray of him beware,
 Lest he should lure your feet astray,
 And trap you in his snare.

Be on your guard against him,
 Fear God and him obey,
 That so your souls may not become
 This cruel spoiler's prey.

For he ensnareth many,
 Yes! body, soul and all;
 Allures them by a flowery path,
 Till in his pit they fall.

INFANT SABBATH SCHOOL FESTIVAL AT THE WEST.

BY M. S. H.

[A correspondent sends us the account of an infant Sabbath School festival, at the West, in which our young readers will be interested.]

I wonder if the readers of the Happy Home would like to take a peep with me, away out West, into a group of happy little folks, all dressed in holiday attire, gathered in a beautiful yard, made more beautiful by the busy hands of a few friends. A walk out of town was deemed too far for so many little feet, and so, a lady who loves children, kindly offered her yard, which really seemed an enchanting spot. Here were gathered parents and invited friends, clergymen and teachers, all children again, looking as happy as the little ones themselves. Here were trees with evergreen windings, and flowers fancifully entwined; canary birds and other warblers, too, were here, and the sweeter lisp of more than fifty little ones, whose voices were obedient to the skill of their dear teacher and her associates. My thoughts wandered away back to Eden bowers, when all was innocence and happiness there, and I felt almost sad to think we must ever leave this charming place. In the center stood a mound with a beautiful tree, whose graceful branches afforded a shelter from the rays of the summer sun, around which we were all comfortably seated on sofas and chairs, when, one of the little boys, with a sweet and winning face, arose on the mound, and made the opening address, as follows:

"Dear parents and friends.—We are happy to welcome you to our little festival; we bid you thrice welcome, not only *here*, but to the *sanctuary of our hearts*, where we would have your images forever enshrined. We thank you for every opportunity you have afforded us, to improve our youthful hearts, and store our minds with the treasures of God's *sacred word*. And though we are small, and some of us very little ones, we hope you will not feel we have wasted our time and opportunities thus afforded, and should we fail in *some* things, we feel your fond hearts will excuse, recollecting, our memories cannot be much longer than our lives. And to our dear teachers we would say, *our hearts thank you* for your forbearance with our waywardness, and the many kind words you have gently whispered in our ears, and *more*, you have raised our young hearts up to the Author of our mysterious being, and taught our infant tongues to lisp "Our Father, who art in heaven," with the deepest reverence."

Here, all the little voices led by their teachers, repeated the Lord's prayer, in concert, with clasped hands and closed eyes. The scene I shall never forget. Many eyes unused to weeping, were bathed in tears. They then united in singing a beautiful song.

They were then questioned about the Bible, its different books, by whom written, the creation, and all the most prominent historical parts, the garden of Eden, the expulsion of our first parents, &c., when they sung so sweetly:

"Now, see along that lonely way
With faint and weary treads,
Two exiles move in sad array,
With curses on their heads.

They'd listen now—they hear some strain,
 Nor say their last adieu,
 They'd see that lovely land again,
 Before it leaves their view.

Alas, no tops of Eden's hills,
 Now greet their wishful eyes,
 They hear no murmur of its rills,
 Nor birds of Paradise.

Farewell, thou land of sweetest flowers,
 Adieu to every scene,
 Farewell ye fountains, fragrant bowers,
 All clad in fadeless green.

After the singing, further questions upon the Bible were put, little speeches were made, dialogues and mottoes recited, and other songs sung, in the course of which time, all the little ones bore a part, so that none were weary. The whole was finely arranged. The exercises short, and so charming, that a good impression must have been made.

The concluding part was equally so. Four little girls, representing the different seasons, and each expressing her choice in a few words, were each crowned with a chaplet of flowers, according to their choice of the seasons, with an address to each by the presentor, as she crowned them, which was as follows:

Dear Girls.—You have so well pictured the beauty of the different seasons, that our beloved teacher has assigned to me, the pleasant duty of presenting each of you a wreath representing each different season, according to your several tastes.

To D. M.—Accept this little wreath, and may the wreath of love ever as now, encircle *your young heart*, and keep it ever happy and ever young."

To M. W.—Take this simple garland, and wear it on your brow, and may the lessons of this day, be so impressed on your tender and loving heart, and like these opening buds be a motto to lead your first affections up to God, that you may finally be encircled in the Saviour's fold forever."

To C. F.—Your choice seems to be the bleak season of winter, but may no wintry tempest hover over your path to blight your young hopes, but your heart be made as pure as the fleecy snow, and you early find a resting place in Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

To K. W.—Wear this little chaplet, and as it encircles your brow, so may the summer sunshine of God's love surround your young life, and encompass your heart, and finally may we all, all this little band, together with our dear friends, be gathered without the loss of *one*, in that house whose builder and maker is God."

When one of the little crowned heads inquired in the following lines,

"Where will all these friends and children be,
 A hundred years to come?
 The flowers that now in beauty spring,
 A hundred years to come?"

The rosy lip,
 The lofty brow,
 The heart that beats
 So gaily now,
 Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
 Joy's pleasant smiles, sorrow's sighs,
 A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold, these crowded streets,
 A hundred years to come?
 Who'll tread *yon church* with willing feet,
 A hundred years to come?
 Pale trembling age
 And fiery youth,
 And childhood, with its
 Love of truth,
 The rich, and poor, on land and sea,
 Where will the mighty millions be,
 A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves may sleep,
 A hundred years to come!
 No living soul for us may weep,
 A hundred years to come,
 But other men,
 Our lands will till,
 And others *then*
 Our streets will fill,
 While other children sing as gay,
 As bright the sunshine as to day
 A hundred years to come!

Many of the most interesting doings and songs have been omitted, for want of time and space, but when that teacher has another jubilee, you shall all be invited. After singing a beautiful song, a smiling little boy concluded the exercises, in which none were weary, by a speech as follows:—

"*Dear Parents and Friends.*—As our exercises are about to close for this day, permit us to say how much we thank you for your kind and tender interest, which you have manifested in listening to our recitations and songs, in all the lisplings of infancy and childhood, with patience, and we fondly hope some real pleasure.

We rejoice that our birth-place has been in this land of Bibles, of Sabbath and Infant schools, and that through your watchful care, ours have not been the lessons of the street, but those gleaned from that blessed book, the light of whose pages will gild our pathway to the tomb—and promises to us, if we obey its precepts, a better life where seasons *never change*, flowers *never fade*, and dear friends *never die*."

Such are a few of the many and charming exercises of this charmed spot. We then repaired to the other side of the yard, where the ladies had been equally thoughtful in preparing a beautiful as well as a bountiful table, to which all were invited, and most willingly partook. This was only one of the many days that this teacher has made joyous, by an unwearied labor of more than twenty years, among the children and youth in the Western States. I never expect to see the like again short of that paradise *above*.

A HYMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

BY C. A. M.

"When mother says, "come little one
'Tis time to shut your eyes,
Kiss dear papa and say good-night;"
How little Annie cries !

"She doesn't like her pretty plays
To leave, and be undressed—
And say good night, and go up stairs,
When mother thinks 'tis best.

"Doesn't my little daughter know
'Tis very wrong to put—
And cry and stamp, and fling her toys,
In such a rage about ?

"So gather them all nicely up,
And lay them safe away ;
I've something to my little girl
That I should like to say.

"Once, on the plains of Bethlehem,
A little child was born,
And smiling angels hailed the day
And blessed the natal morn.

"That babe, my child, was Jesus Christ,
And as he older grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his Father, too.

"He was so loving, good and kind,
So patient and so mild,
That all who saw him gazed with awe
And love upon the child.

"At home, abroad, or wheresoe'er
His gentle steps were found,

Sweet flowers of peace and joy sprang up
And made it holy ground.

"His happy mother never chid
Her gentle little son,
For God's own spirit lived and breathed
In her beloved one.

"Oh, Annie, could I see unfold,
Within that little breast,
The goodness, meekness, truth and love
That God's own Son possessed !

"Such heavenly treasures in the soul
Of my beloved girl,
More precious to my heart would be
Than gift of gold or pearl !

"And more than all, that blessed one,
Who, when he lived below,
Took little children in his arms,
Because he loved them so ;

"That blessed Saviour would delight
To see her every day
More kind, and meek, and gentle grow
At home, at school, at play.

"Will not my Annie try, henceforth,
More good and kind to be,
And please her Father in the sky,
And Jesus, too, and me ?

"Then dry your eyes, my little one,
And we will softly pray
That God would help his child to grow
Like Jesus every day."

CULLED FLOWERS.

"MONKEY SHINES."

"Miss Roberts," interrupted Mary Langdon, "my brother Tom calls tricks, monkey shines ; he says, 'Don't be cutting up your monkey shines, Mary.'"

This piece of information, volunteered by the little chatter-box, Mary, was greeted by a loud laugh from every one of the class, and Miss Roberts quietly observed,

"I think your brother Tom gives a very appropriate name to these unmeaning and troublesome ways, which some children and young people consider so entertaining. He might, perhaps, have expressed his meaning with a little more refinement, she added, smiling ; but he could scarcely have been more forcible in the spirit of his illustration, for these idle tricks are certainly more becoming to the monkey tribe than to rational beings like children."

"Miss Roberts," said Bertha Swan, "when my cousin Hattie was married, her sisters were all crying, because they were so sorry to have her go away, they loved her so much; and one of them happened to look up at the window, and there was a monkey seated on the sill with an old cloth in his hand, which he had stolen from the kitchen, wiping his eyes, first one, and then the other, and sobbing and pretending to cry, just as he saw them doing in the parlor. Was it not droll, Miss Roberts? The monkey belonged to the family, and was quite a pet. He had been carefully shut up that day, but he contrived to escape, to attend the wedding I suppose."

"It was a very amusing circumstance," said Miss Roberts. "The monkey is an exceedingly imitative animal, and has a great talent for mimicking. These tricks are very queer in a monkey, and altogether ridiculous in children."

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

A gentleman while addressing some children, took out his watch, and asked them what it was for.

"To keep time," the children answered.

"Well, suppose it won't keep time, and can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It's good for nothing," they replied.

He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for.

"It is to mark with," was the answer.

"But suppose the lead is out, and it won't mark, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing."

He then took out a pocket-knife, and asked what was its use.

"To whittle with," said some. "To cut," said others.

"Suppose it has no blade, then what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Then a watch, or pencil, or knife, is good for nothing, unless it can do the thing for which it was made?"

"No, sir," the children all answered.

"Well, children, what is a boy or girl made for?"

The children hesitated.

"What is the answer to the question, 'What is the chief end of man?'" asked the gentleman.

"To glorify God and enjoy him forever."

"Now, then, if a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, and glorify God, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound,

"Good for nothing."

Well, if children are made to glorify God, and they don't do it, are they good for anything? that is, it is so much more important that they glorify God, and become prepared to enjoy him forever, than any thing else, that if they fail to do this, it is as though they failed in everything. Without love to God, all other things are as nothing.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE GOLDEN CURL.

From a volume entitled *WRECKS AND RESCUES*, published by the Female Guardian Society of New York, we take the following thrilling story. The volume is issued under the supervision of the managers of the society, and they vouch for the truth of all that it contains. This story of "THE GOLDEN CURL," is literally true from beginning to end. We are sure the reader will thank us for inserting it. "Truth is stranger than fiction," as this fact abundantly proves. The novelist's imagination has never produced any thing more thrilling and romantic:—

"Please ma'am! Will you please to help a poor girl?" imploringly asked a shivering and almost naked child, of a lady who was just alighting from a carriage in a crowded thoroughfare of our city.

The lady paused and looked on her with pity. In that locality appeals for help were too common to attract much attention from the jostling crowd. Now and then the forlorn and dirty child who assumed the special care of the cross-walks, with her busy broom, was cheered by the gift of a penny; or the mute petitioner at "The Park," bearing on his breast the touching label, "I am blind," arrested the attention of a passer-by who dropped a sixpence in his open hand; or the "Apple Woman" at "Stewart's" door, procured a customer, who, pitying her impoverished age and decrepitude, paid her three-fold the price she asked for his purchase. But those instances were the exceptions, and not the general rule; for by far the larger proportion of worthy and unworthy applicants for aid, were passed by unheeded or pushed unceremoniously aside.

But this poor girl had now been providentially directed to one who had a heart to feel for and befriend the wretched; who had an ever-ready ear for their tale of woe, and wisdom and efficiency in relieving their distresses. Though not in favor of indiscriminate almsgiving, and convinced that street-begging is a fruitful source of evil—fostering physical and moral degradation, idleness, deceit and many other vices—she felt that this child, this *little girl*, had a claim upon her sympathy which she must not disregard.

Mrs. M., had been several years associated with the American Female Moral Reform Society, where she had been engaged in efforts to guard and assist destitute and friendless females. They were at this time standing near the "Society rooms," for she had come into the city from an adjacent village, to attend a meeting then in session; so, without waiting to hear her story, she led her in.

Ellen's account of her sufferings and early sorrows, confirmed as it was by her appearance, awakened deep sympathy. She said she was brought to this country by a man who received the money from her mother to pay her expenses, and that he promised to take care of her here. This man had placed her with a poor, degraded family, who had used

her very badly, but had taken no further trouble to look after her. She gave the name of the man, who was carrying on an extensive mechanical business, and was well known in the upper part of the city.

She had borne the abuse to which she was subjected a long time, but had that morning come to the conclusion to *run away*, and did so. She went first to the "Sisters of Charity," and told them her sad story. They gave her the dress she had on, which, with a thin skirt, an old hood and pair of sluffs, was all her store, and directed her to an intelligence office. They were probably ignorant of the fact that some of these offices are little better than *Directories* in the path to ruin. Ellen found it so, for from the office she was sent to a house of infamy; but providentially, the woman who had taken this expedient to enlarge the number of her victims, was so displeased with her appearance, that she took hold of her *and shook her*, and bade her begone, and tell the man that she "would not answer." It was shortly after this rebuff, that she met Mrs. M. and timidly ventured to address her. As good looks were probably indispensable to favor with the vile procuress, it is not strange that poor Ellen was repulsed. She was puny and delicate in appearance, her chest was sunken and contracted, and her cheeks were hollow, suggesting the fear that fatal disease had already invaded her system; and she was withal only about twelve years of age; but she had a mild blue eye, kindness and gentleness of disposition, and her countenance was not devoid of intelligent expression.

Mrs. M. proceeded at once, with the concurrence of her associates, to fit her with some much-needed clothing from "The Wardrobe," which, thanks to generous donors in country and city, was well supplied with garments for the poor. The box of shoes was first overhauled, and a pair selected, also a comfortable pair of stockings. When the shoes were tried on, to the amusement and surprise of her benefactress, she looked down at her feet, and courtseying, asked with simplicity, "Please, ma'am, give me another pair." She probably supposed it the only opportunity she might have to provide for further need. She was soon decently dressed. Years afterwards when this incident was referred to, Ellen thus described her feelings on that occasion.

"When the wardrobe door was opened and I saw the store of shoes and garments, which I understood were to be given to the poor, I thought I had found at last the place which I had heard spoken of in the old country, 'where gold could be picked up in the streets.'"

As it was not practicable to investigate the truth of her story that day, she was advised to return to the family she had left for a short time, until inquiries could be made concerning her, and a day was fixed for her return to the "rooms" to learn the result; but she could not be induced to accede to this proposition; she clung to Mrs. M., weeping and entreating that she might not be sent back, "for the woman would beat her to death."

Mrs. M. resolved to take Ellen into her charge, though circumstances would not admit of taking her to her own home. A place was found for her to board temporarily, and efforts were set on foot to procure her a permanent home.

The man was called on to whom Ellen referred. He was easily found and readily admitted having brought her to this country, by request of her mother, who was too poor to support her. Of her father he could

give no account. He had manifested no interest in the child, and was probably glad to transfer all responsibility concerning her to any one who would assume it.

With considerable persuasion and promises of assistance in clothing and management, Mrs. M. induced a relative to take Ellen, and she was in a short time duly apprenticed to Mrs. W. by the city authorities, this course being deemed advisable, to prevent any interference on the part of those with whom she had previously lived.

For a time Ellen went on as well as could be expected, considering her youth and previous disadvantages, though many wrong traits of character became painfully apparent; much pains and patience were brought into exercise to overcome these, and a good degree of improvement was soon manifest. She was generally obedient and tractable, and became very much attached to the family, especially the children. She was carefully trained to neat and industrious habits, and much effort was made to enlighten her mind in religious truths and duties, and many prayers were offered for her, that she might become the subject of renewing grace. These prayers and efforts were apparently blessed, and after a time she made profession of faith in Christ, and her friends were encouraged to hope that a genuine work of grace was progressing in her heart.

About this time Ellen had the misfortune to cut her hand very badly, and the assistance of a next-door neighbor was obtained to dress the wound. This neighbor had resided there some time, leading a very reserved and quiet life, and the families had continued strangers; she dressed the wound with skill, and proposed to Ellen to come in, each morning, while it should be necessary, that she might attend to it. This kind offer—as it was considered—was willingly received by Mrs. W., whose nervous temperament unfitted her for the task, and Ellen went in daily for a fortnight, to have the wound dressed; but it was afterwards found that the moral effect of these interviews had been most unprofitable. Quiet and respectable as this neighbor appeared, it was subsequently ascertained that she was leading a life of infamy, and that she assiduously improved this opportunity, to undermine and destroy the good influences which were moulding Ellen's mind and character.

The years which Ellen had passed in Mrs. W.'s family, had wrought great improvement in her health and personal appearance, as well as in her moral and mental developments, owing in a great measure to the judicious care she had there received. The sallow complexion and hollow cheeks were superseded by a rosy bloom and full round face. She was past fourteen and was rapidly developing the features and form of a fine-looking young woman, though herself apparently unconscious of it. This officious neighbor, while dressing her hand, sought to awaken *vanity* in Ellen by praising her beauty; and also to make her discontented with her situation, by telling her she “was *too handsome* to be brought up a servant, and especially as an *apprentice* ;” “that the control of her employer was cruel and oppressive,” and that she had “better run away,” for her “face would procure for her the life of a lady.”

These evil teachings did not produce *all* the effect designed, for Ellen's heart told her that Mrs. W. was *not* cruel but a true friend. Yet she pondered much on what she had heard, especially the “*degradation*” suggested. Though happy as any child of the family before, she now became discontented and dissatisfied with her constrained relation to it.

But having been encouraged to confide all her sorrows and secrets to Mrs. W., it was not long before this became too troublesome to keep, and she made a full report of the conversations she had held with their neighbor. The falsity of this wicked woman's statements and the present and eternal consequences of following the course to which she had been advised, were faithfully set before Ellen, and it was hoped their evil influences had been wholly counteracted; though from that time she became the object of increased anxieties and more watchful care.

But soon another snare was spread for Ellen's feet. She was walking one day in a public garden, with one of the children, in the immediate neighborhood of their home, which was eight miles from the city, when she was accosted by a young woman who was strolling through the grounds, having, as she said, "just come from New York for a ride!" This girl noticed the pretty child which Ellen was leading by the hand, and inquired if she were "its nurse?" thus opening a conversation, during which she artfully obtained the name and particulars of her history, and availing herself of Ellen's unhappiness because she was apprenticed, she commented largely upon her folly in remaining so, when by one simple effort she might "*be free!*" "The world," she said, "was before her, she would readily find friends and employment in the city, she herself would help her, and introduce her to persons who would give her all the assistance she needed;" and the girl would not depart until she had obtained Ellen's reluctant promise to leave her home secretly the following Saturday afternoon, and meet her in the city, giving her the necessary directions.

Every hour before that Saturday Ellen was very unhappy. She was often on the point of disclosing all to Mrs. W., but the desire to be free prevailed. Her clothing was gathered and packed, but a sense of honor restrained her from taking some of the newest and best, which had been lately given her. In her budget she carefully stowed away a *golden ringlet* from the head of her "darling Sophy," presented by her mother in compliance with Ellen's urgent request. Under cover of a stormy night, Ellen set forth to make her lonely way to the city. The house to which she was directed, was some distance from where she left the cars, and through the darkness and the rain she hurried on, inquiring frequently for direction of those she met; weary and heart-sick in view of the comforts she had left, and the hardships she was encountering, she at last found the place and was admitted. But the woman she saw knew nothing of the girl whom Ellen was seeking, who had evidently deceived her, and now "what *could* she do?" Penniless, homeless and friendless, she had voluntarily rendered herself, and felt that she *deserved all* she suffered. In her perplexity and grief she explained her situation to the woman with whom she was conversing, hoping she might advise or befriend her. But alas, for poor Ellen! she knew not that she had entered the very gateway of destruction—that the woman whose sympathy she was striving to gain, was dead to pity, and would much sooner *ruin* than save her. In her conversation with this woman she expatiated at length upon the excellencies of the friends she had left, "lost now forever," and especially dwelt upon the public labors and charities of Mrs. M., the lady who first befriended her, and who had continued her watchful oversight until Ellen's abrupt departure.

Mrs. M.'s name and character were well known to this vile woman, and feeling sure no pains would be spared to recover the fugitive, she judged it safest to get her off her hands: so she sent for a police-officer and placed the girl in his custody, who, probably finding that the most convenient place, conveyed her to the city prison.

Now she was receiving the wages of *transgression*! What a brief transit from the home where she had been so kindly cherished to a comfortless cell in "The Toombs!" Oh! now she had time to reflect and repent in bitterness of soul. Now she shed torrents of unavailing tears, while none but God and the granite walls about her witnessed her woe. Now she realized the falsity of hopes and promises which had beguiled her from friends and honor and brought her into peril and disgrace; and she resolved that *this sad lesson* should suffice—that henceforth she would do as the Saviour bade one in olden times, "Go and sin no more."

Her true name and history were not given to the officer, who committed her as "a vagrant," and *shame* led her still to withhold them from those who questioned her. So, while she was in prison, *incognito*, her friends had instituted the most diligent search for her, in vain. The aid of the police was procured, who did not intermit their efforts until they assured Mrs. M. and Mrs. W., that they "had searched every house of ill repute, in this city and its vicinity." A special watch was kept for her for several weeks, yet no tidings of her could be obtained. But Ellen knew nothing of this, after having been a few days in prison, some ladies of the "Prison Association," noticed her and removed her to the "Prisoners' Home." There in seclusion she occupied herself industriously, and awakened interest by her correct deportment.

Mrs. M. was ever on the alert, for she could not give up Ellen. Many anxious hours she passed, and many prayers she offered during these weeks for her safety and restoration. Finally, a trifling clue led to her discovery in the Prisoners' Home, and Mrs. M. claimed the right which her *indentures* gave, and resumed the charge of her. The evidence of her repentance overcame Mr. W.'s objections to her return to his family, and she was soon re-admitted to her old home; where she conducted herself with much propriety, and years again rolled on and the memory of her misdoings had almost passed away.

Early in the summer of 1849, rumors of the cholera began to spread through the city; the families of Mrs. M. and Mrs. W. had made arrangements to go into the country for the seas on, and they thought it a favorable opportunity to secure for Ellen what they much desired—a trade. So they placed her with a competent dress-maker, and were to pay her an extra fee, to give Ellen special care, and advance her as rapidly as practicable in the knowledge of her art. This woman did not fulfil her agreement; she employed her in housework, instead of sewing; Ellen's friends were absent, so she could not tell her grievances to them, and she became so dissatisfied, that in a few days she left the house clandestinely.

The pestilence was on the increase, and alarm became general; Mrs. W. feared for Ellen's safety, and a few days after she left the city, she wrote for Ellen to come to her at an appointed time. She went with her carriage to the depot to meet her, but instead of the expected one, she found a letter informing them that Ellen had left the dress-maker and gone it was not known whither.

Advertisements were immediately published, and as before, the most diligent search was made; but months and years passed, bringing no tidings whatever, and her friends mourned for her at length as irrecoverably numbered among "the living lost." Her death could not have caused them so deep a grief, for in this fate, the death of both body and soul were involved; and they were sorely tried, too, by so sad a termination to protracted efforts for her welfare—efforts which seemed all for naught or even worse, as the education and training she had received must increase her condemnation in choosing a life of sin.

The vicissitudes of years brought important changes to these families; Mr. W. removed to a distant part of the continent, "*a land of promise*;" but his realizations fell far short of his hopes, as worldly anticipations are wont to do, for *it yielded him more sorrow than gold*; Mrs. M. became a widow, and through the mismanagement and dishonesty of others, lost much of the ample means which she had delighted to use in works of benevolence and mercy; she had consequently lived for a considerable time in comparative retirement.

A short time since, a servant came to her room one morning, saying, "A lady wishes to see you in the parlor, ma'am."

"Who is she, Mary? Did she give you her name?"

"No, ma'am; she says you do not know her name."

Mrs. M. descended to the parlor and found there a stately and beautiful woman, elegantly dressed, who came toward her with extended hand and asked, "Do you not know me, Mrs. M.? Do you not remember Ellen?"

"No, I do not remember you—I have not the slightest recollection of having seen you before."

"Do you not remember Ellen, who lived with your sister?"

"My sister had several girls of that name, living with her at different times," replied Mrs. M., "but you are none of those Ellens."

Raising her voice, and in a manner approaching to impatience, the stranger asked, "Well, can you recollect the *little bare-footed girl* you picked up by the Park?"

"Not Ellen Brown?" inquired Mrs. M. doubtingly.

"Yes! Ellen Brown; I am *that* Ellen Brown," replied the visitor.

An involuntary shudder passed over Mrs. M., before she could reply; for if this was indeed Ellen, her dress seemed a confirmation of her worst fears; but the feeling was transitory, for *her general appearance* checked suspicion. An explanation ensued, and subsequent confirmation of her story enabled Mrs. M. to rejoice over Ellen as one who "was dead, but is alive again; was lost, but is found;" yet not in the painful sense which she had feared, for by the mercy of God, no doubt in answer to prayer, through all Ellen's devious wanderings she had not strayed from the paths of virtue. The intervening years had been spent in Europe; she had but recently returned to this country, and since her arrival, she had made several unsuccessful efforts to find her old friends. A few days previously she had recognized Mrs. M. as she entered a store, and knowing that a public place would be unfavorable for the explanation Mrs. M. would expect, she renewed her efforts to learn her residence, and this time with success.

Ellen gave her friend a long and interesting account of the various and important changes which had befallen her, some of which were sufficient-

ly romantic to illustrate the remark, "Truth is stranger than fiction." It was in substance as follows : When she left the dressmaker's house—a step by-the-by which she was partly induced to take by her old unwillingness to remain as a *servant*, a repugnance she could never overcome—she went to an intelligence office, and was informed that a gentleman had applied that morning for hands to go to a factory in a neighboring city, and had left money to defray their expenses thither ; if she would like to go, she might have the opportunity. She at once concluded to improve this offer to obtain employment. She was soon there and actively occupied in her new business. She learned readily, and in a few weeks could earn considerable more than her expenses, and found herself rather a favorite among her companions, and enjoyed very much the new feeling of independence which her circumstances inspired, so that she would have accounted herself *happy*, but for frequent misgivings at her unkindness in leaving as she had, the benefactors and friends of her forlorn childhood.

One day a lady, evidently a foreigner, came in to visit the factory ; she passed through the several apartments, examining whatever there was of interest in the work of the operatives. She paused near Ellen, and after looking earnestly at her, she remarked that she was "about sailing for Europe and wished to get a person to go with her as 'lady's maid,' and asked her if she knew any young woman that would like the situation." It seemed to Ellen a desirable one for herself, and she signified her wish to procure it. The lady was pleased with her appearance and finding she had no friends to be consulted, who might hinder her going, she gladly engaged her, and Ellen left at once and accompanied her to Philadelphia, where she expected to spend a few weeks preparing for a voyage.

Poor Ellen ! In her inexperience and ignorance of the world, she did not for a moment suspect that she was again running a great risk in thus entrusting herself to a stranger without reference, or any assurance but her own word, that she would be properly cared for and protected ; she trusted the respectable appearance and kind words of the lady, and *this time* her confidence was not misplaced ; she proved a friend indeed, filling, as far as possible, a mother's place to Ellen. She was a lady of fortune—a childless widow, and she soon became much attached to Ellen, who was almost constantly in her society, and by many winning ways and kindly attentions won her love. She was much affected by the history of her former life, and spent many hours conversing with her respecting its details. Ellen told her the sad tale without disguise or effort to extenuate her faults.

A short time before they were to sail, the lady observed an advertisement in the papers asking for information concerning a young girl of Ellen's name and age. She showed it to E., who agreed with her that she must be the person referred to, but it was a mystery who could be thus interested except her old friends in New York, and it could not be them, for the advertisement-requested answers to be sent to a small town in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

The lady directed an answer there, which soon brought the advertiser to the hotel. He was an elderly and respectable-looking gentleman, and on meeting Ellen made various inquiries of her the answers to which satisfied him that she was the person he was seeking. It was evident from the commencement of their interview, that he felt more than an ordinary

interest in proving her identity, and when convinced of it, he was deeply affected.

He then informed Ellen and the lady, whose curiosity in the matter was scarce less than her own, that he was *her father!* The girl was astonished at this information, for she did not remember that she had seen the gentleman, and supposed her father died in her infancy; and he was even more astonished at the wonderful change which had taken place in his child since he saw her, which was a short time before she left Ireland. It might well surprise him, for it had almost seemed incredible to those who were witnesses of the transformation as it was in progress; so strikingly did her tall, well-rounded figure and pretty face contrast with the fallow, puny and dwarfed child she was when they first saw her.

Ellen's father remained some days with her, during which he communicated much that was new and strange concerning her early history. He informed her that the woman was not her mother whom she had always supposed to be, but that he had hired her to take charge of Ellen from her birth; it being one condition of their bargain that she "should pass for the child's mother."

Ellen's reminiscences of her early childhood were mingled with much of harshness and severity on the part of this woman, which she often thought were irreconcilable with what she had subsequently seen of maternal love, but of which she had now an unlooked-for explanation.

"But who is my mother? Is she living? Have I seen her?" were Ellen's earnest queries. In reply, her father stated, that she was taken from her mother soon after her birth, and placed to a wet-nurse with the woman whom she had called mother. Her own mother was a lady of rank, in whose father's house for years previously, and till the birth of Ellen, he had held a position of trust and responsibility. Her mother, through him, had been at the expense of Ellen's support, until she was sent away from Ireland; though she had not been suffered to see her or to know where she was.

Ellen's father took much blame to himself for the course he had pursued toward her, and said that from the time she came from her own home, he had suffered much in mind on her account; indeed his life afforded sorrowful proof that one wrong step prepares the way for many. He was not allowed to hope that he could ever marry the mother of his child, because of her superior position in society; and therefore, while Ellen was yet a babe, he married a woman who was ignorant of the sin of his youth, and had become the father of several daughters who remained in the same happy ignorance.

The woman with whom Ellen was placed had an evil temper, and after a few years became exceedingly troublesome to him by threats to reveal that she was not her mother. Discovering that he had much objection to her doing so, she used this means to extort money from him. Finally, driven to desperation by her exactions and threats, he begged the favor of a townsman who had returned from America on a visit, to take charge of Ellen and bring her to New York, where he might leave her to her fate; letting her "become a pauper child if nothing better offered."

But he had found subsequently, that conscience was far more troublesome than Ellen's foster-mother had been; for he had been pursued by ceaseless upbraidings until at times life had become burdensome. Quite recently his wife had been taken from him by death, and he resolved

soon after, that he would set out directly for "the States," and if possible, find his outcast child.

Ellen in her turn informed her father of numerous trials and changes which she had seen since she embarked for America. The account was not calculated to blunt the edge of his repentance, for she had been the victim of much abuse and neglect. Even on ship-board, the man to whom he had entrusted her, beat her cruelly, and when they arrived here, he placed her with persons from whose ill-treatment she suffered greatly.

Her father was solicitous now to do all in his power for her well-being and proposed her return with him to Ireland.

The French lady—Ellen's mistress, had been an attentive listener to these narratives, and they greatly increased the interest she had already felt in Ellen. But she was not prepared to believe it desirable to accede to her father's proposition, especially on account of his distant family who were not aware of Ellen's relationship. She explained to him her own circumstances and position in her native land, and also her expectation and wish to have Ellen accompany her to Paris, where she would do well by her.

Ellen also preferred this course, for she loved the lady and had received much proof of her kindness already, and she was loth to give up her wish to see Paris. The lady assured her father if Ellen became dissatisfied or at any time preferred to go to him, she would herself accompany her and leave her in his charge; she would also write often and keep him advised of her circumstances.

Satisfied of the real benevolence of this lady's intention toward his child, and of her ability to do better for her than he could, for his means were limited, he concluded not to interfere with their previous plans. After giving E. much good counsel and several tokens of his regard, he left them; and as the object of his mission was now accomplished, he soon returned to his own country.

Ellen and her mistress embarked at the time appointed for Havre. The voyage was prosperous, and before its termination the lady informed E. that she had "*concluded to adopt her*;" that on reaching Paris she should employ teachers for her in French and music, as well as the ordinary branches, and that she must improve as fast as possible and continue to be a good girl, and she would soon be able to introduce her to her friends, which she should do as her "*niece*." Ellen scarcely knew whether she heard aright; she was quite bewildered by the joyous prospect so suddenly opened before her; words of thanks she had not, for tears at the time choked their utterance, but again and again she kissed the hand of her benefactress and they mingled tears of gladness together. Ellen assured her friend that she would make the utmost exertions to meet her wishes, and hoped she would never have cause to regret the great kindness she had shown her.

Now, indeed, a new existence dawned on this child of Providence. They were soon at the destined port, and when they were settled in the home of her "aunt," the promised teachers were procured and Ellen commenced in good earnest to improve the opportunities afforded, and being naturally bright and intelligent, she made excellent proficiency in her various studies and accomplishments. What a contrast was her present to her former life! One might well suppose the change could not be

wholly advantageous. Now, servants bowed obsequiously and always stood ready to fulfil her requests, and all the elegancies of dress and ornament were lavished upon her; but these things did not fill Ellen's heart with pride and self-appreciation, as might have been expected. She had learned to realize that *God* was the source of all her mercies, and in these changes, she felt that she was especially indebted to Him, and this consideration kept her humble.

Ellen found her chief happiness in the society of her aunt, and by her cheerful presence and grateful love brought sunshine to her widowed heart—which had long suffered from the desolation of bereavement. This period was probably the happiest of Ellen's new life, and was succeeded by her introduction to fashionable society, which dissipated a part of the quiet joy she had before experienced. Even in this trying position, she did credit to the advantages which had been bestowed upon her, and by her modest and lady-like demeanor gave her aunt great satisfaction; she soon attracted considerable attention in the circle of her acquaintances.

One of these, a gentleman of excellent character and large fortune, became especially interested and soon asked her hand in marriage. His proposals being approved by her aunt, he was accepted, and after a brief interval spent in necessary preparation, their nuptials were celebrated. The morning of their marriage, her aunt settled upon Ellen a property to be used in her own right and title, which was sufficient to secure her independence for life. Ellen remained on the continent several years afterward, living very happily with her husband, and she became the joyful mother of two darling sons. The husband wishing to make a tour through the United States, she left her children with her aunt and accompanied him hither. Of her former history in this country he was entirely ignorant.

The next day, Ellen called again on Mrs. M., and brought her marriage-certificate and also her husband's daguerreotype. A time was designated for a visit by Mrs. M. to Ellen's residence, when she called for and accompanied her thither and there introduced her to her husband. She found them surrounded with all the appliances which wealth commands. Ellen with childlike simplicity exhibited to her old friend, her valuable mementoes and treasures, and among them brought out a choice tiny box in which was securely deposited a little golden curl—the identical curl which Mrs. W., yielding to Ellen's importunity, had many years before cut from the hair of her "darling Sophy" and given her. She had loved this child with the deepest devotion, and in all the wanderings and changes of her eventful life, this trifling remembrancer had been guarded as an invaluable treasure.

It was a grief to Ellen that she could have no hope of again seeing this family, to thank them for all their kindness, and clasp again to her heart her favorite, now almost grown to womanhood. But so far as presents could testify her gratitude and continued love, they did not lack the evidence of it. A box was left at Mrs. M.'s, which, from time to time, received valuable deposits to be forwarded to them. Among these was a gold watch and chain for "Sophy," a massive pencil for Mr. W., richest books and garments, and numerous other articles, useful and ornamental. And Mrs. M. also received many tangible and acceptable proofs, that "He that watereth others shall himself also be watered." Ellen remained some months in the city and was an almost daily visitor,

generally bringing with her choice fruits or flowers, or more serviceable tributes of affection.

She is now again in Europe, and is about to become the possessor of a large property, which comes to her from her husband's family, and which, as his wife, she is to hold in her own exclusive right.

In every stage of Ellen's history, we see the blessed effects of kindness, forbearance and faith in dealing with children. Had Mrs. M. passed Ellen heedlessly and hurried on to meet her appointment, leaving her where she had found her, she would probably have been brought under evil influences, and perhaps have found a premature end in some den of infamy and crime. Thank God that she did not. May Ellen be a star in the crown of her rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

PRUSSIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

AN American in Berlin thus writes, respecting that city and its people, to the *Evangelist*:—

"It is not only a great city, it is a queer one. This makes itself to be seen continually, and not always pleasantly. The *wrongheadedness*, said to be peculiar to the Irishman, seems to me to be at least, in an equal degree, inherent in the German. Their customs differ from those of all other nations; they are as unlike us in certain respects, as they are unlike the Chinese. Their cookery is so different that many persons visiting the city are unable for a long time to eat any thing with pleasure or comfort. I, myself, have been here two months and find even now, when I might be supposed near acclimated, but two or three dishes which suit me at all. Every one, too, is familiar with the German sleeping customs; a narrow bed, two feet wide, and so short that a man of ordinary height is obliged to double up in order that he may sleep in it, and covered with that abomination—a feather bed; such is the only arrangement, the only Germanic notion of a bed; the nobles have no other, the peasants use the same. If any person wants a wider bed, two are placed side by side; but though this may be covered with one quilt, the Prussian mind seems never to have been illuminated; they saw not, for their eyes were holden. Then their evening concerts and parties begin so early, that in summer, evening has not fairly set in when the assembly has broken up: and in winter a vast gulf yawns between the end of the evening's amusement and bedtime. On some accounts this is a good custom, favoring early hours in every way; but it leads to much evil, which any one in Berlin can mark without difficulty. The language is, to a foreigner, strangely involved: they have two distinct characters for writing, and also two for printing, used and well understood by all; and their odd use of the masculine, feminine, and neuter genders, puzzles, while it amuses. Think of a speech in which the word *dog* is masculine, and *horse* is neuter; the *sun* feminine, the *moon* masculine; *lady* feminine, and *girl, woman* and *Miss* neuter!

"It is a polite city—a city in which punctillious politeness joins with true heart-felt politeness—two very different things. Here no man enters a restaurant or cafe, or any place of public resort, with his hat on his head; it would be considered a rudeness to the guests assembled. If one in walking rapidly through the streets chances, ever so slightly, to brush against another, the hats of both are not touched but lifted, and 'excuse me, sir,' 'don't mention it,' are out of their lips on the instant. Should a stranger ask any chance person in the street the direction to any place, the polite Berliner immediately volunteers to show it himself, and actually in many cases, will go the whole distance, that the stranger may not lose his route. I remember being thus kindly accompanied, more than a mile, by one whom I had never seen; and in another instance nearly the same distance by another person. If your brother is spoken of, it is 'your herr brother;' if your wife, 'your lady wife.' In the shops cus-

to rers greet the salesmen or women when they enter : do not immediately begin business, but say a polite word or two, and then make their purchases ; and always say ' Ade,' or good-bye, when leaving. An educated, refined German is, I hesitate not to say, one of the most learned, polite and agreeable men on the face of the earth. The only rude persons in Berlin seem to be foreigners, and especially—alas that I should say it—English and Americans !”

BOOK NOTICES.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD,—A letter to Hon. Heman Lincoln, by Baron Stowe, D. D., pastor of the Rowe street church, Boston. 16mo. 208 pp. This is a very able and interesting volume upon Christian Union. It comprises the following three parts. (1.) The Union that is Desireable. (2.) Considerations that render Christian Union Desireable. (3.) Some Methods by which our own Denomination may contribute to the Promotion of Christian Brotherhood. These topics are discussed in a fair, candid way, as if the writer were deeply impressed with the importance of the subject under consideration. The views are timely, and should be universally disseminated. All denominations need to imbibe some of the good spirit that is found in this book. We hope it will be read far and near.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 177 Washington street, the following music :—

1. *Jenny Bell* : song and chorus, by T. H. Howe.
2. *Mammoth Cave* : Air by Weigl,—F. Boyen.
3. *The Kearsrage Mountain Waltz* : by M. P. Clarionni.
4. *Jeannie* : Ballad, by George Linley.
5. *The Secret Eleven* : Waltz, by James S. Drake.
6. *Twilight Polka* : for Piano, by J. Dayton.
7. *Days gone by* : by W. T. Wrighton.
8. *Hussar Schottisch* : J. H. McNaughton.
9. *Good Morrow* : Words by Chas. Macay. Music by Frank More.
10. *Song of the Winds* : In the style of “THE SEA,” J. J. Clarke.
11. *Tell me ye softly breathing Gales* : by Louisa A. Denton.
12. *Gentle River Waltz* : for the Piano, by J. Dayton.
13. *In silence sad heart go* : M. W. Balfe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED “How to live life over [Again]”—“Education of English Girls,” No. 4.—“Aunt Hannah”—“Unwritten Music”—“Dangers of the Theatre”—“Responsibility of Parents”—“The Mother of Zebedee’s children”—“How can children do good.”

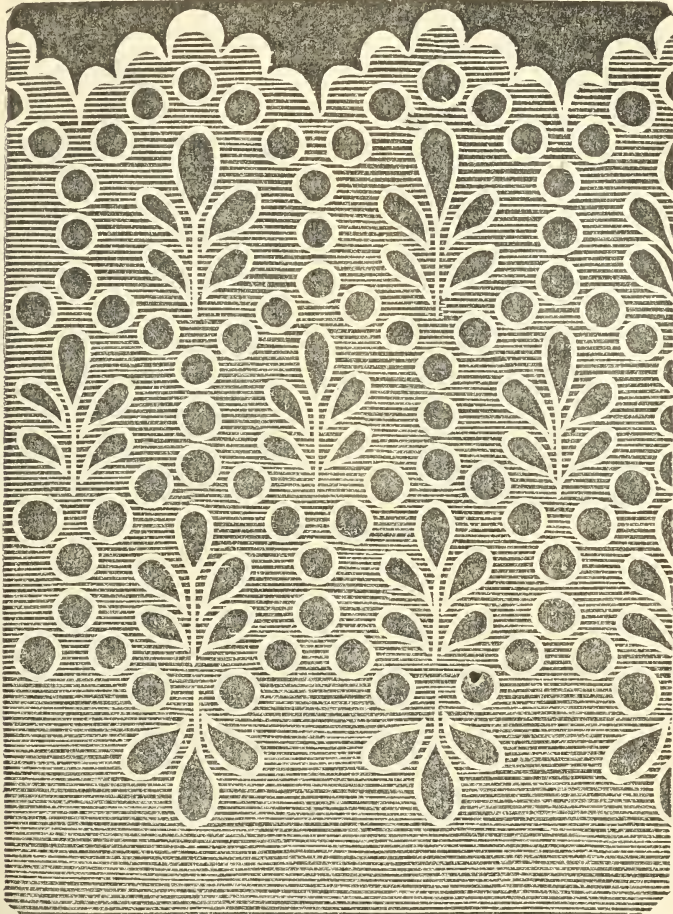
FASHIONS.



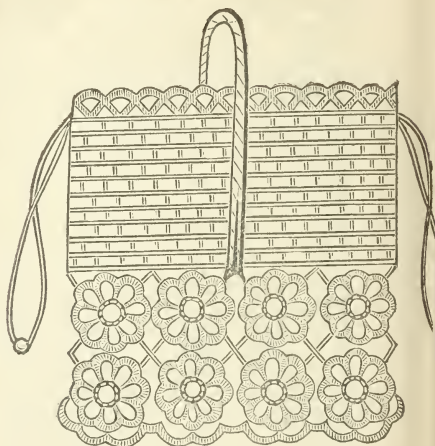
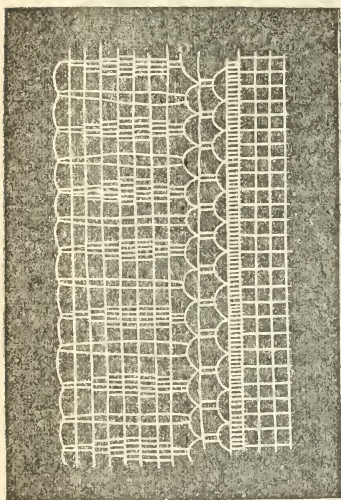
MOTHER AND CHILD'S DRESS.



WALKING DRESS.



THIS style of embroidery is likely soon to take the lead, in collars and sleeves, as it is lighter in appearance for summer wear, and more appropriate for evening-dress than embroidery on muslin alone, however light it may be. The Brussels net, on which it is worked, being made of so fine a thread, and woven into so slight a fabric, is a beautiful material. The muslin which is to be laid over the net must also be clear and fine, in order to produce a lacy appearance. The design must be traced out first with No. 24 cotton, in a very careful manner, and afterwards every part must be very neatly, but lightly and regularly sewn over with No. 30 cotton. The centres of the scrolls may be filled with the different lace stitches, although they are all the same in our illustration. We think a variety may be introduced to advantage. After all the sewing over is finished, the muslin must be cut out, leaving only the design on the net. There is no form of sleeve so well adapted for this sort of work, and for showing it off to advantage, as that which is formed of two or three large puffings of net into insertion, and the full frill of lace allowed to fall over the arm.



CROCHET PATTERNS.



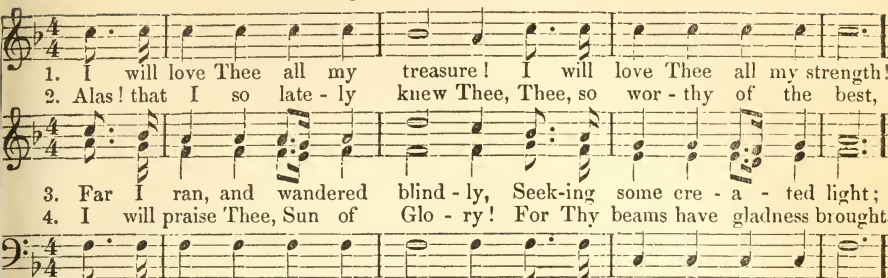
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



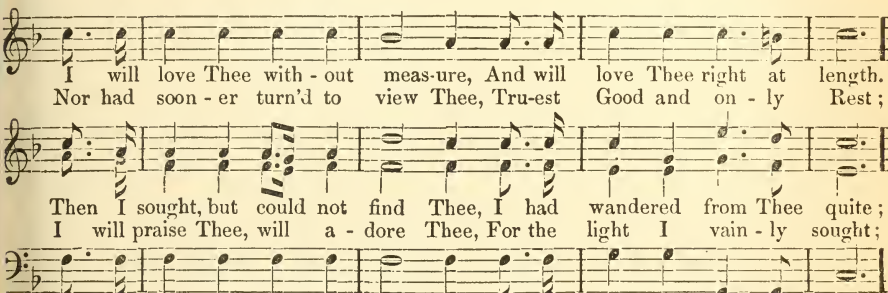
OH! I WILL LOVE THEE.

"Whom having not seen ye love."—1 PET. 1: 8

E. R. B.



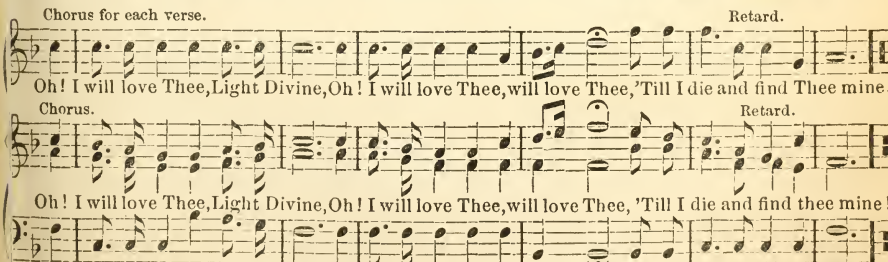
1. I will love Thee all my treasure! I will love Thee all my strength!
 2. Alas! that I so late - ly knew Thee, Thee, so wor - thy of the best,



I will love Thee with - out meas - ure, And will love Thee right at length.
 Nor had soon - er turn'd to view Thee, Tru - est Good and on - ly Rest;
 Then I sought, but could not find Thee, I had wandered from Thee quite;
 I will praise Thee, will a - dore Thee, For the light I vain - ly sought;



Oh! I will love Thee, Light Divine, Oh! I will love Thee, Light Divine, 'Till I die and find Thee mine!
 The more I love, I mourn the more, The more I love, I mourn the more, That I did not love before!
 Until at last Thou art made known, Until at last Thou art made known, Thro' thy seeking, not my own!
 Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest, Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest, Spake my sin - sick soul
 [to rest.]



Chorus for each verse. Retard.
 Oh! I will love Thee, Light Divine, Oh! I will love Thee, will love Thee, 'Till I die and find Thee mine.
 Chorus. Retard.
 Oh! I will love Thee, Light Divine, Oh! I will love Thee, will love Thee, 'Till I die and find thee mine!

5 Be my heart more warmly glowing,
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
 And its love, its ardor showing,
 Let my spirit onward tread.
 Still near to Thee, and nearer still,
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will,
 Chorus.— Oh! I will love Thee, &c.

6 I will love, in joy and sorrow!
 Crowning joy! will love Thee well,
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 While I in this body dwell!
 Oh! I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 'Till I die and find Thee mine
 Chorus.— Oh! I will love Thee, &c.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XVII.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

EDITORIAL.

IN the engraving we have a view of Eli reproving his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, for the gross sins with which they have stained their characters. It appears from the narrative that he had been guilty of excessive indulgence, allowing them to pursue their own chosen way too much, when he ought to have followed the example of Abraham, and *commanded* them to obey. Even when he undertook to rebuke them, it was done so tamely and timidly that it could scarcely be called authority. Although he was high priest and civil judge in Israel, and the sins of his sons cast reproach upon his official character, he did not severely chastise them. He merely said, "Why do ye such things, my sons? I hear no good report of you, but evil; ye make the Lord's people to transgress." And yet they had violated the sacerdotal authority with which they were invested, and defiled the sanctuary of God, in which they were privileged, by birth and education, to officiate. They had become profane and profligate beyond others of whom much less was expected, so that "the sin of these young men was very great before the Lord, for men abhorred the offering of the Lord." Such iniquity deserves something more than the whimpering, irresolute, "Why do ye such things? I hear no good report of you." Such reproof is very disproportionate to the guilt of their heaven-defying conduct. It is destitute of decision and authority. And the tameness of this reproof becomes still more marked, when we consider that their sacrilegious course in the house of God, was not the worst part of their wicked career. For they became grossly licentious, and scarcely sought to hide their deep corruption from the gaze of men. Their iniquities were perpetrated unblushingly, without the fear of God or man. Is it not strange that so good a man as Eli should deal in so lax a manner with his disobedient sons? Even if he had no regard for the honor of his sacred office, and the priestly trust committed to his

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

children, one would think that interest in their welfare would have called into exercise the utmost endeavors to compel them to do right. But Eli was evidently one of those fathers who have little or no tact for administering family government. It is quite clear that some parents are better qualified by nature to govern children than others, just as one teacher is a better manager of a school than another. Scholars will trample upon the government of some instructors, though the latter appear to exert themselves considerably to maintain order. On the other hand, some preserve perfect order in the school-room without much seeming exertion. One class has tact for the business : the other has not. So it is with parents ; and Eli plainly belonged to the tactless class. Yet while this is true, it must also be admitted, that strenuous endeavors to accomplish that for which we have no tact will ensure a degree of success. Tact, with no exertion, may be followed by failure ; while exertion, and no tact, may be crowned with comparative success. Eli, then, was not altogether excusable. God did not look upon his unwise indulgence with any favor, as the following language shows :—

“ Wherefore the Lord God of Israel saith, I said indeed that thy house, and the house of thy father, should walk before me forever ; but now the Lord saith, Be it far from me ; for them that honor me, I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed. Behold, the days come, that I will cut off thine arm, and the arm of thy father’s house, that there shall not be an old man in thine house And this shall be a sign unto thee, that shall come upon thy two sons, on Hophni and Phinehas, in one day they shall die both of them. And I will raise me up a faithful priest, that shall do according to that which is in my heart and in my mind ; and I will build him a sure house ; and he shall walk before mine anointed forever And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house ; when I begin I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth ; *because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.* And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli’s house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever.”

Here God brands Eli as an unfaithful priest, by declaring that he "will raise up a faithful priest;" and the reason he gives, or the particular thing in which his want of fidelity appears, is, that "*his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.*" Surely, parental indulgence must be an aggravating offence in the sight of God, if such judgments are meted out to mortals as its legitimate reward! All that was threatened in the foregoing denunciation fell upon the house of Eli. True, it was delayed for a series of years, but it nevertheless came. In a single day, Hophni and Phinehas were slain in battle, with thirty thousand men, the ark of God was taken by the foe, and the sad tidings reaching the ear of Eli, before sunset of the same day, he fell back and expired. A daughter-in-law, too, the wife of Phinehas, died on that day, leaving behind an orphan to whom she gave the name of Ichabod, *the glory is departed*, to express her feelings in that trying hour. Subsequently, Abimelech, the great-grandson of Eli, was destroyed, with eighty-four priests of his house. Neither man nor woman, old or young, were spared by cruel Doeg the Edomite. Scott says, "The sins of pious individuals among Eli's posterity would be pardoned through the sacrifice of Christ for their eternal salvation; but the Lord had determined that no number of sin-offerings or oblations should prevail with him to continue that family in the priesthood." All this was the consequence of parental indulgence; and to those who do not appreciate the sacred obligations of the parent, it may seem terribly severe. But how often are similar evils entailed upon entire families now by indulgence, or neglect of those duties which every parent is sacredly bound to discharge for his children's sake! Probably more miseries are brought upon households, and more children ruined, by over indulgence, than by undue severity. Multitudes believe that severity is the great sin of parental government, rather than indulgence. We think it is a mistake, and that the latter is alarmingly prevalent. We would not counsel harshness, severity, by no means, though we fully believe that over-indulgence causes more evil, than over-severity. Of the two we would prefer that a child should be treated too harshly than to be excessively indulged. There would be more prospect of his becoming a good citizen and a moral man, under the former treatment than under the latter. For severity may beget obedience,

though it be servile ; and this is better than none at all. The child who submits to a parent is more likely to submit to the civil ruler, and finally to his God. The disobedient son is the last one to yield quietly to all the laws of his country, and last to yield to the authority of God. The reader has probably noticed that sometimes the children of a drunkard, who is cruel and tyrannical in his family, are modest and well-behaved, reverential to superiors and kind to inferiors. The father has never sat down to counsel them pleasantly, in regard to what they should do or be ; but he *has made them mind*. It has been a word and a blow with him. The children have understood that obedience only could preserve them from the dire consequences of his wrath. Therefore his presence has restrained them, and they have formed the habit of obedience. May not here be found a reason for their general good behaviour ? It certainly is not found in parental precepts and example ; for these have been deficient.

There is no need, however, of being either severe or lax in government. There is a golden mien to be observed, which maintains even-handed justice, and secures the results of wise and efficient discipline. In such family discipline love predominates, as it does in the divine government, sweetly blending authority with the yearnings of affection. This is the kind of authority to which God adds his peculiar blessing. The Scriptures require the parent to command absolute and unconditional obedience. They do not admit of coaxing or frightening sons and daughters to submission. The demand must be made upon the high and holy principle of right. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." Why ? "FOR THIS IS RIGHT." They are not to question this point. If this end can be attained by the exercise of love only, it is better ; but severity is wise if it cannot be secured without. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son ; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Submission by love if possible, by chastisement if needful, should be the rule.

Eli appears to have been one of those parents who argue the necessity of obedience with their children. There is a way which some parents have of discussing the subject with their sons who dispute their authority by word or deed. They waste breath and words in showing them *why they should obey*. This may not always be wrong, though it is not often to be done. God requires

children to obey because it is right. They are not privileged to question that authority any more than the father is to dispute the government of God. Submission is enjoined without conditions, except "in the Lord." The deleterious influence of arguing the point of yielding to parental commands is soon witnessed upon the young. In a short time they acquire the habit of disputing both father and mother, about the practicability of obeying this and that command. If they yield at all, it is not until after a war of words, enough to mar the peace and happiness of the family, for hours and days. This is the way that order, harmony, and discipline, are often destroyed at the fireside. Whether it commenced there in Eli's family or not, it is quite evident that his two sons cared little for his commands. By some means they had come to do as they pleased, a father's counsel, to the contrary notwithstanding. His weak reproof, "Why do ye such things?" suggests that he may have been one who coaxed or argued his sons to obey.

Perhaps the secret of Eli's failure in training his sons, is to be found in his ardent affection. That he was a loving father no one can doubt who reads the narrative. He was naturally amiable and affectionate, and was probably blinded thereby to the wickedness of his sons and the tendency of their course. Love often unfits parents to maintain firm, efficient discipline in the family. Of course, it is misguided or abused love. For the truest affection will prompt to the discharge of every duty which the highest welfare of children demands. It must often be a trial, of course, to administer needful chastisement; but the neglect of it will bring a greater trial in the recklessness of sons. As the most devoted father would consent to the amputation of a son's limb to save his life, though it would be a painful operation to witness, so he will preserve a strict, unyielding family government, to save his children from ruin. Yet, many love their children so unwisely that they cannot endure to inflict even necessary punishment. It is such a cross to their affection, which is subject to no law, that they can only say, "Why do ye so?" "Nay, it is no good report that I hear of you." There, family government ends with them—a failure.

Some imagine that indulgence is necessary to secure the child's confidence and affection—that firm, rigid government will diminish

his love for parents. There could scarcely be a greater mistake. Is it not universally true that indulgent children have the least respect for their natural guardians, and treat them with the least kindness and affection? Where can an example be found to the contrary? Turn to the life of Eli; and did his sons show that they loved him more for his indulgence? What single instance of true love for their father can be pointed out? On the other hand, they always exhibited a heartless disregard of him. They showed themselves to be unnatural sons. Their very appearance in the engraving is that of cold indifference, and deep ingratitude. If indulgence is suited to awaken latent affection in the soul, then they ought to have been the most loving and tender sons to be found. No! indulgence can never increase filial attachment. It removes restraints, and thereby allows the malevolent feelings to develop and strengthen from day to day, until even natural affection is well nigh consumed in the reign of evil passions.

There is another cause of parental indulgence, though it may not have attached to Eli. It is economy of time. It takes time to correct children properly. They can be whipped and knocked about in a moment, without much present interruption to labor. But to sit down to impart wholesome counsel, and show them the guilt of their conduct, and inspire their hearts with a love of right, consumes many precious moments. When the rod is employed too, it requires time to administer it properly. Anger will use it almost in the twinkling of an eye; but true affection proceeds to the painful necessity in a slower way. Now, some parents think that the time spent in administering correction is lost—that it is so much subtracted from the sum total of labor that might otherwise be performed. They are industrious, and have much to do, in order to meet all the responsibilities of domestic life. They see no convenient moments for this special discipline. Undervaluing the importance of a firm and true family government, they make it a secondary matter. In order to save time, they either slacken the reins of government, and allow their children to do what they would forbid if cares did not press; or else proceed to the shortest possible method of expressing their displeasure, which is a blow instant. This is a sure way of bringing parental authority into disrepute, and of begetting early disobedience. If pa-

rents spend much time in wisely disciplining their children, the latter will infer that it is a matter of great interest. On the other hand, if they see that many other things take the precedence and that secular duties are not relinquished to discharge this, their inference will be, that obedience is not very important, certainly not so important as the profitable prosecution of daily labor.

An excellent writer, speaking of the course of some mothers at this point, says:—"From the frequent conflict between inclination and duty there is great danger, under given circumstances, that the direct obligation should be made subservient to material convenience. Some engagement in progress must be completed, a few more stitches taken, a parting conversation had with a friend, a closing paragraph read, the last notes of a tune given, before due attention can be paid to the piteous cries of '*mamma's little angel.*' This is certainly preferring the less to the greater, and is in a high degree reprehensible. The kind attention which is at length afforded, at a convenient season, would have cost no more at the first moment it was known to be needed, and would then, by removing the occasion of them, have prevented the cries of distress, which, with but little indulgence, grew into a very revolting and injurious habit. Those who are governed by their personal convenience, who will not forego other and minor matters on behalf of their children, nor move to their relief but as shame and compassion have been provoked by their loud and distressing cries, make one think of the temper of '*Sil. Jenkins,*' towards his creditors, of whom it was said, that '*he would not pay a debt but at the trial of a warrant.*'" The writer is here speaking of the duties of mothers to very little children, but the fact of neglecting their wants or discipline for the sake of accomplishing more about the house or elsewhere, applies equally to them at every age.

Probably parental authority is sometimes sacrificed, and the evils of disobedience entailed, by neglecting to subdue the child in the first instance of rebellion. "He is too young," says the father or mother: "He does not understand." So in hopes of his doing better as he grows older, or of his becoming wise enough to understand that he must yield to parental command, the *first* decided act of rebellion is passed over without reproof. It may

be so with the second and third, and thus on. Here the reins of government are often lost. Before the child is three years of age, it is settled that it will be a rebel in the family. "The way the twig is bent the tree is inclined." So with the child. Let its young heart incline, unchecked, to open disobedience, and the rigid, fixed character of riper years will lean in that direction. Hence, it is important to subdue the *first* rebellion, for this will doubtless prevent a second.

A distinguished divine of New England, whose praise is in all the churches, was once called to this experience. His little boy under three years of age, threw a piece of bread upon the floor in anger. "Pick it up, my dear," said the father. The little fellow straitened back, and rolled over his lip, though he did not cry. "Pick it up, George," repeated the father, with more emphasis. If the child had been old enough to have said, "*I won't*," we doubt if he would have hesitated to utter it. As it was, he could only respond with a sort of grunt, "*ugh*," at the same time striking towards his father with his hand. Now the rebellion was downright. The father saw that authority must be maintained. Laying down his pen, he arose to give his time to conquering the little rebel. "Will Georgie pick up the bread?" said he firmly, but pleasantly. "*Ugh*," was the only reply, accompanied with another strike of the hand. After laboring with him in this way twenty or thirty minutes without success, he proceeded to inflict corporal punishment, gently at first but, increasing its severity at every repeated infliction. "Georgie, pick up the bread!" he repeatedly commanded, but the only reply was the wilful "*ugh*." His heart began to fail him. He almost wished that he had passed over the disobedience in silence. His wife importuned him to desist, saying that "the child was too young to understand." Finally, seeing her husband was determined in his purpose, she left the house and went to a neighbors, in order to get beyond the hearing of the contention. The father persevered for several hours, sometimes being almost at his "wit's end," though determined to conquer. He felt that the future destiny of the son was suspended upon the issue of that event. We have forgotten the number of hours which he spent in correcting the child, but it was long enough for the news thereof to spread through the neighborhood, and arouse much sympathy for the boy. Some declared that Dr. — had

half killed his child, and that his wife could not remain at home to witness his barbarity. Suffice it to say, that after holding out some hours, he yielded, stooped down and picked up the bread, and was docile and loving as a kitten. His father took him in his lap, wiped away the tears from his swollen eyes, imprinted a kiss upon the cheek, and as soon as he could sought a place where he himself could weep. That was the *first* and last defiance of parental authority which that son ever manifested. He was ever after remarkably docile and obedient; and he is now a popular minister of the gospel in a New England city. Was not that father wise? Were not the hours he spent in administering correction among the most profitable hours of his life? So he has always believed; and all others familiar with the affair are now of the same opinion.

In conclusion, then, parental indulgence should be avoided as the bane of domestic happiness. The example of Eli shows that both the welfare of parent and children may be sacrificed by lax discipline. His family rises before us, with the stupendous woes which his negligence entailed, as an expression of God's dissatisfaction with those who trifle with parental obligations. He constituted the parent head of the family with the express command to "*train*" his offspring, which implies more than mere advice or counsel. The word "*train*" means as much or more than *require*, and consequently implies compulsion if it be necessary. Nothing short of this meets the obligation which God has imposed on every parent. Nothing less than this will claim the divine promise of prosperity to the household. Indeed, fidelity here is intimately connected with the salvation of childrens' souls. Even the use of the rod may have this important religious bearing. "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod and shall deliver his soul from hell."

LIFE'S IRRITABILITIES.—What is the use of it? Do not worry yourself to death of what other people may say of you, as long as you know that it is not true. Take care of the truth; that is your business. All falsehoods go to the bosom of their father, the devil, and their framers soon follow.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Happy the parent, well advised,
 Who bears this truth in mind,
 'Just as the tender twig is bent
 The future tree 's inclined !'

Who in his childrens' early years,
 Believes the voice of God,
 That 'wisdom' comes by stern 'reproof,'
 And by the wholesome 'rod.'

Not such are all ! what broken hearts,—
 Parental hearts there are,
 Whose grief, whate'er its burden be,
 Themselves alone must bear.

Who has not seen the noble youth,
 Ere manhood's glorious prime,
 Departing from the ways of truth,
 Cut down before his time.

What wayward boys, by reckless sins,
 Ambitious of ill fame,
 Have mocked the unavailing tears
 Of mothers brought to shame.

How many a bright, yet luckless youth,
 Has proved base passion's slave,
 And brought his aged sire's gray hairs
 With sorrow to the grave.

But why such griefs ? Ask Eli why,
 Nor be the fact forgot,
His graceless sons themselves made vile,
And he restrained them not !

GOOD AND BAD SIGNS.—It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows : it's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It's a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face : it's a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose.

It's a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness : it's a bad sign to see her husband sued for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry.—*Facts and Fancies.*

HOUSEHOLD CONSECRATION AND THE MISSIONARY WORK.

BY REV. A. M. RICHARDSON, FORMERLY MISSIONARY TO JAMAICA.

“ We bring them, Lord! with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee!
Joyful, that we, ourselves, are Thine—
Thine let our offspring be !”

So Christian parents sing and feel, when they feel as they ought, and realize that they are not their own. *Nothing for self — self for God, and ALL for God*: is the sentiment of their hearts, when they feel the love of Christ constraining them. How easy then, to count all things but loss for the sake of Christ and his cause. How the heart loves to bring forth its choicest treasures, and lay them on God's altar, in token of its gratitude and fealty. It can understand and sympathize with the feelings of that Christian father, whose only son lay dying, and who, after a severe struggle, in which grace was triumphant — exclaimed with tears of joy — “ Would that I had just such a dear son, *to give up to God every day!*” A thousand sons — a thousand hearts — a thousand lives — seem to such a soul, a gift small, insignificant and unworthy. But how seldom do we find this spirit of entire consecration exemplified in the church! How few Christian parents practically acknowledge their children to be the Lord's! We think of them as ours — we love them as ours — we educate them for our own selfish gratification — we form their habits, direct them in the choice of their occupation, and settle them in life, just as we think will be most for our own and their worldly comfort and prosperity. We are slow to admit that they are borrowed treasures, placed by the Owner in our hands, for safe keeping and faithful training, that He may use them in His service.

We do not renounce all claim to ownership of them, at the outset, by “ marking them as Christ's lambs,” and laying them on God's altar, to *be* or *DO* or *SUFFER*, whatever will be most for His glory, and their highest usefulness. Alas! we *dare not* do that! He might call them to be missionaries, and go into the dark places of the earth, and lay down their lives, in imitation of the blessed Master!

He might call upon us to educate our sons for the ministry instead of our training them to make money, or to engage in some more lucrative and honorable (?) profession. Our daughters too — instead of being cradled in affluence and surrounded with all the appliances of intelligent and refined society — might be wanted to go and toil in India or Africa, or on the Islands of the Sea, to save those polluted and degraded ones—

“ Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.”

Why is it, that so few of the children of the church, are entering the ministry, or offering themselves as laborers in the fields of missionary effort? Is it not owing, in a great measure, to the sad neglect of household consecration and parental faithfulness? Parents *pray* for God to raise up laborers for the whitening harvest fields, but how many are *unwilling* that He should take them out of their own unbroken family circle! They do not pray or desire that God should fit *their children* to become missionaries. True, *somebody's* children must go, but *theirs* can find work enough nearer home!

I grieve to write these things — but I have so often met with cases of this kind, that I am constrained to believe that the spirit they develop, is alarmingly prevalent. I am satisfied that many professedly pious parents *stand right in the way* of their children's highest usefulness and happiness. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind, while attending a missionary meeting in —, N. Y., some three years since. In conversing with the lady with whom I boarded, on this subject, she gave me a sad chapter in her own experience. She said, that when a young woman, and soon after her conversion, she had a great desire to fit herself for the missionary work, but *her mother* could not give her consent and dissuaded her from it. She married and settled down in life. God gave her two daughters. They grew up to womanhood unconverted. At length, during a season of religious interest one of them became anxious in relation to her spiritual condition. And how did that mother feel? She was deeply anxious for her conversion — but “ *O!*” said she, “ *I was seized with the most distressing fears lest if she should become a Christian, she might want to be a missionary!*” Strange as it may

seem, God *did* convert her, and, with a heart burning with love to Christ and perishing souls, she *did long* to become a missionary! But the persuasions and entreaties of parents and friends prevailed. She reluctantly relinquished her cherished purpose, and consented to settle down in her native village, near her mother. Within a year of that time *she was not, for God had taken her*. I never can forget the tears and anguish of that mother's heart, as she told me how God had rebuked her selfishness, and disappointed her earthly hopes. She felt that though God had forgiven her, *she could not forgive herself* for thus standing in the way of her daughter's usefulness.

I believe that God not unfrequently thwarts the plans, and blasts the expectations of parents, when they refuse to part with their children at His bidding. If the lives of their children are spared, they are often called upon to pass through sorer trials, in relation to them, than it would have been to have suffered them to go to the ends of the earth as missionaries.

I am acquainted with two sisters — both devotedly pious, and eminently fitted for the missionary work. Some four years since, when there was a loud call for laborers in Jamaica, they were anxious to go, but their parents (professed Christians) would not give their consent. They could not spare them to go so far from home! They could do good by teaching here, &c. I have watched for the result, and *from that time* the candle of the Lord has ceased to shine upon that household! Worldly reverses and disappointments have been followed by sore and bitter heart trials — they have been called to pass through deep waters, and the end is not yet. O, how short-sighted we are, when we make self-gratification our principle of action, and are unwilling to deny ourselves for Christ! How different was the spirit of that mother who said to her son, "My son, when you was a child, I dedicated you to God. I gave you away *wholly* to Him. And now, if you wish to consecrate yourself to His service, to be a minister, or a missionary, *I give my full consent!* If God calls you to go to the other side of the globe, *I shall not oppose it!*" O, that the children of the church had all such mothers! O, that all parents had such a spirit! There would *then be no lack* of laborers, either in Home or Foreign Mission fields. Ye fathers and mothers in Israel, where are your children? Have you laid them

on God's altar, in *unreserved consecration* to His service? Are you training them for the Master's work? When Zion shall have given her children to God, He will make them her strength and glory!

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY N. F. CARTER.

The blessed, blessed Sabbath bells are ringing,
 To my soul are winging,
 To my soul are ever bringing,
 The straying melodies of heaven!
 Sweetly as from that song-charmed world afar,
 Drifting through the Eden gates ajar,
 Floating to me on an incense car,
 Their breathings come each holy morn and even,
 Come and sing to me of heaven.

They seem sweet echoes of the song unending,
 Evermore ascending,
 Where the seraph host is bending,
 Within the shining courts of heaven!
 So softly peal they on the peaceful air,
 Sweetly sound their angel call to prayer,
 My enraptured spirit longs to share
 Their voice of gladness as a holy leaven;—
 Share it—bear it in to heaven!

O, with an Eden love my soul adoring,
 On some summer morning,
 May they sing a glad forewarning
 Of sweet spirit strains in Heaven.
 I ask no higher earth-born joy for me,
 When I leave life's billow-rolling sea,
 Than such notes of triumph full and free,
 To wing me from the darksome shores of even,
 Wing me—sing me, into heaven!

SELF-IGNORANCE.—It is the advice of the wise man, "Dwell at home," or with yourself; and though there are few that do this, yet it is surprising that the greatest part of mankind cannot be prevailed upon, at least to visit themselves sometimes; but according to the saying of Solomon, "The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the ends of the earth."

THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

NUMBER IV.

BY REV. J. C. BODWELL.

THE things which a girl learns at school, constitute a very small part of her education ; not more, in proportion, than the papering and white-washing of a house. The foundations of character are laid, and the superstructure reared elsewhere, and mainly at home. Home is everywhere the University that carries it against all other seminaries whatsoever. Not to the school-room but to the nursery belongs the motto —

“T is education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”

For instance, when a girl has been taught by her mother, that her chief end is to captivate, who will undertake to educate her into a sensible woman, or guarantee a happy home to her husband? We do not at all exaggerate the importance of our educational institutions in New England, and yet there are far more important questions respecting a young lady, than “What is the extent of her acquisitions in mathematics, astronomy and French?” What are her notions as to her own appropriate sphere and position, and what are her special qualifications to fill that? An English girl can think of nothing else so beautiful, so sacred, so attractive, as Home; of nothing so worthy of her intellect, her heart and her whole being, as to be a centre, and exercise supremacy there. This is not taught her in set lessons; she grows up into it, sees it, feels it, breathes it. It is one of the traditions of the mother. Tell her of being married and boarding at a hotel; it strikes her very much like planting roses and carnations by the dusty highway, rather than in the sweet enclosure of a garden.

Now let it be considered how perfectly natural it is for her, having these views and feelings, to be continually laying up in store for future occasions, in the way of hints, handiwork, and valuable knowledge, on a multiplicity of matters great and small. Her prudent mother of course, promotes this in all judicious ways, and so there is an exceeding strong probability, that if, in the providence of God, she is installed as the mistress of her hus-

band's house, she will be found to be already skilled in a great variety of matters domestic, doing things at once with as much ease and grace as a young bird exhibits in making its first nest. It is not sufficiently considered how much God has done in this matter. A woman's instincts are all in the direction of home, with its duties, responsibilities and mysteries. All these possess a positive charm for a woman who is unsophisticated and true, because God has made her so. A nest full of young birds is not more delightful to the mother bird, than a home full of merry, laughing, noisy, tiresome children, to a woman having still in her bosom the heart which God put there. To regulate, guide, govern, illumine and bless such a home, is her special vocation and glory. If there is any other line of things in which she can shine with more pre-eminent grace, and make herself more largely a benefactor to the community, the matter has not yet been made plain to our vision. If our systems of education, our social customs, or the character of our homes, favor any other views, there is need of correction.

In the middle class of English society, there is an idea that nothing is more likely than that a girl should find herself at a future day, the presiding spirit in precisely such a mixed circle as has been referred to, and that, withal, such a *forte* for her is not to be viewed with dismay, but, on the contrary, is very much in the direction of God's arrangements, and her own purest instincts and noblest impulses. Let all *mothers* conceive what various important *homely* matters are therefore included in the education of English girls.

LIFE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The days of infancy are all a dream,
How fair, but oh! how short they seem—
'Tis life's sweet opening Spring!

The days of Youth advance;
The bounding limb, the ardent glance,
The kindling soul they bring—
It is life's burning Summer time.

Manhood—matured with wisdoms fruit,
Reward of Learning's deep pursuit—
Succeeds as Autumn follows Summer time.

And that, and that alas? goes by;
And what ensues? The languid eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercastr;
'Tis Winter's sickening, withering blast.
Life's blessed season—for it is the last.

LESSONS ON THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF SIN.

NUMBER III.

BY REV. G. E. FISHER.

WE have spoken heretofore of the sure progress of sin downward, and of the impossibility of prematurely staying its descending course by any power except that of the interposing grace and Spirit of God.

There are practical lessons to be learned from this view of sin. One is that nothing can be gained by delaying repentance. Setting aside the guilt of such delay, and passing over the uncertainty and even the impossibility of the continuance of life, the falsity and folly of the idea of a more favorable season than the present for repentance, are very apparent. The work to be done is daily growing in difficulty. The number of sins and the aggregate of guilt to be repented of, is ever on the increase. Habit is continually riveting the fetters of sin tighter and tighter, while the power to break from its bondage is continually diminishing. Nothing, then, can be gained, but much must be lost and everything imperilled by every day's delay.

Another lesson. The probability is increasingly strong, that those who do not *at once* repent will *never* do so. The constantly increasing difficulty of the work, and the as constantly decreasing power to perform it, make up this probability. I speak of *probabilities*, not *possibilities*, and facts are all in my favor. The great body of those in any and every age, who have come into the kingdom, have been brought there in youth and before the midst of their days. It has always been a marked feature of revivals of religion, that they have prevailed chiefly among the young. It is the testimony of one venerable minister of Christ,* that "the multitude of those who have united themselves with the visible church of God, in our cities and in our villages, have been from classes of men under forty years of age. There have been fewer between thirty and forty than between twenty and thirty, and when you go beyond forty years, like the scattered grapes in the outmost branches after the vintage is over, there is only here and there one. And the farther beyond this period, the fewer do the

* Dr. Gardiner Spring.

become. And as you descend into the more remote vale of years, it is a miracle of mercy if you find a solitary individual. Almost the only exception to this remark is found in places where men have never sat under faithful preaching, and never enjoyed a special outpouring of the Spirit until late in life." They are sad facts. They render it fearfully probable that such as do not repent in their earlier years, nay, *at once*, will die in their sins.

For a third lesson, we are reminded that a radical change of heart is pre-essential to a holy life. The life cannot be pure until the heart is purified. The fruit must be evil so long as the tree is evil. The stream will be bitter which issues from a corrupt fountain. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. The body cannot be light unless the eye be single. There is no remedying a disease until you reach its seat.

Further. The view we have taken discloses to us how, only, the world can be thoroughly and permanently reformed. No external working can reform it. No surface application can effect it. All true reformation must start within and work its way out. With society and with the world, as with the individual, you must change the heart if you would reform the conduct. If you would better the morals of a community, you must sustain therein the faithful preaching of a pure and full gospel. If you would rid the land and the world of evils under which it groans, you must send out this gospel, with preachers who will make a bold and faithful application of it to every sin and every system of sin with which they come in contact—men who will preach not a part of the gospel merely, not simply so much as sinners are pleased with, and will permit them to preach, but *the whole gospel*, which, under God, is mighty to pull down the strong hold of sin. And while this gospel is preached, you must *pray*. We do not disapprove or undervalue voluntary associations for reforming public morals, and for the removal of gigantic forms and systems of sin. We approve them—we co-operate with them. But, as a means of making the world better, they must always stand second to the preaching of the gospel. They can accomplish nothing, except as they are in subordination to it. They cannot take its place or act its part. All efforts and all hopes that are not based upon the gospel foundation, must be fruitless and vain. And the reason is that *out of a sinful heart* all these evil things, proceed

and while this fountain is impure, its outflowing streams must all be impure and poisonous. The Spirit of God is, then, the only effectual Reformer, and the Gospel of Christ is the only true and efficient reforming agency.

A final reflection is, How dismal are the prospects of the lost! — the prospect of growing worse and worse forever — the prospect of sinking deeper and deeper in guilt and wo. While the ages roll eternally on, Oh ! immeasurable guilt ! Oh ! inconceivable wo ! It is *your* prospect who are still in sin. Such is the downward course of sin here, and such it will be hereafter. Is the prospect pleasant ? Is the portion that awaits you, desirable ? Be wise for yourselves and choose a better portion, and enjoy a brighter prospect for Eternity !

“ 'TIS THE FASHION.

We are not at liberty to give the name of the author of this piec at present. She is an invalid, and a great sufferer. The spirit of true poetry is in her heart. The reader may often read her contributions to our columns hereafter. They will appear as the productions of THE INVALID. — ED.

“ 'Tis the fashion,” said a maiden,
 Who on her lovely head,
 Wore a very little bonnet
 When wintry snow flakes sped, —
 “The fashion now is very small,
 And, well, my friend, you know
 That *I* must do as others do,
 E'en 'mid the falling snow.”

“ 'Tis the fashion,” said a fair one,
 Who, on her little feet,
 Wore a pair of silken gaiters,
 Which set quite snug and neat ; —
 I saw her on the sidewalk,
 Upon the glittering ice,
 With her beaver cloak and furs on,
 And gaiters all so nice.

“ 'Tis the fashion,” said another,
 Who on her waist around,
 A rich India-Rubber girdle,
 By far too tightly bound,—

"'Tis the fashion, friend, to wear it,
 Support to give the frame,
 And I must do as others do;
 So *I* am not to blame."

"'Tis the fashion," lisped another,
 With rosy, pouting lip,
 Who, in the latest crinoline,
 Moved with fantastic trip. —
 "'Tis the fashion, and the side walk
 The lady fair now owns; —
 I wonder why these boorish men
 Don't keep t' the paving stones!"

But soon I *missed* that lovely form,
 Who, like a fairy sped,
 So heedless of the piercing cold,
 With her uncovered head;
 And then I looked in vain to see
 The maiden fair and gay,
 Who thro' the snow so lightly tripped
 In gaiters thin that day.

'Twas said, consumption marked their brows,
 And stole their roses fair, —
 I thought upon their thin clad feet
 And lovely heads so bare;
 But, Oh! "'Tis the fashion, friend,"
 To my remembrance came,
 "And we must do as others do,
 So *we* are not to blame."

Thus "'Tis the fashion makes more slaves,
 Than have as yet begun
 To toil in cotton fields, or 'neath
 Equator's burning sun;
 And fashion is a despot worse
 Than Southern slaves e'er knew, —
 Their *souls* are *free*; — but fashion binds
 The *soul* and *body* too.

They who read about everything are thought to understand everything too, but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.—
Channing.

SPENDING MONEY.

EDITORIAL.

NEARLY as soon as a child can talk, he learns that articles can be bought and sold. The cents which he has hitherto valued mainly for their pleasant jingle, now are prized because they can procure other things more ardently desired. Candies, cakes, toys, are among the staple articles with children, and these they early learn to buy. Fathers and mothers are coaxed, entreated, teased, to give them a cent for this and a cent for that. It is an era in the life of the little boy when he can go to the store with a penny to spend for anything he wants. And then, how soon he learns that holidays are for spending money for sweetmeats, so far as little folks are concerned ! The enjoyment of such occasions is graduated by the number of cents he can command. To go penniless into one of these scenes would be to go almost joyless.

Now, since spending money is something that begins with the child, and continues through his manhood, early forming a character in this direction which appears in later life to his honor or disgrace, it becomes a subject of importance how this habit shall be regulated by the parent. That it should be subjected to some sort of discipline, must be apparent to all. It would be hazardous to leave the child without instruction or culture upon this point. Human depravity, left to itself, will be developed into the prodigality of the spendthrift or the penuriousness of the miser. There is no half-way work about the process, when the natural heart is left to pursue its own devices. What, then, shall be done for the child's good in regard to money-spending? We would avoid the selfishness of the miser and the wastefulness of the spendthrift. How shall it be done ?

There are two extremes often witnessed among parents. The first is, to gratify the child's immoderate desire to purchase this, that and the other luxury or toy, seldom denying his appeal for pennies, and much less stopping to instruct him about the evils of extravagance, or the true use of money. This is not found altogether among the rich, but some in humble mediocrity are equally indulgent. Hence, prodigals who spend their substance "in riotous living," are found among the wealthy and the comparatively poor.

The other extreme is, to deny every appeal of the child for cents to spend in the purchase of childish gratification. Forgetting that they were once children "of like passions," these parents think there is no need at all of buying luxuries or nick-nacks. The children soon learn that asking does no good, and look upon the pennies of their associates with mingled feelings of sadness, and rebellion against fathers and mothers. A person once informed the writer that he perpetrated a theft in boyhood, to get a few coppers which he thought his father ought to have given him. He was put upon a short allowance, and was so generally denied when he asked for money, that he was driven to the deed. This is natural. The prayer of Agur was, "Give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me. Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord ? or lest *I be poor and steal*, and take the name of my God in vain." He feared that too straitened circumstances might force him to theft. Why might not a child be influenced thereby to commit this sin ? But the influence of this policy upon children is seen, mainly, in training them up to be selfish, especially when denials are followed by instructions to *save every cent*. Some children are only taught that money is made *to save*. Their instruction makes them selfish in childhood, and they continue so all their days. Even when they become the followers of Christ, they are considered "*tight*." Not many weeks since, we said to a friend who had been speaking of the excellent qualities of Deacon A——, "How does Deacon B—— compare with him ?" This man was an officer of the same church.

"He is totally unlike him," our friend replied. "A good man, I think, very good indeed ; but the difference lies here. Deacon B—— was educated to count the half cents. His father was a very close man, and allowed him little or nothing to spend. He carried milk to market, and it made a great difference with him whether he got six cents a quart, or *six cents and a half*. The son was educated in this sort of economy, and it is a part of his character now. The result is, he does things which other people consider 'small,' to the injury of religion. He probably regards them as honorable and Christian himself."

This expresses what we wish particularly to bring out. It is a practical illustration of an important truth, which every parent

should ponder. The manner of spending money, which usually elicits so little attention, thus enters into the most essential issues of life. It may decide character and destiny. It may make or mar a child.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, avoid extremes. Destroy not a child by allowing him to spend money too freely, nor by denying him altogether. We fully believe that the young need to use some pennies for their own gratification. At the same time the utmost care should be instituted that they should rightly understand what money is for, and how God requires it to be used. More depends upon the lessons imparted to regulate their money-spending habits, than upon all things else. They must see that parents aim at their highest good in the measures they adopt upon this subject.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE OF CHRIST.

"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." Luke ii. 51.

BY REV. J. T. WOODBURY.

THE divine Saviour, in his incarnation—the life he lived in the flesh—was now twelve years old. Mary, his mother, a pious woman, of few words, deeply read in the Scriptures, pondering well in her own heart all she had heard and seen, about her "holy child Jesus," lived with her husband at Nazareth, a little despised town in Galilee, the northern division of the Holy Land. Though obscure, and in very humble circumstances, unknown to the rich, and uncalled for by the powerful, Mary and her family made a very happy family; simply because they were holy. They were the obedient, faithful friends of God. It was on purpose to honor God, that they had now come off with their beautiful boy, to the great city of Jerusalem, then, and now, the dearest place on earth to a devout Jew;—renowned, grand, built in the midst of the green mountains of Judea, the southern province of Palestine, lying beyond Samaria, where was Jacob's well. The occasion that called them away from their quiet mountain home, on this weary journey of seventy-five, or eighty miles, performed by them undoubtedly on foot, was the blessed feasts of the passover, occurring

once a year, the most important and interesting of all the old Jewish festivals, commemorating the passing over by the angel of death, of every Hebrew family in Egypt, who, had the evening before killed in sacrifice to Jehovah a lamb, and with a bunch of hyssop, sprinkled his blood upon the two posts and lintel of their dwelling. Those three marks of sprinkled blood—indicated their faith in the God of their fathers, and so their first born escaped the arrow of death, on that doleful night, prostrating every one in Egypt, from the palace of Pharaoh — to the hovel of the poorest slave. That lamb was a type of Christ—"The Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." They had now started on their route home, and this "Wonderful" being, "God manifest in the flesh," now in the form of a bright, dutiful boy of twelve years, went with them, "*and was subject unto them.*" Yes, "*subject unto them,*" as all good children are to their fathers and mothers. In that scorned little town of Nazareth, out of which it was thought no good could come, he spent his minority, a laboring mechanic, as his reputed father Joseph was. "A carpenter," and "the son of a carpenter." Though he well knew that his birth and education among the lowly would raise up against him a powerful prejudice with the proud and unrelenting, as it does in this day, still he wisely chose to suffer the affliction of his incarnation, to meet and overcome the trial:—trial that flesh is heir too, for thirty-three and a half years, not with the rich and the learned, the powerful, but with the pious poor;—he, himself, one of them.

Let us look at him a moment, as one of the youth of Nazareth, from twelve to twenty-one—a period as important as any other, in the biography of every human being, usually determining character and condition, for all time, and eternity. Then most of our race hit upon habits of thought, and schemes of action, from which they seldom swerve. The current of the human soul then usually fixes on its everlasting course, gathering up its forces, deepening and widening its channel, for evil or for good, producing results, that will endure ages after the sun shall be darkened and the heavens be no more.

Jesus Christ, in youth and in mature years, was spotlessly "holy, undefiled, separate from sinners." With him there was no vanity, no weakness, no gidiness, no pride. All was absolute, unqualified perfection. Though he had all knowledge and all

power, he treated his affectionate parents with the filial love, the reverential respect, that the law of God requires. "He was subject unto them," cheerfully, and as "his reasonable service," appointed, ordained, commanded of his Father, and our Father in heaven. The child, that dishonors father or mother, dishonors and grieves God.

His tarrying in the temple on this visit to Jerusalem, while they had gone a day's journey towards home, he knew would give them a few hours of anxiety and sorrow, but, all things considered, it was no doubt, the wisest expedient he could resort to, to manifest to them for the first time, publicly, some signs of his Divine nature and mission on earth. He let them understand if they would, that he was, "the light of the world." "A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of God's people, Israel." It was best that they should search for him sorrowing, and find him as they did, "*in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors*, both hearing them and asking them questions." It was well that they should be "*amazed*," as they were, giving him occasion to say to them, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business."

His hour for the full manifestation of himself, unto the human race as "the Lamb of God slain," or contemplated to be slain, "from the foundation of the world"—"the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," had not yet come, but it was near at hand. His loving mother knew not, though he knew, the life of temptation, toil and trial, of ignominy of suffering even unto the propitiating death on the cross, that was awaiting her lovely Son. She did not understand the prophecy of good old Simeon, at his dedication to God, in the same temple, when he said to his mother, as she marvelled, "Behold this child," (he was then holding him in his arms, a little babe eight days old) "is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; *yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul*." Poor woman! she understood it probably, when she saw him hanging on the cross and heard him crying "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani; My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me." The agony of his mind at that hour of darkness and desertion, as he was undertaking to redeem our lost race from the curse of the law, by making himself a curse for us, are not to be conceived of by us fully. For, "his ownself bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Yes, he was about his Father's

business. He was always about his Father's business. He was ever glorifying God — in his life, in his atoning death — in his youth when twelve years old, or when at thirty he was set apart by John the Baptist, according to the usage of the church, in those times for the ministry, the preaching of the word.



THE PILGRIM AND HIS STAFF.

BY MRS. E. L. CUMMINGS.

My grand-father sits in his old arm chair,
The locks on his brow are bleached and spare—
He has done with care and with labor done,
He calmly waits for life's setting sun.

His heart goes back to the days agone,
When the lights of his household around him shone;
But they have departed — alas! for him —
When the ear is heavy, the eye grows dim.

The wife of his youth in the grave lies low;
The turf by her side is unbroked now—
And he thinks of season hastening on,
When his name shall be traced on the cold white stone.

But he trembles not, and his brow is calm—
For beneath the grave is a mighty arm,
Whose strength he proved when his years were few,
And the "guide of his youth" to his age proves true.

The *Bible* speaks to his failing ear,
And its precious words are a joy to hear;
Its pages glow with a living light,
Like the shining "ladder" let down at night.

The blessed word like a tree whose leaves
In its freshness and beauty the spirit weaves,
To bind in life's spring-time, around the brow,
That *word* is his crown of rejoicing now.

And thus as he waits as the Jordan's brim,
Where ninety summers have bloomed for him,
The "Closer than brother" is by his side,
And his eye is fastened beyond the tide.

The peace of his spirit, oh! who can tell,
Whose life's great harvest is garnered well?
It's good thus meekly to watch and wait,
'Till the Master calls from the pearly gate,
And with lamp well trimmed at set of sun,
Go in with the wedding-garment on.

HOW OLD ART THOU ?

BY REV. L. THOMPSON.

One of the most interesting incidents in the history of a "Happy Home," is the occurrence of its anniversaries,—the anniversaries of its weddings, its births, its deaths. Parents and children alike are interested—and when the "birth-days," not excepting the baby's, come round, all eyes sparkle more brightly, each step is more elastic. We do not rejoice so much because the old year is gone, as because a new year has come. Children especially like new acquaintances, and new things. And if age is to be measured only by *years* this may be well enough. But the members of our families ought to bear in mind, when these way-marks of life's journey appear, that *years* are but the faintest representatives of moral existence.

"We live in *deeds*, not years, in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;
We should count time by heart-throbs ; he most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Here is something inimitably pathetic and impressive in the reply of Jacob to the question, "How old art thou?" put to him by Pharaoh. Measuring by *years* alone, we should say that Jacob was a very old man. But Jacob said unto Pharaoh, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: *few and evil* have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

The life of the Patriarch had been a most eventful one,—full of incidents, full of trials. And he measured it by *days* and by the experience with which those days had been filled. And well would it be for us all, if, while we measure our lives by days and by our experience, we should measure them by the great ends of our existence. The question "How old art thou?" would thus have an importance immeasurably greater, than the mere number of our years. What has been the *character* of our deeds? How do our lives bear upon the great questions which pertain to those years which have no end?

As we review the past of our lives, we have first of all to think over the incidents and the changes, before we can realize how old

we are even in years. And then when we add to this, the more serious review of what we have been and what we have done, the retrospect is too often "like visiting the grave of a friend whom we have injured, and are precluded by his death from the possibility of making him any reparation." It is thus that they who cultivate the night-shade in youth, so often find themselves destined to "eat its poison *berries*," in subsequent life. "Remember not against me," says the Psalmist, "the sins of *my youth*." "For thou," says Job, "makest me to *possess the iniquities of my youth*." And says another, "His bones are *full of the sin of his youth* which shall lie down with him in the dust."

But even those who have been comparatively exempt from vice, and correct both in principle and in external character, often find it a serious thing to measure their lives by the good they have done.

"That life is *long* which answers *life's great end*." There are those who die in the early morning of their lives as measured by years, but who, measured by the great ends of their existence, are far advanced in years. And men sometimes totter into their graves from the mere weight of years, who, if measured by the good they have done and by their fitness for death, have hardly begun to live, if indeed they can be said to have had an existence. Such persons often mourn over the retrospect of life as one full of misspent time, wasted energies, and neglected opportunities, both for gaining and for doing good. While they are burdened with years, they are still more burdened with the vanities with which those years have been occupied. The question, "How old art thou?" elicits from them no answer, or none at all commensurate in importance with the question itself. Life has been squandered upon pursuits and ends wholly unworthy of immortal beings. Truly

It is not *all* of life to live,
Nor all of *death* to die."

But the question, "How *old* are we?" looks forward as well as back. If "coming events cast their shadows before," so does the *past* of our lives cast its shadows, or rather, shed *light*, upon the future. The past cannot be recalled, so far as respects any *change* in the past itself. But it may be recalled so far as to instruct and warn us for the time to come. It *must* be recalled. That "birth-day

of eternity," will solve more mysteries in the government and truth of God; shed more light upon, and reveal more secrets in, the history of families, and disclose more of the solemn realities of moral existence and moral responsibility, than the heart of man ever conceived of amid the fleeting years of earth. And toward that birth-day all are rapidly passing.

"A solemn murmur in the soul,
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea."

Ah, whatever our age as measured by years, we can hardly "walk" too "thoughtful" as we approach the great sea on which we are so soon to embark, and the roar of whose waves, dashing against the shores of time, we already hear.

THE DOUBLE VOW OF AMENDMENT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "HAPPY HOME" FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL

BY REV. ———

Henry was a lad of fifteen years, full of good resolutions, which he seldom kept, and full of faults, which he daily repented of. He loved his father and his teacher dearly, but his own pleasure, more: would willingly have given up his life for either, but not his will: and his passionate disposition wrung not more tears from those whom he loved, than from himself.

Thus his life painfully vacillated between repenting and sinning, and at last, this continual changing between good resolutions and destructive habits, took away from his friends as well as himself, all hope of reformation.

Anxious fear now never left the too often wounded heart of the Count, his father, that Henry, at the Academy, or in travels, where the winding path of sin is ever more beautiful and steep, and where no withholding hand or warning voice of a father could reach him more, would sink from one step of degradation to another, and at last return with a besotted and enervated soul, which had lost its beauty, and everything even that shadow of virtue—repentance.

The Count was tender, gentle and pious, but sickly, and too weak. The grave of his wife stood, as it were, under the floor of his life, and undermined every bed where he sought flowers. On his birthday, and perhaps in consequence of it, he became sick; so little could his palsied breast endure the day when his heart

beat more warmly. While he sank with ever increasing weakness, the distressed son went into the grave, where was the grave of his mother, and that empty one which his father had made for himself in the days of his mourning: and here he promised the spirit of his mother, a warfare with his passions and his hot hunger for pleasure. The birth day of his father called unto him, saying; "the frail tenement which holds your father and separates him from the dust of your mother, will soon break in pieces, perhaps in a few days, and then he will die sorrowing and without hope, and will come to your mother, and cannot tell her that you are any better." O, then wept he bitterly, but ah! unhappy Henry! what avails thy sorrow and thy tears, if thy conduct remain unchanged.

After a few days, his father recovered again, and with a sickly extravagance of affection and hope, he pressed the repenting boy to his feverish breast. Henry was intoxicated with joy by his father's recovery and kiss; he became more joyous and excited, and unruly. His teacher who strove to compensate for the sickly weakness of the father, through vigorous discipline, opposed the swelling waves of this true tempestuous joy. Henry became fiery and disobedient to these commands which he did not regard as mild and paternal, and when the teacher repeated them firmly and as a necessity, Henry wounded, in his tumult, the heart and honor of his strongest friend, too deeply; and then this rebellion against his teacher, flew like a poisoned arrow, and hit the too often wounded sick heart of the hoping father, and he fell beneath the wound and sank down upon his sick bed again.

I will not try to picture to you, dear children, either Henry's grief, or his guilt. But *include* in that strong condemnation which you must express over his guilt, *also* that, which you, perhaps, must charge upon *yourselves*. Oh, what child can stand at the dying bed of its parent, and not be compelled to say, "if I have not taken from this life years, I have taken from it days and weeks: ah, the pain which I would now soothe, I have, perhaps, caused or augmented, and that dear eye which so gladly would look into life, one hour more, I have closed the sooner by my faults." But ah! the thoughtless mortal commits his sins so coolly, simply because their fatal consequences are concealed. He unchains the wild beasts confined in his breast, and allows them in the night to

enter among men. But he sees not how many innocent ones the unclosed monster grasps and chokes. Thoughtlessly, the enraged man scatters here and there the burning fire-brands of his sins, and, for the first time, when he lies in his grave, the cottages are burned to the ground behind him, through the sparks which are applied by his own hand, and the column of smoke arises as a pilory over his grave, and stands there forever !

As soon as the hope of recovery vanished, Henry could no more look upon the crushed form of his good father, for agony. While swoons played with the paternal life, he kept himself in the nearest chamber upon his knees, like a criminal, silent, and with closed eyes before the future, and before that crushing sentence—*he's dead*. At length he was compelled to come before his father to bid farewell, and receive forgiveness. But the father gave him only his love, not his confidence, and said, "*Be better*, my son, but do not promise it."

Henry lay cast down with shame and sorrow in the next room, when he heard, as if awaking from a dream, his old teacher pronounce this benediction : as already the long night was drawing its curtains around his fading life. "Sleep sweetly, over yonder," said he, "thou best of men, thou truest scholar ; all the good promises which thou hast kept, with all thy victories over thyself, and all thy beautiful deeds, must now float like the rosy fingered cloud of evening, through the twilight of thy death. Hope still, in thy last hours, for thy unhappy Henry, and *smile* if thou hearest me, and if, in thy failing heart, there is an emotion left.

The sick man could not recover strength under the heavy ice of the swoon, which had been piled upon him. His deadened senses took the voice of the teacher for the voice of his son, and whispered brokenly, "Henry, I see you not, but I hear you, lay your hand upon me and promise." Henry plunged in to make the promise, but the teacher motioned to him, and laid his hand upon the cold heart, and said, "So I swear in thy name," and suddenly he felt the heart dead and stilled from life's long beatings. "Flee, unhappy one," said he, "he has died without hope."

Henry fled out of the house. Oh ! how could he have ventured to see or to share the sorrow, which he himself had brought upon the friend of his father. He left his teacher simply a promise and the time of his return. Trembling and weeping loudly, he came into the grove, and saw the white gravestones, like pale skeletons,

appearing through the green foliage. But he had not the courage to disturb the empty, future slumbering place of his father. He leaned upon the second monument which covered a heart that had not died through his guilt, the mother's heart, which already for a long time had stood still in the dust of her crumbled breast. He dare not weep nor promise. Silently he stood, bowed down beneath the burden of his grief. Every where, remembrances of his loss and his guilt met him, every child that he saw, was one; every sound was a knell; every chasm was a grave; the hand on the clock, like that upon the royal chronometer of Versailles, seemed to point only to his father's last hour.

Henry reached the end of his journey, but after five dark days of repentance and pain, he longed again to be with the friend of his father, and comfort him with the first fruits of his reformation.

Man keeps a more beautiful festival for his loved ones gone, when he dries up another's tears, than when he sheds his own; and the most beautiful flower and cypress wreath, which we can hang upon the tombstones of the lost, is a festoon of good deeds.

Not till night would he enter the sorrowful dwelling with his blushing face. As he went through the forest, the white pyramid stone of his father's grave stood ghastly between the living branches; as in the clear blue of the pure heavens, swim the dark smoke clouds of a burning city. He leaned his sinking head upon the hard cold marble, and could only weep, low and speechless, and in his dark heart, so full of agony, no thought was visible. Here he stood alone; no soft voice whispered, "Weep no longer;" no father's heart melted and said, "You are punished enough;" the rustling of the branches seemed like anger, and the darkness an abyss. His loss, so irreparable gathered around him, broad as the sea, that never falls and never retires.

At length he spied, after the fall of a tear, a soft star in the sky, which mild as the ray of a spirit in heaven, looked down upon him between the branches. Then came a *gentler* pain into his breast. He thought of his promise of reformation, which death had snatched away, and now he sank slowly upon his knee, and looked up to the star and said, "Oh father, father, (and grief for a long time choked his voice,) here lies thy poor child upon thy grave, and promises thee again: yes, pure and pious spirit I *will* change; receive me once more—once more—; oh, that thou could'st give me a sign that thou hearest me!"

There was a rustling near him, a form slowly bent the branches back, and said, "Henry I have heard thee, and hope again." It was his father.

That medium state between death and sleep, the sister of death, —the swoon, had, like a sound deep sleep, restored his life again, and he escaped the embrace of death.

Good father, and if death had taken thee into the splendor of the other world, thy heart could not have trembled more joyfully, nor gushed forth in sweeter emotion than now, in this resurrection moment, in which thy son changed by the severest suffering, with his better heart leaning upon thine, has brought thee back again the fairest hope of a father.

But while the curtain of this short scene falls, let me ask you dear young readers, have you parents, to whom you have not yet given this fairest hope? Oh, then, I remind you like a conscience, that a day will come, by and by, in which you will have no comfort, and when you will cry out, "Ah, they loved me most dearly, but I let them die without hope, and I was their last agony."

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WALKS ABOUT ZION.

NO IV.

BY PROFESSOR LAWRENCE.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THIS church is claimed by oriental Christians to stand in the exact place of the burial of Jesus, and to enclose the mount of the crucifixion. This however is undoubtedly a mistake. For when Constantine and his devout mother wished to commemorate these events by some monumental evidence, they could not obtain the slightest knowledge of the places where they occurred. At length, by what she called inspiration, this spot was shown to Helena as the scene of the crucifixion, and here her munificent son erected a Christian church.

When in the 7th century, the city fell into the hands of the Saracens, the church was ransomed, and liberty obtained to hold it as a place of Christian worship, by a large sum of money annually paid to the Government, a levy continued until the recent reform in the Turkish administration. The Romish church held exclusive possession till the middle of the 17th century; when the Greek church claimed a joint occupancy. The Armenians after-

wards did the same. These and other rival claimants have since many times made it more like a den of thieves than a place of Christian worship. Fraud and strifes and fighting between these several sects of nominal Christians have rendered it necessary that a guard of Turkish soldiers should be authoritative rulers in this synagogue of Satan. It stands on the Western slope of the Zion ridge, in the composite style of architecture, with a high tower on one corner, and a cupola over the centre. The only entrance to the court is through a narrow gateway, admitting but one at a time. This court, in front of the massive Gothic doors, is occupied as a market for the sale of rosaries, beads, crucifixes, and relics. It was at the twilight hour that we made our first visit. At the left, upon an elevated divan, sat half a dozen Turkish dignitaries, guardians of this Christian temple. But for their frequent interposition, the whole, by the strife of conflicting sects, would have become a pile of mournful ruins.

The church had been thronged during the day, but was now comparatively empty. In front of the door lies a marble slab, called the "Stone of Unction," marking the spot where the body of Jesus was anointed for his burial. Turning to the left, I entered a circular space, a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by sixteen marble pillars, separating a series of chapels, and supporting a tier of galleries over which the massive dome spreads out its solemn but graceful canopy. In the centre, is an oblong marble structure, twenty feet by ten, and fifteen in height, surmounted by a cupola. This is the holy sepulchre. A few pilgrims were kneeling on its steps, some in apparently earnest prayer, and some passionately kissing the pillar erected on the spot where the angels announced the resurrection. Through a low narrow portal, closed by a heavy leather curtain, I passed from the vestibule to the inner sanctuary. It was dimly lighted by the feeble flame of scores of gold and silver lamps, the costly offerings of princes and potentates. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of fresh flowers, sweet tributes of affection, laid by poor pilgrims upon the tomb of their Master. A semi-sarcophagus of pure white marble about two feet from the floor, representing the sepulchre, would conceal all evidence of its being over that in which the Saviour was laid, if there were such evidence.

Still it is impossible for a serious mind, here to give itself up to

reflection, without emotions of tenderness as well as regret, I knew that superstition and bigotry were the present reigning elements, but I felt the influence of a better spirit coming down from the past. I regretted that so many and such absurd attempts had been made to identify the precise spot of each event in the latter period of our Saviour's life. I regretted that ignorance and superstition and fraud should have so overlain piety, as to make the name of a Christian the synonyme for every thing evil. But I could not forget that this is a venerated monument to the memory of my Redeemer. What, though it is not on the identical spot where He was crucified and buried. For fifteen hundred years, it has been hallowed by the prayers and the tears of nearly fifty generations of my fellow disciples. It called to mind, the gentleness and meekness, the benevolence and God-like life of Immanuel. The garden, also, is a memorial of the same. So is the church and the city, and the whole region of nature—all is sacred, it some times moved me to tears. I could not help it, I would not *wish* to help it. Standing within this hallowed mausoleum, I would cherish emotions of gratitude and love awakened towards that best, that dearest of friends.

“Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth,
Should touch the heart with softer power,
For comfort than an angels' mirth?
That to the *Cross* the mourner's eye should turn,
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

“Yes, so it is; for duty there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till, tempered by the Saviour's prayer,
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness and drop holy balm
Soft as imprisoned martyr's death-bed calm.”

CHAPEL OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

In another part of the same edifice by a flight of some twenty steps, I was taken to the chapel of the Crucifixion, built as i claimed, on the summit of Calvary. At the upper end is shown the hole cut in the rock which received the cross. Through a crevice in the floor under the altar is pointed out a seam in a rock, said to have been rent in the Crucifixion. The gathering darkness had rendered it necessary that we should be provided

with candles. I held mine close to the crevices and thought the real rock had the appearance of granite, while I knew that the native rock about Jerusalem was limestone. On looking again, my first impression was confirmed. The rock may have been rent at the Crucifixion, but if so, it was while in its native quarry, far away from Jerusalem.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

Nothing respecting this peculiar city, is more peculiar than the condition of the Jews and their strong attachment to Jerusalem. They occupy the most filthy and ill-built portions of the city. The valley between Mount Zion and Moriah, in one part of which is the lepers' quarter. Passing through it, I saw hideous forms of men, women and children, who sat by the way-side, or crawled to the doors, holding out their boney arms and almost fleshless fingers, turning up their sometimes sightless eyes, and howling out a cry for alms. In the language of another, "Dirt and disease here go revolting together; gaunt famine stalks through the streets, a constant moan of suffering swells upon the dead air, and sin broods darkly over the ruin it has wrought."

This loathsome malady baffles all medical skill. Working with a hereditary and a terrible fatality, the slightest taint is certain to be transmitted from generation to generation. The only effectual sanitary regulation is the most rigid social quarantine, a stern interdiction to the whole unfortunate class of all the tenderer ties and relations of life, except among themselves.

The number of the Jews is estimated at four or five thousand. Some are decrepid with age; nearly all are poor, many of them being supported by annual collections among rich Jews in other parts of the world. They have two or three synagogues which are constructed somewhat after the style of the temple. The altar or reading desk is a raised platform in the middle, surrounded, by the small court of the Elders. Outside this, is the larger court of the men; and in the remote galleries, behind a screen, or upon a staging under the windows outside of the wall, the women are stationed as spectators of the worship, rather than participants in it.

Entering one of their synagogues, we were accompanied by several of these children of Abraham. Desirous of knowing their views respecting the Messiah, asked them when they expected

his advent. Three or four answered at once. One says, "we are not wise enough to know that." Another, "Our hearts are not good enough for him to come yet." Another, "God only knows." I said, "Messiah has already come." They answered by asking me questions, one, "What good has he done *us*?" another, "What has he profited his people?" a third, "We are all poor; when he comes, he will make us all rich." "But how could he profit you? you rejected him;" "La la, no, no." One says, "By *your* books Messiah may have come, but not by ours." I replied, "Our books and yours are the same, so far as yours go." La, la, verily blindness hath happened not only in part, but altogether unto Israel."

The united English and Russian Mission to the Jews, under the truly Catholic bishop, Gobat, by its hospitals, schools and preaching, has made an auspicious beginning among them. Fifty or more of those peculiar people have been collected into a Christian church, having first suffered anathema from the rulers of the synagogue. Had all the evangelical denominations interested in Christian Missions, assembled for the choice of a large minded joint representative on Mount Zion, the election could hardly have fallen upon one more worthy of the responsible station, than he who now occupies it. Wisely judging that the points of difference among Christians are secondary in importance, and that their agreements are those in which lie the wisdom of God and the power of God, by the approbation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, recently procured his ministerial fellowship is now as large as his views are Catholic and Christian.

On Fridays, the Jews assemble just outside the wall of the Haram, into which are built some of the stones of the temple. Here they sit on the ground for hours together, reading the lamentations of Jeremiah, and in tones the most plaintive, wailing out the mournful psalms of David. A part of their service is pathetic and beautiful.

"On account of the temple which is destroyed, on account of her walls which are broken down, we sit lonely and weep. On account of our majesty which is gone, on account of our great men who are cast down, on account of our kings who have been despised, we sit lonely and weep. We beseech thee to have mercy upon Zion, and to gather the children of Jerusalem. Make haste, O, Redeemer of Zion, and speak to the heart of Jerusalem."

In whatsoever part of the world they may be, these despised children of Abraham, are drawn towards Jerusalem by a resistless centripetal attraction. They take a mournful pleasure in her ruin, and kiss the dust of her streets. If they can only die in the Holy City, they will endure insult and injury, and will give their necks to the scimeter, almost without a murmur. Let them but be buried in the valley of Jehosaphat, and they ask no more.

It is impossible to behold these Hebrews of the Hebrews thus out-cast and down-trodden in the city of their fathers, and not become sharers in their affliction. We cannot look upon them—a standing evidence to the truth of prophecy, like the burning bush, always in the fire, yet never consumed, without the deepest sympathy and the most earnest prayer that God would have mercy on the darkness of Judah, and that the day-star might speedily arise in their hearts.

“ Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country, Israel but the grave.”

AMUSEMENTS.

TO WHAT EXTENT NEEDFUL.

BY REV. E. DOWSE.

WHAT are we to understand by amusement? I use the word synonymously, with entertainment, diversion, sport, recreation and pastime. It is that which occupies the mind *lightly*, in distinction from that which *taxes* and *fatigues* its powers. It may be of a solitary and serious nature, and it may be of a social and lively cast. We have an example of the former in Addison—He says, I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloister and the church, *amusing* myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. We have an example of the latter in the sports of children and youth and in the various diversions of social life. The question arises whether there is demand for any thing of this kind in our natures, and if so, to what extent? Some parents can see no necessity for any thing in the form of amusement, and they consequently discountenance and oppose it, as though it were an evil to be re-

moved entirely from society. Others look upon all kinds of amusement as desirable, and would be pleased if these constituted the whole of life. But there is another class who find that these two extremes are wrong, and yet their minds are unsettled and indefinite in regard to the whole subject.

Now there is a right and a wrong in the case, and we ought if possible, in so practical a matter, to ascertain where they are. It must be evident to a careful observer of human nature that there is a demand in our constitution for something of this kind. We discover this in the little child, and it continues to be manifest in all the stages of subsequent life. Let an infant lie or sit in the same place, let it have the same playthings, see the same persons and the same objects, for weeks and months and we shall find that something is wanting to give the child vivacity and thrift. Then adopt a different course of treatment, change its place and position, introduce to its notice new objects, and we shall see that it wanted a variety sufficient to amuse and thus prevent listlessness and torpor on the one hand and a jading restlessness on the other. If children and youth are trained to study and labor without interruption, unhappy consequences will surely follow. These may be of a physical, intellectual or moral nature. The body may become deformed, by being confined too long in one position, or it may be generally enfeebled for want of that various exercise that nature requires. The mind may become imbecile, by being overtaxed and denied that recreation that gives it elasticity and vigor. We sometimes hear parents and guardians complain that their children are indifferent and sullen, or rude and restless. The difficulty in such cases often is that they are confined too steadily and closely to study or labor. Nature demands recreation, and if it cannot have it, it will sink down into sullenness, or become wild and ungovernable. Children will be more healthily, more vivacious, and will accomplish much more both with their hands and their minds, if permitted to enjoy seasons of amusement, than when shut out from every thing of this kind. The same is true of those in more advanced life. The farmer, the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, the minister, in short all classes and both sexes, are greatly benefited by amusements. To take off the mind and the hands from their accustomed employments, to forget them even for the time, and become pleasingly

interested in something else, rests and invigorates the system and prepares us to return to our business with new interest and to prosecute it with increased success. We may obtain this amusement from reading, visiting, journeying, walking, riding or even from a different kind of labor, but we must have it from some source or we shall suffer. The truth is nature demands something of this kind. Life should not be one continuous round of amusements, nor should these be utterly excluded. It should be chiefly devoted to some useful calling, with just enough of amusement to keep the body, the mind and the heart in the most healthy and vigorous condition. It may be difficult to say any thing more definite in regard to the extent to which we may indulge ourselves and our families in this particular. We say that our bodies require food and that we should take so much as their health and strength demand. This rule is sufficiently definite. We can and must decide the matter for ourselves. We say our constitution requires amusement and that we may indulge in this so far as necessary to keep up a healthful tone of the system. The "quantum sufficit" we can decide in this case as well as in the first.

HOW SHALL WE CLASSIFY THEM.

If amusements are needful, it is very important that every parent should be able to classify those that are prevalent in society according to their moral character. These may be divided into three classes.

1. There are some amusements that are wrong in themselves. This is obviously true of all those that violate the law of God. Every species of intemperance belong to this class. All who devote themselves to excessive eating and drinking, and other kinds of sensual indulgence, violate the requirement that they should be temperate in all things and that they should honor their Maker in their bodies and spirits which are his. This may be productive of a low kind of pleasure, but it is wrong. The same may be said of all kinds of gambling. These are so many systems of fraud, by which men appropriate to their own use property which they never have earned, and to which they have no just title. These games are all morally wrong. We may also embrace in this class, all those amusements which consist in inflicting pain upon animals. The emperor sometimes *amused* himself with killing flies. Many now in foreign countries amuse themselves with

bull-fighting, cock-fighting and gladiatorial shows. Many in our own country amuse themselves with horse-racing, killing birds, and other practices of a similar nature. This is wrong. The Bible permits us to use the brute creation for our benefit, but never inflict pain for our pleasure. God never does this, and he does not allow us to do it. These examples will illustrate what kind of amusements are comprised in this class. They are wrong in themselves, and are never to be countenanced.

2. There is another class of amusements that are innocent in themselves, but wrong on account of their use and abuse. Card-playing, dancing and theatrical exhibitions are of this description. There is nothing wrong in the simple act of card-playing—but there are serious objections to the game as it exists and is practiced in society. It furnishes great facilities for deception and fraud, and is very commonly used for purposes of gambling, in every part of the world. This fact enstamps it as wrong. We cannot countenance a play that is productive of so much evil to the community, and that may prepare us and our children to become an easy prey to one of the worst vices in the world. There is nothing wrong in the act of dancing. Indeed, it seems a very pretty amusement for quite young children. But as this is practiced in the community, it is in many ways prejudicial to its best interests. It may be safely asserted that the young who are engaged in dancing, seldom make any proficiency, for the time, in anything else that is good. It is notoriously true that they lose their interest in study, so as to render the common school of little value. Besides, this practice fosters pride and vanity—inflames the passions—injures the health—and, often enchants and maddens its votaries so as to render them entirely reckless in their conduct. Some tell us that we should correct the evils arising from abuse, but not condemn the practice. It is safe to say that this cannot be done. Like alcohol, the only safe way to manage it is to let it entirely alone.

Theatrical exhibitions are not necessarily wrong. It has been often said that the stage *might* be made to subserve the cause of virtue and religion. Intelligent moralists have labored to secure this result, but always without success. “From first to last it was an evil place.” It is now used to dissipate, corrupt and destroy the minds and souls of men. On this account the theatre

should be discountenanced and condemned. The same course should be pursued in regard to all amusements which may be innocent in themselves but wrong on account of their use and abuse.

3. But there is still another class of amusements that are innocent in themselves, and useful in their tendency upon character and happiness. These are very numerous and suited to all ages and conditions of life. There is an almost endless variety of amusements for little children. We can put a great multitude of new and pleasant things into their hands — we can instruct them in almost numberless sports — and we can take them upon excursions of pleasure — all of which will contribute to their health and happiness. There is a still greater variety of innocent and useful amusements for those more advanced in life. Walking, riding, conversation, reading, lectures on literary and scientific subjects, viewing works of nature and art, the practice of music — these are specimens of this class of amusement. Pollock was well acquainted with these sources of pleasure.

“Abundant and diversified above
All number — were the sources of delight;
As infinite as were the lips that drank;
And to the pure, all innocent and pure;
The simplest still, to wisest men the best.”

The poet sings sweetly of the pleasure of flowers — of animals — of birds and minerals — and then tells us how he and his friend climbed a neighboring hill and with much labor dug a ponderous stone and bore it to the highest top, and rolled it down, exulting in the swiftness of its course, and clapping their hands for joy. Such, are examples of innocent and healthful amusements. While we discountenance all others, we should exert ourselves to supply these to our families and to society. We should remember that our nature demands something of this kind, and that if we do not furnish amusements that are innocent and healthful, our children and the community will supply themselves with those that are wrong and corrupting in their influence. As parents we do well to look at this matter.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

Yes, there's a joy in doing good
The selfish never know;
A draught so deep, so rich and pure,
It sets the heart aglow;

A draught so exquisitely fair
It thrills the soul with bliss,
And lifts it to a heav'nlier world,
Or makes a heav'n of this.

DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY REV. HOLLIS REED.

NEVER was the church of God more persecuted, afflicted, cast down and trampled under foot, than when on the very eve of deliverance from Egyptian bondage. Every struggle they made only seemed to sink them lower in the deep waters of oppression. Every effort that was made for their emancipation seemed only to forge new manacles for the victims of thralldom, and to rivet their chains more closely than before. It was a dark day for the church, and never did she seem so far from enlargement. But the day of her extremity was the day of her visitation from on high. Behind that dark cloud which shut out from view the already risen light of the early dawn, the full orb'd light of day was about to rise. Deliverance came in the darkest hour — and deliverance, too, in a manner to show both friends and foes that it was the finger of God. All would now say, *His arm had gotten them the victory*. It was for this that they are brought low diminished and oppressed. God would show his people where their strength lay — and this they would learn only when brought to see their own weakness.

And so it has been in numerous other instances ; so it has generally been with the church of God. Her greatest triumphs have been immediately preceded by her darkest periods. The waning of an old and decaying order of things, and the revolutions and convulsions incident to the introduction and establishment of a new dispensation, give to the general aspect of affairs the appearance of a mighty dissolution. It is fearful to see the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the floods rolling over the earth — and the solid ground giving way, and no new earth on which you may place the sole of your foot. It was a dark period to Noah when he looked abroad upon the wide expanse of waters and saw the last summit of the sinking earth, sinking deeper and deeper into a watery grave. But soon a new world arose, regenerated — washed from the sins of the old, and made once more a fit abode for holiness.

And that was the darkest night of all when the body of Him who was to be the Bright and Morning Star, was entombed in the solid marble of the “new sepulchre.” No wonder that the heav-

ens gathered blackness — that the sun was darkened. In yonder sepulchre was entombed the *Hope of the world*. The rising star of Bethlehem, which had already begun to cast its light over the thick darkness of the nations, now seemed to sink again below its horizon, and no bow of promise gave signs that ere long it should rise again in redoubled splendor. The rising hopes of saints are now in a moment prostrated. Many had *trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel*, but as the morning of the third day approached, and all was silent about the sepulchre — except as the stern sentinel of the Roman cohort, half determined by martial pride, half trembling for a fearful looking after those things that may come to pass, keeps his nightly watch, and proudly walks his rounds about the spot where lay bound in the chains of Death, the Hope of a now hopeless world, how must the last ray of hope seem to be settling down into the dark abyss to emerge no more forever !

How to the faltering hopes of saints and disciples, must the flickering light of eternal life seem to be sinking into its socket, and the world seem bound over to the unbroken and universal dominion of spiritual darkness and hopeless death ! How did this overpowering despondency which had seized on every anxious heart, find a response in the bursting grief of those female disciples who came early to the sepulchre. “They have taken away our Lord and we know not where they have laid him.”

Never was there a darker hour. Hope lay dead and en-cased in the solid granite. Death had gotten the victory — the grave had the spoil — sin triumphed, and hell kept jubilee. But hark ! I seem to hear a rumbling sound. The earth quakes — the rocks rend — the priests come rushing from the temple, and proclaim that the veil is rent asunder — the graves open and their pallid inhabitants again walk forth among the abodes of men. And what does all this mean ?

One company, and then another company of women — and then one of the disciples, whose ecstasy in the tidings he brings, bears him apace before his brethren, come running back to the Holy City, early on the morning of the first day of the week, and what strange intelligence do they bring ! They say — and who at this juncture of fell despondency can credit it — they say, that *the Lord has risen indeed !* The gloomy night has passed, the morning of the resurrection has come. The entombed hopes of his fol-

lowers now burst forth into a glorious reality. Encased in that hopeless tomb, was the germ of hope for a ruined world. On Calvary, in the very ignominy and agony of the cross, was done away one order of things, and another introduced, which should bring life and immortality to light. It was the darkness, the dread, the death of that dismal period, which introduced the most illustrious period the church ever witnessed. They not only preceded it, but were the very authors of it. The scene on Calvary was the great conflict. It was the hour and power of darkness. When the great Head of the Church was about to introduce a new and more glorious era of his grace, all the powers of the pit were roused to smother the rising glory.

Hence the conflict of that period — and hence the conflict that precedes every principal step of *advancement* in God's dispensations of grace toward our world. It is not merely a thing, which, as a matter of *fact* does precede a triumph, but which, as a matter of reason, should precede it.

It was so again only a few years after the ascension of our blessed Lord. All things were prepared for the diffusion of the gospel among the nations. The disciples had received the command — their number was sufficiently multiplied — the Holy Ghost had come upon them, and all things seemed ready for their mission. But they lingered, and at this very juncture the heavens over them gathered blackness — a deadly spirit of persecution broke out about Stephen, and the disciples were scattered abroad amongst distant provinces and nations, and wherever they were driven they went preaching the word. It was, to all human appearances, a dark day. But it was a darkness that presaged a more glorious light than ever before had risen on this benighted world. And so it has been in God's ordinary dealings with his church. He gives them enlargement by bringing them through a very narrow way. He gives them light by bringing them through a very dark valley. He gives them joy and rest and peace and glory, by first bringing them through the dust of humiliation, and, oftentimes, out of the furnace of affliction.

It has been well said that "the hour of preparation for a better order of things is *not a time of favorable appearances*, but the reverse; and that nevertheless, at such a time, human affairs are actually tending towards the approaching change." While clouds and darkness settle down thick on the surface of events, and pre-

sage anything but a favorable change, the undeveloped operations of an under-current, are bearing away all obstacles before them, and preparing the way for some radical and momentous change.

We no doubt mistake in supposing we must look for the signs of the times in the quarter from which the light comes. We must look towards the dark quarter where the clouds are lowering and the storm is brewing — look beyond the circle within which Religion has reared her standard and Morality shed her benign influence. We must look abroad upon the wide surface of spiritual desolation, if we would discern indications that some mighty convulsion is at hand, which shall break up the deep foundations of error and sin, and establish all things on a new and better basis. We look towards the illumined quarter of the moral heavens, and we see the light gleaming up higher and brighter. The Sun of righteousness is manifestly arising on the dark face of the waters. The Bible is making its way into the ranks of unbelief and idolatry. The gospel is preached — the messengers of truth go to and fro, and knowledge is increased, but these are not surer harbingers of a brighter day than the swelling, heaving, boiling of the great ocean of moral darkness. When the wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt — when there shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars, and upon the earth, distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring — (great political convulsions,) then may you know that some mighty conflict is at hand — some signal victory awaits the saints of the Most High God. For the empire of sin will never yield without a conflict, and a conflict between sin and holiness, will always eventuate in the overthrow of the former.

This, under the direction of a wise and gracious Providence, is the natural order of things. As the kingdom of light advances, the prince of the power of the air is alarmed for the safety of his empire. His anger becomes the more fierce, and his efforts the more impetuous, as he sees the onward and irresistible advancement of that kingdom which shall fill the whole earth. While he supposes himself an equal combatant, he is comparatively at ease. But the moment he sees the victory going finally and forever against him he will contend with all the desperation of an Arch-Fiend. We are therefore to expect — indeed, it is but analogous to the ordinary operations of the Divine economy in conducting

the affairs of the kingdom, that a mighty conflict will precede any very signal triumph of the church.

There is, on the part of God, a wise and benevolent design that it should be so. He thus vindicates his own honor, and makes manifest his own power. He shows to the church and to the world that the strength of his people lies in the Omnipotent arm. He teaches his people their *dependence*, and, by this, says to the wicked, "stand in awe and sin not," for He with whom you contend is God.

There are, then, the best of reasons for believing that God will not change his mode of conducting the august affairs of his government. What has been, shall be again. He will prepare his people for their triumph, by a course of humiliation, and they will lean on their strength when they are made to feel their weakness.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY ETTA JEHLEN.

While sailing down the stream of time,
 Looking back I view the shore,
 Where my earliest years began
 To retrace them nevermore—
 Companions by the way I've lost,
 —Little barques that sailed with me,
 For a time were tempest tossed,
 Then went down the cold dark sea.

Eyes that beamed on me so bright,
 When I started on life's main,
 Closed while yet 'twas morning light,
 Closed and opened ne'er again;
 Hopes that sparkled in the sun,
 Diamond like on every wave,
 Sunk when billows burst upon—
 Sunk, and only left a—grave.

Still my little barque is sailing
 Rapid down the stream of time,
 Sails are torn and timbers failing;
 Making for another clime,
 Hangs a rainbow over head,
 Mid the storms a golden bar;
 From the ocean's darksome bed
 Brightly glows the evening star,
 And an Angel gathering up
 Hopes long buried in the sea,
 When I reach the heavenly port,
 Will restore them all to me.

COURTESY AND CHARITY.

BY MRS. C. M. A.

OURS is not an age to sit down quietly and meditate upon the old adages which our grandfathers repeated ; those trite sayings that are as true now as ever, but yet are looked upon with contempt by those who are in so great haste for everything to become new. Occasionally, however, we hear them used ; more especially when by some apt turn in the expression, they can be applied where these same grandfathers would have considered it rank heresy to use them. Thus is the noble truth, " Charity begins at home," made to excuse a thousand selfish acts, to cover over with contemptible hypocrisy, motives, which unveiled, show only a desire to free oneself from the duty of ministering to other's wants. Perhaps the very fact that these old proverbs are seldom used, makes us suspicious of them when we do hear them, though there may be no reason for such a feeling ; be that as it may, it is lamentable that words meant to convey the purest moral teachings should ever be degraded to serve a selfish, unmanly end.

Volumes on volumes have been written to set forth the pleasures, the duties, the sacredness of home. No heart is without its ideal of the holy spot, but how seldom does the real correspond with it ! To a being who knew nothing of it beyond the description of the essayist, the reflections of the moralist, or the visions of the poet, it would seem at the very least, an Eden regained. To one who saw nothing but the inside of many houses which men tell him are homes, it would seem too often a dim foreshadowing of that other realm whence came the serpent fiend to blight the old Eden. And why is this ? Why does the reality so often present so sad a scene ? Is it because crime revels there unrestrained ? Is it because the natural protector of the family degrades the name of animal which he bears in common with the brute creation, by his disgusting sensuality ? Is it because the wife has ceased to struggle against the curse that hangs over her life and has sunk down discouraged ? Thank God that so few of us realize all that that word may involve ! Is it because the mother has disgraced that sacred name, has sunk so low that her own children blush to own her ? Is it because a child has dishonored himself by his vicious career and the shadow of his shame so darkens the parent's path

that death is longed for as a release from the too painfully felt gloom ?

From any one of these causes it may come, and too often does ; but not one nor all combined make up a tenth part of the unhappiness that pervades our homes, for in many a one which the finger of suspicion even would not point to as the abode of crime, there is unveiled to the Omniscient eye a bitter want of all that should make it holy and happy. Little deeds that eye beholds, trifles, we call them, whose continual recurrence, slowly, but surely, is eating away the very heart's core of the home and putting in its place the foul poison of discord. Truly, the sum of trifles is greater than the mass of great things. We repent of great crimes ; remorse may prevent their repetition, but those which we deem trivial, we overlook. Why can we not see that such are all the more dangerous, just as a great peril foreseen may be avoided, but lesser ones, which separately, we think unworthy of notice, by their combined power, result in ruin ; just as we take the greatest care not to risk life or limb by becoming entangled among the wheels of a machine, but neglect to guard ourselves against the repeated colds induced by our rash exposure, until death claims the penalty.

And when we see spots once consecrated as our homes, now standing as sad monuments above the grave of buried happiness, a happiness not destroyed by any sudden, violent shock, but by the continued inroad of neglect or thoughtlessness, is there not the more cause for our remorse than when only our own life has been thrown away, since we have contributed towards robbing so many of all that made life valuable ? We need none of us go far out of our way to find such a home ; happy is it for us if our own does not furnish the example.

How many of us are there, who have ever attempted to win the confidence of our children ? Can we blame them, then, if they seek away from home, that sympathy in their pursuits which they must have from some source, and if that source be not what it should be, are we in no degree answerable for the consequences ? Is it nothing that we have really weaned them from home by forcing them to go out from it for confidential intercourse ? They see that we feel no interest in their pleasures ; more than that, that their free indulgence is forbidden whenever it may possibly interfere with our occupations. I like to see a child thoughtful and considerate

where his parents' comfort or convenience is concerned, but when I see these traits developed to an extent that could hardly be surpassed by one in mature age, I cannot help thinking that there is some constraint there, that fear has had more to do with their developement than love; I doubt if the home culture of the affections has been much attended to. Have I any right to expect that my children will always abandon their noisy plays, that I may enjoy my quiet pleasures undisturbed? Ought I not as a gentleman, (to take no higher standard), to set them the example of unselfishness by sometimes taking part in their amusements and giving up my own? If I refuse to sympathize with my children while they are only children, shall I have any right to complain if they refuse me their confidence when they are old enough to be my companions? Let every father ask himself these questions, and answer them faithfully to his own conscience, and then living up to that answer, see if the gentlemanly spirit, combining with their natural affection for him, will not react upon them and cause them to relinquish their games, not merely with a good grace, but gladly, for his sake. In company we should loudly disclaim the idea of monopolizing the whole pleasure to ourselves; we should see the absurdity of such an attempt in an instant. Why does not the uncharitableness of such a course in our homes appear to us as vividly? Why cannot that courteous regard for another's feelings, without the appearance of which we would be almost unanimously excluded from an evening party or an afternoon visit, be made the ruling principle of the home circle? In society the rule is to apologize for whatever goes wrong; at home the converse is too often true. Does a friend visiting you accidentally break a dish? Never mind, it is not of the least consequence in the world; it almost seems as if you were trying to make him think that you were glad of it; at least you would not have him experience a moment's uneasiness because of it. But woe to the luckless child who has done such a deed! careless creature! Happy is it for him if previous accidents of a like nature have not taught him to dread the coming storm, so that he fears to own what he has done, but takes refuge in a lie, uttered or acted; it is hard to tell which will exert the worse influence upon his character. That parent has indeed much to answer for, who, by a hasty word has caused his child to take the first step from the path of truth. That child may recover from the blow inflicted upon his moral nature; but if he does not,

false path once entered, no step is thenceforth retraced, is he not answerable in part for the consequences since he threw the first temptation in his way? The desire to make children careful may be alleged in excuse of the passionate reproof, but would not that end be much better promoted by milder treatment? You show by your manner in company that you can control the unpleasant feelings that naturally arise in consequence of any mishap. Is it not your duty to exercise the same control at home? You may say that there is some insincerity in the manners of society. Very true; it is the natural consequence of trying to act a part you are not accustomed to. You have not learned by the exercise of that courteous forbearance at home which you affect in society, that you can express sorrow for an accident without flying into a passion on account of it, or that you can keep within bounds of truth and at the same time convince your friend that the mischief done, will not materially affect you. The claims of society require of you that you should not merely refrain from reproaching your friend for his unintentional injury to you, but that you should speak of it in a way that will set him at ease respecting it, as far as you can do so, truthfully. More than this it does not require. Now ought you not to exercise the same forbearance, to be as careful of the feelings, in your intercourse with your children?

The want of this home courtesy is not confined to parents, though perhaps to *their* neglect of it, may be attributed, in a great measure their children's. The sister complains bitterly of her brother's carelessness in stepping on her dress, but does the same accident occur at a party? how easily it is overlooked! how ready she is to take all the blame upon herself! The brother retorts, angrily, that she "might have kept her dress out of the way;" he would not dare to say such a thing to any one but his sister. He thinks himself at liberty, at home, to neglect all these delicate attentions he is so scrupulously careful to observe in society. At the table the same rule holds. Do we take tea at a neighbors' house, and is the bread unfortunately so heavy as to be hardly eatable? how eager we are to excuse it! how hard we try to swallow a few mouthfuls to convince our hostess that it really will go down! But does this same ill-success attend the baking at home? with what ill-concealed disgust we push our plate away, wondering if there is nothing in the house fit to eat!

or even if we refrain from saying anything, acting and looking our dissatisfaction most expressively. It is hard enough to know that one has failed in her well-meant efforts, even though these efforts extended no further than to the making a loaf of bread; how much harder when to the disappointment is added the thoughtless fault-finding of those whom she has tried hardest to please, and whose displeasure she feels most bitterly!

Were we deliberately trying to do all the harm in our power, we could hardly begin better than by thus concealing all our unamiable feelings, where the expression of them would have comparatively little effect, but letting them loose with the more concentrated force where they will strike deepest and wound most severely. It is the very tyranny of cowardice that permits us to act thus. We *dare* not give way to our impatient feelings in the street or at our places of business; such conduct would call forth the undisguised contempt of those with whom we deal; we should lose caste in society; we should lose customers in trade. But at home, we run no such risk; we may be cross, or moody, or fretful with impunity, there; our wives and children cannot help themselves. We make a fatal mistake when we reason thus, and sometimes, sooner or later, we shall see it; too late, perhaps, to repair the mischief.

We have heard, that home is the place where we may go for sympathy in joy or sorrow; a blessed privilege, truly; but how wantonly we abuse it when we practically, if not in theory, make it the escape-valve of all our ill nature. To be at home, signifies to be where we can say and do what we please, careless whether any one else is pleased or not. There is no need of our exerting ourselves to be agreeable there; no need of our trying to entertain our brothers and sisters; we can reserve all such efforts for the benefit of those who are comparatively strangers to us, and who really care very little for our exertions. We spread the feast of our rich thoughts, our noblest aspirations, our most genial humor before visitors, but bid our home circle be grateful for the crumbs from the table, or even tell them, by actions, if not words, that they need not complain if left to digest the sour bread and over baked meats which we so carefully hide from our guests.

How many a mother is there who would have the moral courage to deny herself to a caller, although she knows that the effort to entertain her will be such as to make her unable to pay any

attention to the wants of her children for the rest of the day ! But if her health is not good enough to enable her to attend to both children and company, should there be the least doubt in her mind as to where the duty lies, or the least hesitation in its fulfilment ? How many sons and daughters there are, who plead fatigue when requested to assist their parents, who will yet most readily comply with a desire of some young companion that involves twice as much labor ? We are too tired to take a walk, or engage in a merry game with our younger brothers and sisters, but if a neighbor makes of us a similar request, how few think of refusing !

No wonder that even the little child sees the contrast and feels it painfully, too ! or that he wishes “ we could have company all the time, so that father and mother would always be pleasant.”

No wonder either, that he early learns how unnecessary it is for him to be kind and gentle at home ; learns, too, the other lesson of insincerity that must follow.

There is more than bitter satire in the thoughts which the subject suggests ; would that its contemplation might lead to the fixed purpose to amend ; to the resolve, that at least *our* homes shall not be cursed by this shameful disregard for one another’s happiness !

If, as in so many ways we tacitly admit, our brothers and sisters are not equal to others with whom we associate, is it for us to proclaim it to the world ? Should we not rather try to raise them to our level, since we fancy them so far beneath us ; and perhaps, in making the attempt, we shall bring to light hidden powers that only needed the warmth of kindness and sympathy, to nourish them, that they might become to us a source of the purest pleasure, returning treble, all the labor we have bestowed on their cultivation. Do we deny this seemingly implied inferiority ? then why deprive them of those delicate attentions which would indicate that we really cared for them, but the neglect of which, though never openly resented, is felt all the more keenly by every sensitive heart ? Only let that kind regard for each other’s welfare, whose expression is true courtesy, be freely shown at home, and there will be no fear of our wanting it in society ; it will come forth spontaneously and naturally, entirely different from that contemptible hypocrisy that endeavors, so often, to pass

for it, but like the rouge on a faded beauty's cheek, proclaims its true nature by its very excess.

After all, it is the feeling underneath the expression that is all important: let that be right and we need not fear for the rest! Let true charity find its abode in our hearts, and it cannot fail to manifest itself in real courtesy to all around us, and radiating from its centre, home, it will go unceasingly, until it has blessed, ennobled, purified the world. Thus, truly, will "Charity begin at home;" but its end, who can foresee.

— . . . —

FAMILY MUSIC.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Yes! music in the family!
 'Tis my domestic creed,
 To sing a precious song or two
 Whene'er we pray or read.
 For nothing in the world can give
 To hearts as hard as mine,
 Such tenderness as music gives,
 Which breathes in songs divine.

We have a little instrument,
 An organ some would call,
 On which our eldest-born can play,
 Which gratifies us all.
 Six birdlings nurtured in our nest,
 Ere yet their wings were grown,
 Had learned full many a song to sing,
 Though two at length have flown.

The organ makes less music now
 Than when our son was here,
 But singing voices yet remain,
 Both musical and clear.
 And when the Sabbath sun is set,
 To us 'tis passing fair
 To hear these little voices sing,
 Before we kneel in prayer.

There is no power so practical,
 Save that which is divine,
 As household music; none which doth
 The heart so much incline
 To acts of pure benevolence,
 Good will, and love to all;
 It soothes, as did young David's harp,
 The melancholy Saul.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.



THE FOX AND THE RABBITS.

THE JACKALL.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

The Jackall is a beast of prey,
In India he is found,
He hunts his living night and day,
And wanders miles around.

The Jackall looks some like the fox,
Some like the wolf, 'tis said;
He preys on fowls and herds and flocks,
And on the buried dead

This savage beast, by some, is thought
To hunt the Lion's prey,
But whether it is so or not,
Is more than I can say.

Yet I've no doubt this cruel beast,
Fierce, terrible, and wild,

Would reckon it a dainty feast
To eat up any child.

How very thankful we should be
No Jackalls here are found;
The wild beasts of the desert flee
Before the gospel's sound.

Lift up your hands with gratitude
To God my darling child,
That there are found in Christian lands
No beasts so fierce and wild.

The gospel brings the reign of peace
The savage it can tame, —
Can change the howling wilderness —
The lion to a lamb.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

[A correspondent sends the following account of the death of two children in Port Royal, Pa., for the Boys' and Girls' Corner. She says that inflammatory croup of the most malignant kind prevailed there in the winter, and three or four children in some families died. There is something remarkable about the death of these boys.—ED.]

One of the first deaths was that of a little boy, Jemmie H. He was a stout, healthy child; but how true it is that death often selects the brightest, and strongest for its victims! In a few days they robed him for the tomb.

One of his little playmates, Howard E., was taken by his mother to see the remains of his little friend and companion. The child appeared to be much affected; and a few days afterwards, when he seemed very sad, he was asked why he was so serious. "Mother," said he, "when I die will you put on the new clothes I got last week?" She replied, "No, Howard, when you die we will get a white suit for you." He began to cry, and his father coming in at the moment, he said "Papa, if mother does not put my new suit on, Jemmie H. will not know me when I die."

They tried to banish such thoughts from his mind, telling him he might live a long time yet, but he said, "No, mother, I want to live until after Christmas, then I will die and be with my Saviour. Then mother, I will see Jemmie again."

He was a regular attendant at Sabbath School, and the next Sabbath was there as usual, but refused to take a book home with him, telling his teacher 'it was his last Sabbath there,' and bidding many of his little companions 'Good bye.'

They little thought the words of the dear child were so soon to be realized, but before another Sabbath came they laid his body in the cold grave, and his spirit returned to God, who gave it. Little Howard was in his eighth year.

CULLED FLOWERS.

AN OLD STORY.

When Washington was a small boy, about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet; of which, like most other boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he had often amused himself in hacking his mother's pea-bushes, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he hacked so terribly that he spoiled it. The next morning his father, finding out what had befallen his favorite tree, came into the house and asked for the author of the mischief, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken *five guineas* for the tree. No one could tell him anything about it. Presently George, with his little hatchet made his appearance.

"George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree in the garden yonder?"

This was a tough question, George staggered under it for a moment and

but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father with the sweet face of youth, brightened with the charm of honesty, he bravely cried out, —

"I can't tell a *lie*, pa," you *know* I can't tell a lie; *I did it with my little hatchet.*"

"Run to my arms, my dearest boy," said his father; you have *paid* me for my tree a thousand times, by telling the truth; I hope my son will always be hero enough to tell the *truth*, *let* come what *will* come."

A NOBLE LITTLE TEMPERANCE GIRL.

A man had taken his wife and little daughter to the exhibition of the New York Institute. While there, an officer of the Institute noticing the little girl, and being pleased with her lively and social turn, took pains to accompany her about the fair, and to point out to her objects that might interest her. He left for a short time, and visited another part of the building. When he returned, he went immediately to the little girl, and offered her his hand, to lead her about the hall again. But no, she would not go with him. "Why," said he, "you have not seen half the pretty things yet. Come, and I will show them to you." Still she refused, and clung as if affrighted to her mother. Surprised at such conduct, her mother remonstrated, and bade her be polite to the kind gentleman, "Mother," said the little girl, drawing down her mother's ears, "*Mother, he smells of rum!*" and nothing could induce her to go near him again. Was she to be blamed, children?

THE HORNET'S NEST.

Peter Johnson was a very bad boy, and caused himself and others much trouble. He was a very bright boy, but had a bad disposition. He did not like his school, and would not mind his parents. One day he found a hornet's nest in the edge of the woods which skirted the pasture lands of a Mr. Williams. Perhaps you never saw a hornet's nest; they are made round, and hang on the limb of a tree or bush, with a hole at the bottom through which the hornets pass in and out. They have powerful stings, and swarm like bees when their nest is disturbed, and fight dreadfully. This wicked boy plagued the hornets from day to day, until he had got them very cross, and then he got some salt and called all Mr. Williams' horses and cattle in the field, and fed them with salt under and around the little tree on which the hornet's nest hung. As soon as they were well engaged licking the salt, he sent a club against the nest, and out came the hornets, and poured upon the horses and cattle and stung them dreadfully. They ran and snorted and kicked as though they would kill themselves. This was dreadful cruel, and yet it was sport for this wicked boy.

But he got punished, as I'll tell you. He was so wonderfully pleased to see the poor horses jump and writhe with agony, that he forgot himself, and leaped out from his concealment, hopped up and down, slapped his hands, and laughed and shouted at a great rate. Had he been still behind the bush where he hid after throwing the club at the nest, nothing would have harmed him; but rushing out as he did, a portion of the hornets were attracted by him, and in the midst of his shouts at the misery he had caused, he felt a dreadful sting strike him in the face, and before he could flee he was stung several times. Next day his face was so swollen that he could not see out of his eyes. All

the boys who saw him laughed at him, for they had heard how it happened. I hope none of the children who read this story will ever be so cruel.

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see as we can love any thing. Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird or tree or flower. Oh, I wish we could have something to love that would n't die."

"George, let us go in the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seed they had been from day to day gathering, the remembrance of their tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A *real* garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*,—a tree that never fades. That garden is *heaven*. There you may love, and love forever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasures be the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

FOUR little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after, their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them into his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first, "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?" "I rushed in after him and brought him out." "You did well; here is your reward." "And what did you do?" turning to the second. "I helped to carry him home." "That was right: here is your reward." "And what did you do when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the latter a little girl three years old. "I prayed, papa." "Well, that was all that you could do; here is a book for you too."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

EYE-SERVANTS.

There are men and women who are faithful to meet the obligations under which they have voluntarily placed themselves to others only when the eyes of employers are upon them. They are *eye-servants*, and therefore have less regard to duties when unseen. They accomplish more, and perform their work better, when they know that their doings are scanned by interested parties. To find an employee who will be as faithful when the eye of his master is not upon him, is more unusual than we could wish. Few house-wives are so fortunate as to secure the services of domestics who are not eye-servants. How many of them need constant watch-care to keep them diligent and correct! Multitudes of them lack fidelity, the very moment they are out of the sight of their mistresses. They have no sense of obligation beyond the eyes of those to whom they are responsible. This is one of the great trials of domestic life.

It were happy for the cause of religion if there were no eye-servants in the Saviour's vineyard. But alas! there are many who have regard mainly to the witnesses around them. They are more correct in external life than they would be if no one saw them. For this reason their external life is better than the internal. They do better in public than they do in secret. Their closets are forsaken, while the social prayer-meeting is usually attended. Their hearts are attached to the world while they formally worship God in his sanctuary upon the Sabbath. In short, so far as the eye observes, they are careful followers of the Lamb. Of course, the world thinks more of them than God does. In his cause they are of little consequence, because they render "eye-service as men-pleasers." Such laborers cannot be trusted in his vineyard out of sight. Remove the eyes of witnesses from them, and all restraint is taken away. There is no deep, all-pervading religious principle at the bottom to cause them to do right for Christ's sake. The result is a formal observation of religious duties, while the heart, which none sees but God, is far from him.

It is true, we are not to ignore the fact that we are surrounded by witnesses, for the Scriptures allude to it as one of the inducements to fidelity. "Wherefore, seeing we are also compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Here is a good reason for fidelity. But the honor of Christ is the secret

moving principle. There is a "looking unto Jesus" in it all. It is not done to please men, but to *save* them. The aim is not to secure the good opinion of men, but to bring them to the cross, and thereby obtain the Saviour's approbation. The example is regarded as one way of preaching the gospel to them. The seen life is viewed as a means of grace to them, but only as it derives vitality from a living faith in Christ. The motive, then, is very different from that which actuates mere "men-pleasers," in the church.

Christians may have regard to the Saviour's eye. The more constantly they remember that he is a witness to all they do and say, the better it is for them. But the difficulty with the class in question is, that they forget Christ is a witness, remembering, only, that friends and neighbors see. Let them at least, make the latter consideration subservient to the former. Then their life will become "hid with Christ in God." Their piety will possess a vital principle. They will become "co-workers" and "joint heirs" with Christ. And at last they will shine as stars in his diadem.

WELL-DOING, OVER-DOING AND UNDOING.

There is a kind of well-doing that often runs into over-doing, and the result is undoing. Hence there is reason for the injunction, "Let not, then, your good be evil spoken of." This kind of effort is often the occasion of remarks and censure that prove detrimental to the cause of truth. Wrong motives are often ascribed to good men in consequence, and evil impressions received from a good cause. Many a man has passed for less than his real worth, on account of some imprudence or lack of judgment, in doing a good work. God, who regards the intentions, is able to overlook faults of the head, when he sees pure motives in the heart. But men are not able to do this. Being obliged to judge of others by what they can see, the purpose or principle is often censured when the judgment, only, is at fault. On this account a good cause may suffer seriously at the hands of its friends. This has been true in nearly every reform that has blessed mankind. At times they have experienced drawbacks and trials in consequence of the over-doing of warm-hearted advocates. These have undone somewhat of the good that others accomplished. They have been rash, and like Peter have unsheathed the sword, and cut off an ear, when it would have been better for the weapon to rest in its scabbard. Peter did well to "stand up for Jesus," but he over-did a good work when he smote the servant of the high priest, and probably strengthened some of the Jews thereby in their hostility to Christianity, thus undoing something that had been gained.

It has been thus in the history of the Church. She has borne the ark of the covenant, but how often it has been put on a "new cart"! How

often have the Philistines taken it on account of some unwise movement. Look back over the progress of the Church and see if many things have not been undone by the over-doing of good men and women. Was it not so in the days of Luther? Was there nothing in the career of Luther himself, of this kind? The reader of History finds himself wishing that this and that act or measure did not appear in the life of the great reformer. So with the Puritan Fathers. In their zeal for great principles, they sometimes approximated to that intolerance which drove them from the father-land. It seems strange that they should have been other than liberal and charitable toward those who differed from them in religious views, since they suffered long and severely from the same cause in their native land; but so it was. They did well to seek "freedom to worship God," but they overdid when they refused this freedom to their fellow-men, and the result was undoing some part of their Christian work. The friends of truth now would be glad to blot out a few pages of Puritan history where such records are found.

We are to expect such developments, to some extent, since human nature is imperfect. It requires a correctness of taste and judgment beyond what most men possess, in addition to high Christian principle, to be able always to steer successfully between Sylla and Charybdis. Both a well-balanced mind and good heart are needful to preserve us from over-doing and undoing our well-doing.

THE DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

Directly after the battle of Lexington, a man went riding through the town of Pomfret, Ct., on horseback, having a drum suspended to his neck, upon which he beat, crying aloud at the same time, "to arms! the first blood has been shed at Lexington!" General Putnam was ploughing in the field, at considerable distance from his house, and Mr. Hubbard was at work in the next lot. As soon as they understood the meaning of the message they heard, Putnam unyoked his oxen just where they stood and let them run, then, sending his little son home to tell his wife where he was gone, he went to the barn, and saddled his fastest horse, mounted him with gun in hand, and galloped off for the field of conflict. Caring for his cattle, or bidding his wife good-bye, was secondary to hard won liberty to a patriot like him.

On the other hand, Hubbard drove his team home and took the necessary care of them, went into the house to tell his wife what had happened, prepared his weapons of war, and took a lunch, before he was ready to start. Probably Putnam was a score of miles on the way before Hubbard started. The latter was a cool moderate man, who always thought before he spoke, and looked before he leaped. This was not true of Putnam. He frequently spoke before he thought, and leaped before he

looked. In a moment his feelings could be stirred to the lowest depths, and there was nothing that he would not risk, and scarcely anything that he would not attempt to do. There was no bound to his enthusiasm, and sometimes no reason in his rashness. One can scarcely read his life without feeling that a sort of "luck and chance" gave him success in certain wild and unreasonable adventures.

Yet there is a niche for each of these men in the social and civil compact. Each has his time and place. Had Putnam been born a century later, he would have been known for little but a reckless temper, and a "coarse, impetuous, unsympathizing nature." He was born in hard times, when some "hard cases" were necessary to "beard the lion in his den." Too much refinement sifts out of a man that peculiar kind of courage which characterizes the hero. Not all brave men would corner a wolf in his retreat. It requires a courage that is often linked with a form of mental and moral degradation to perform such acts.

But Hubbard was a man for more deliberate measures. He was more adapted to all times and places. He was a better counsellor than warrior. It was the sprinkling of these two classes in the American army that achieved our independence against such fearful odds.

SUCKERS.

We have observed that farmers are very careful to prune their trees, young and old, of those rapid, yearly growths shooting out from the roots and trunks, called *suckers*. They say that they absorb the sap which ought to flow into the tree to nourish it, and thereby produce a more abundant yield of fruit. They do the same with their corn. Nearly every hill will have one or more of these needless stocks, taking up the juices that ought to pass into the grain, to make not merely "the full ripe corn in the ear," but corn that is sound, heavy and golden. In like manner the husbandman prunes the vine of a thousand little shoots, that untouched convey such nourishment away from the main stock and the grape. He thereby secures larger and more luscious fruit to tempt the eye with its purple clusters.

There are suckers in the Lord's vineyard. If they are left unpruned they absorb some vitality from both the soil and plants. Many are not sufficiently careful to cut them off, and the result is withered and stunted fruit. The graces languish for want of proper nourishment, and the Christian character looks as if it grew in the shade. Some of these suckers are, *love of the world, love of ease, love of certain pleasures, thirst for light reading and love of filthy lucre*. How often they hinder the growth of the graces! Take love of worldly pleasure, for example. How often it is the bane of a professed Christian's life! He has a passion for it by nature, and grace, of course has not entirely eradicated it.

Pleasure makes a strong appeal to his heart, and without careful watch at this point he will yield almost unawares. Even when he scarcely thinks he is becoming delinquent, this fondness of pleasure is absorbing the vitality from his religion. It may not be perceptible from day to day or week to week, but in the long run it becomes unmistakably evident. When we look for fruit, behold! something has sucked away the life of the vine, and there are no rich clusters. The person ought to have severed these from his heart when he first began to live for Christ. Then he would have given his grace a chance to thrive. But he lives "at this poor dying rate," because he allows the world to consume the spiritual life which ought to flow into and develop a symmetrical and beautiful Christian character.

LOVE OF OFFICE.

Queer men must have lived in the days of Governors Winslow and Bradford, if we compare them with the generation now upon the stage. Just think a moment of men so averse to holding office that compulsory laws had to be enacted relating thereto. The authentic record informs us that, in 1633 our Puritan Fathers enacted a law requiring that any person who should be elected thereafter to the office of Governor, should pay a fine of *twenty pounds sterling if he would not serve*. How queer that a man would not want to be governor! Strange indeed it seems when we view the scrambling after office that characterizes the present age. Fine them for being unwilling to wear the honors! The trouble now, is to find a candidate who is content to remain unchosen. By "hook or crook," each eligible one is determined to secure the office. It would be quite a new thing under the sun to see our administrators at Washington imposing a fine on those who refuse to share political promotion. Their perplexity now is, among the army of office-seekers that invest head quarters, to decide who shall be the fortunate individuals. Neither is it a trivial perplexity. We imagine that they are often at their "wits end" to know where to bestow the bauble. A host of hands are up to catch it, while only one can grasp and hold it.

Governor Winthrop says in his Journal, "Mr. Edward Winslow was chosen Governor of Plymouth, Mr. Bradford having been Governor about ten years, and now by *importunity having got off*." By *Importunity*—pleading, entreating, beseeching, and praying not to be elected. It becomes almost laughable to think of political wire pullers importuning their friends to pass them by and leave them uncursed by office. We imagine that of the hundreds who besiege the dispensers of civil honors, a great portion of them have to be *importuned* to go home and be content to live in obscurity, for which they are singularly fitted.

There has surely been a great change in this regard since the days of the Puritans. Nor is it a change for the better. For this insane strife for political distinction leads to chicanery and fraud of the darkest dye. It has introduced elements of fearful character into our council-halls. To-day, portentuous evils hang over us in murky-clouds, in consequence of this insatiate love of honor. Yet not half the sins perpetrated for the sake of office ever came to the public eye. The unwritten history of this department is probably more strange and tragic than the written.

“TROUBLESOME COMFORTS.”

Children become the occasion of a great many regrets and complaints. Even where affection entwines their little hearts, how often the parents mourn that God has called them to experience so many perplexities and trials! The best construction that some parents appear to put upon the gift of children is, that they are “troublesome comforts.” They enjoy them, at least, at times, and yet sometimes they are fully convinced that they should have been happier if they had been childless. They are heard to speak of them as hindrances to freedom, confining parents at home when otherwise they might be abroad. A source of constant anxiety and care,” they say, “which the childless do not have.” How they envy those who have no little prattlers to fill their dwellings with music! Music, did I say,? It is not music to those who pronounce this juvenile mirth and laughter, “noise enough to make one crazy,” “a perfect bedlam.” It is music to those who rejoice that God has given them these living blessings. As they came along one after another, the receivers hail them as so many veritable God-sends. To this class, they are comforts, without the adjective “troublesome.”

Now, children are educators. While parents train them, they in turn teach the parents. A man is more of a man for becoming a father. Chords are struck in his soul thereby which never could be made to vibrate by another cause. A class of sympathies are waked in his heart by this new relation, which all other relations in the world could not stir. A woman is more of a woman for becoming a mother. The tenderest and liveliest part of her nature comes to light through the maternal qualities. She has something new to live for. She is less vain and selfish. Who has not seen the gay and thoughtless belle casting aside her vain show and pleasure-loving, gadding propensities, after she has become a wife and mother? The baby has sifted her very being, so that she cares less for trifles, now that she has a dear responsibility to clasp to her bosom. It does a wife good, socially, and morally, to have a cradle to rock. It does her husband good, too.

Communities are composed of families; hence childless married couples

can scarcely be said to belong to the community. They are not families. They have not so many inducements to be interested in the public zeal. We apprehend that fathers, and not old bachelors, are the men who generally discuss the system of common school education, and go to town meetings, to vote for those measures which are for the general welfare of society. The strongest argument that a man can have brought to move him to every good, social, literary and moral enterprise, is a group of ten or fifteen children. If this will not move him, he is a hopeless case.

OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

"Why is it," inquired a person one day, "that so many young men make shipwreck of their hopes, when their sisters become useful, virtuous and respected? There is Mr. — all his boys are profligates, while his daughters are patterns of propriety and goodness." This remark touches an important subject. Let us reply to the interrogative. The answer is not very difficult. It is a clear case.

Sons are early brought into contact with the world. In their youth they form companionships in the streets, and engage in pursuits which bring them into intimate relation to wicked men. They meet temptations of society everywhere. All the vices of men appear from time to time, and all the coarser pleasures of life, to lure and destroy them. To these they yield, and go to ruin.

It is not so with daughters. They are within doors at home most of the time. A different class of employments occupy their time and thoughts, and they live under a mother's watchful eye from year to year. Among the large number of girls who are cast houseless into the streets of our populous cities, a few, only, come out of the severe ordeal as gold tried in the fire. It is doubtful if there would be more sons than daughters ruined, if both were equally exposed to the temptations of the world.

Here, then, is the difference. The watch-care and blessed influence of home, saves the girls, while many boys are destroyed. The fact should deeply impress our hearts with two truths. First, there is great power in the allurements of the world. How many bright, intelligent, beloved young men are ruined every year by these appeals to their social nature! Second, the restraints and influence of home are indispensable to preserve the characters of the young, unsullied. Home—home—there is nothing like it, if it be a home of the right stamp, to make sons and daughters what they ought to be.

Men who neglect Christ, and try to win heaven through moralities, are like sailors at sea in a storm, who pull, some at the bowsprit and some at the mainmast, but never touch the helm.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN HAWKINS.

We have read with delight the recent memoir of this Apostle of Temperance. We wish every friend of Temperance would read the work, because we think it would do all good. From the attractive pages we copy the following incidents :—

“ Among the miserable inebriates snatched, as thousands were, from the depths of degradation and wretchedness, was James McC——; once in the enjoyment of the society of a loved partner. The Fiend of inebriation had entered their once happy home, and drove from his bosom his companion, the sharer of his joys and sorrows. To escape the miseries of her situation and to save her scattered offspring, she had gone to a distant city in search of employment, to procure the means for her support. This was in 1840. Mr. Hawkins, learned these unhappy circumstances from the now rescued man, and advising him to industrious habits, set himself immediately about the restoration of the scattered family to the enjoyments of home. The wife had left her husband in utter hopelessness of ever witnessing his reformation; dark despair seemed to have thrown its pall over her heart.

“ It was in this state of feeling that Mr. Hawkins found her in the city of B——, toiling at some menial service for the loved ones at her side. The history of her husband's reformation was joyous news, told to her by a heart that yearned over her with compassionate sorrow. She believed his words, and consented to return to the deserted home, and to her renovated husband. Oh, who can tell the joy of such a meeting, and the emotions of pleasure which must have thrilled the bosom of their benefactor! He left them, but not to forget them; this he never did. He lived to witness their restoration to social happiness, to society, and to the church; the father walking in company with his family, Sabbath after Sabbath to the sacred portals of God's house. As years rolled on, he continued to prosper in business, and there were added to his circle of loved ones, two babes, one of whom was called Hannah Hawkins, and the son, John Hawkins. Could they have given him more gratifying tokens of their love and gratitude? Mr. Hawkins enjoyed the fruits of his labor before he passed to his reward on high. On his return from Vermont in July last, (1858), he stopped for a night and a day in the city of New York. On the morning after his arrival, he proceeded with his wife and daughter Hannah to the residence of Mr. James McC——, and had the pleasure of dining with them.”

“ After Mr. Hawkins left this city on his way to Baltimore some weeks ago, as he was standing on the wharf at Philadelphia with a number of his friends waiting for the boat to start, he saw a person who seemed to watch him very closely. It seemed that he had seen him somewhere be-

fore, but couldn't for his life bring to mind where, but thought he had been an old bottle companion. They stood watching each other until the boat was nearly ready to start, and as Mr. Hawkins was about to go on board, he was in the gentlest manner possible tapped on the shoulder by his unrecognized friend, who very politely informed him that he was his prisoner. 'What!' exclaimed the astonished Hawkins: 'what do you mean?'—'Mean?' says the stranger, 'I mean what I say; you're my prisoner.'—'Where is your authority?' demanded Hawkins.—'Here,' returned the other; sure enough, pulling out a warrant, which proved to be for an old grog-bill, incurred years ago, and which since his reformation he had frequently sought to find the man for the purpose of settling, but had been informed that he had given up business, and was unable to get a clue to his whereabouts. Hawkins offered the money but was refused; 'twas too good a joke to arrest this apostle of temperance for a grog-bill. Hawkins remonstrated; stated how anxious he was to get to his family; but it was no use;—before a magistrate he must go. This was an awkward fix. One spell he had a notion to get angry, but he thought it would be too good a text to preach temperance from, so like a good citizen he 'yielded to the majesty of the law,' and accompanied the man to the police office, where he planked down the ready and was discharged. Now we would advise every man who has any old grog scores standing against him to go right off and square them up."

"At a recent temperance meeting Mr. John Hawkins related the following circumstances which occurred some months since in Brunswick, State of Maine, where he went by invitation to deliver an address. On arriving there an individual informed him that there was one of the most desperate cases at a tan-yard in the vicinity, and expressed a conviction that it would be useless to attempt to save him; however, they decided to make the attempt, and started for the tanyard. On their way they fell in with several gentlemen, who on learning their errand, resolved to accompany them on their mission of love. Ex-Governor Dunlap, Dr. —, and others, who rank high among their fellow-men, were of the party, "following," as Mr. Hawkins forcibly observed, "the reformed drunkard, to save the sunken and hopeless inebriate." The person they sought, whose name was Walker, was a man of gigantic stature, raw-boned and muscular, but fearfully had he fallen. As some one of the company made known their object in visiting him, Mr. Hawkins observed the neck of a bottle protruding from his pantaloens pocket. Walker saw the glance, and ere a word had been spoken by Mr. Hawkins, apologized to him with, 'Indeed, sir, I cannot do without it.'

"The conversation now became general, and expostulation and argument for awhile seemed powerless. Turning to the doctor, Walker observed to him, 'Sir, you know I cannot reform. Don't you remember the calculation we made some time ago, that I had averaged one quart of liquor per day since my birth, forty-two years ago; and do you now think I could stop drinking?'

"After considerable parleying, he promised to attend the meeting that night; and then he took the bottle from his pocket, and digging a hole in a heap of tan, there buried it, saying, 'Lay there; I'll not take any more till to-morrow, anyhow.' Then turning to those who surrounded him, 'Oh,' said he, 'when the horrors come upon me (as I know they will if I

leave off), will you stand by me, will you help me? I will tell you what I want you to do; get a chain and a staple, drive the staple into the floor of the tanhouse, and secure the chain around my body, and then keep by me. Will you promise me this?' The sympathizing gentlemen assured him they would do all in their power, if he would come to the meeting that night and sign the pledge, and left him with a faint hope of effecting his salvation. Night came; Mr. Hawkins went to the church, and almost the first one he saw was poor Walker, in a front seat, apparently all eye and ear.

"To use Mr. Hawkins' own words, 'When I began to talk *into* him, and at last the tears began to flow, then I felt sure of him! I gave the invitation for those who wished to sign to come forward. Walker rose, stepped out into the broad aisle, came up to the table, and grasping the pen leaned forward to affix his name, when suddenly he dropped the pen, lifted both hands above his head, clasped them, and thus stood the image of despair, as he exclaimed, 'I can't write my name!' A thrill ran through the assembly, while the wretched man seemed losing the faint ray of hope, and yielding himself to dark remediless despair. Mr. Hawkins seized the pen, and checking his despondency, reminded him that another could write his name and he affix his cross thereto, and it would be as binding as though entirely his own writing. Again Walker stooped, and made a broad black cross in the place pointed out by Mr. Hawkins, who had written his name, and then with a glad, triumphant glance at his handi-work took his seat.

"The next morning Mr. Hawkins took his departure, and for a few months heard nothing more about his *protege*; but a few weeks ago, at a camp-meeting, a Methodist minister informed him that there was to be a temperance meeting in Brunswick the next Sabbath, and Walker was to relate his experience."

"On one occasion he received a note in the hand-writing of a female, desiring him to call at her residence at an hour appointed. He repaired there at the time specified, conjecturing that it was the case of a wife or mother, solicitous, for the rescue of a husband or a son from intemperance. He found the residence on one of the most fashionable streets in the city, exhibiting every appearance of luxury and wealth. Having announced his name, he was asked to walk into the drawing-room. In a few moments the lady entered, magnificently attired. He was gratefully and modestly received; but what was his astonishment on being informed that the person before him had sent for him to consult and advise with him in regard to *her own* habits of intemperance, which she feared were rapidly working out the ruin of her soul and body. She made a full confession of her sin, with tearful eyes, appealing to him as if he alone possessed the power of rescuing her. He gave her the best advice he could, and had the pleasure afterwards of hearing of her entire restoration to sobriety and peace of mind. Mr. Hawkins never divulged the name of the party or the scene of this incident."

If a man is odious in society, he might as well be in prison. The worst prisons are not of stone; they are of throbbing hearts, outraged by an infamous life.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

A correspondent furnishes these receipts which she has found valuable in her own domestic experience:—

PORK CAKE.—One cup of pork chopped fine; one of milk, 1 do. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1-2 do saleratus, flour to make stiff paste, spice to taste.

WATER CUSTARD.—To 2 cups of water add 3 eggs well beaten, 1 1-2 table spoonfuls flour, salt and spice to taste.

PICKLE TOMATOES.—1 gal. tomatoes, 2 green peppers chopped fine, add a teacup full of fine salt, stand 24 hours, drain and add 3 spoonfuls black pepper, 3 fine mustard, 2 of clove, 1 cinnamon, put in a jar and covered with cold vinegar.

We select the following addition:—

PORK SAUSAGES.—Take of the fat of pork one pound, that of the loin of a large, richly fed pig, or the inward fat of a small one; chop it finely with half a pound of lean pork; add to it four or five sage leaves finely chopped, some lemon thyme in a small quantity, and three desert spoonfuls of crumbs of bread powdered. Be careful not to put too much of the latter, as it tends to turn the sausage sour if kept. Amalgamate these ingredients well; dust on grated nutmeg, mace, and cloves in powder, and finish with black pepper and salt, being sure to season well; the meat may then be put into the skins, or may be put into jars covered down from the air, to be used for rolls, or stuffing, or any required purpose. All skin must be pared from the fat before chopping, and every sinew removed from the lean pork, as well as any bone, or anything which may impair the taste when eaten—*Agricultural Paper*.

TO COOK FOWLS.—Instead of stuffing in the usual way, take three or four thin slices of salt pork and put them in alternately with the heart, gizzard and liver; then tie the wings and legs down closely, and boil in water with salt and pepper until about half an hour before serving; then have a quick oven; put it in and let it brown nicely.

TO PREVENT MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Rub or strew around the edge of the carpets, and on them, salt and pepper, and they will not eat them.

TO DISTURB AND PREVENT BED BUGS.—After cleaning the dust off, wash with strong salt water anything they get on or into.—*Agriculturalist*.

TO ENTIRELY CLEAR OUT THE RED ANT. Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them, quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

A PUDDING.—I send you one for a pudding which we think is very good. Make a crust in the same manner as for nice short biscuit, with the addition of an egg, regulating the quantity to the size of the family. Roll a portion of the crust to one fourth of an inch in thickness, line a

deep pudding dish with it ; having ready some apples pared and sliced ; put in a layer of apples, sprinkle on them some fat salt pork chopped fine, add a very little water, and season with sugar and spice as you like an apple pie, then roll a thin layer of crust and lay over, then put in another layer of apple, pork, and season as before, then cover again with crust. Bake in a moderate oven two hours—take it from the oven and dampen the top crust and cover it close to steam fifteen or twenty minutes before carrying to the table.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE MELODIST.—Consisting of Glees, Songs and pieces, composed and arranged for the use of the various Temperance organizations in the United States and Canada, by Stephen Hubbard, Author of “Wesleyan Sacred Harp,” “Musical Gems,” &c. Boston, John B. Jewett & Co. Many temperance people have long felt the need of a temperance music book, that the charm of this witching art might be used in prosecuting the good work. This want is now met in the issue of this excellent work. We think it must prove a favorite among singers. It is a volume of over 150 pages, furnished at the low price of \$3 per dozen. It is very important that even temperance societies should have a musical club formed to sing at their greetings. We have seen it tried with the best of results. A dozen of these books in a society, for which three dollars are paid, will do more than five times that amount expended in certain other ways, towards creating and maintaining interest, provided singers use it with enthusiasm.

We have received from Oliver Ditson, the following New Music :

1. *Dreamer's Vision* ; by Phillip Sawyer.
2. *Tell us Fairies* ; song, by G. W. Shatton.
3. *One Wish for Thee* ; song, by W. T. Wrighton.
4. *The Voice of God* ; by Mrs. Hemans, Music by E. Falk.
5. *Prospect Hill Mazurka* ; for Piano, by Mrs. S. B. Cooper.
6. *The Foresters* ; How Merrily Lead we, Bohemian.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

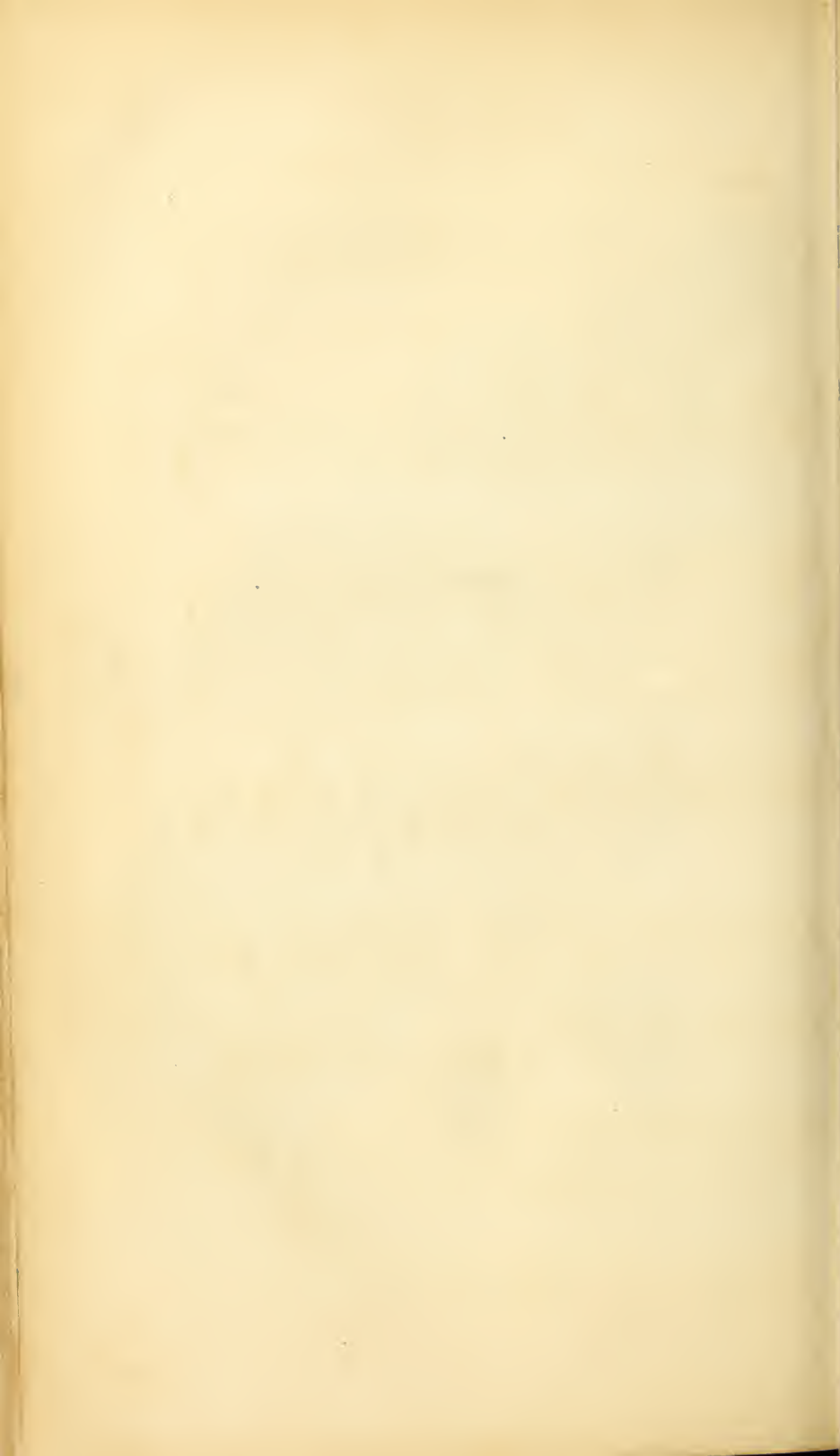
ARTICLES ACCEPTED. “How to Train Children.” “Little Pet.” “Reading.” — “A Mother in Israel” — “Parental Partiality” — “Music.”







THE ORANGE RASPBERRY

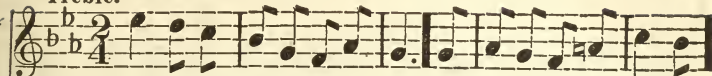


MUTUAL HEARTS.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY L. MARSHALL.

Allegro Moderato.

Treble.



1. Two mutual hearts are like the rills, In sol-i-tude when sin-gle,

Alto.



1. Two mutual hearts are like the rills, In sol-i-tude when sin-gle,

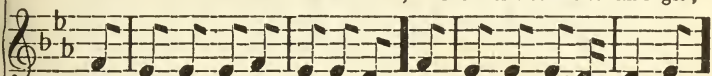
Tenor.



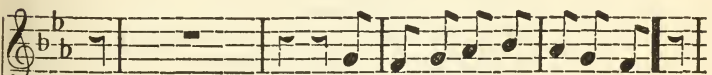
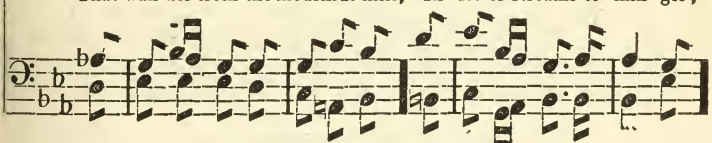
Bass.



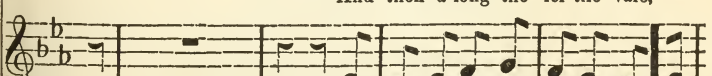
That wan-der from the mournful hills, In riv-er streams to min-gle;



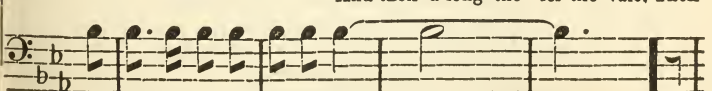
That wan-der from the mournful hills, In riv-er streams to min-gle;



And then a-long the fer-tile vale,



And then a-long the fer-tile vale, Their



And then a-long the fer-tile vale,

They
 • banks with blos-soms paint-ed, They
 Their banks with blos-soms paint-ed, They

leave the bil-lows to the gale, Un-troubled and un-taint-ed.
 leave the bil-lows to the gale, Un-troubled and un-taint-ed.

2. Two mutual hearts are like the stars
 That aid each other's shining,
 When gates of day the evening bars,
 And roses are declining;
 And through the long and lonesome night
 That spreads its pall of sadness,
 They mingle their ethereal light,
 To fill the world with gladness.

3. Two mutual hearts are like the flowers,
 That twine themselves together,
 When morning sends the gentle showers,
 Or evening comes to wither;
 And when they fall—as fall they must—
 They will not, cannot sever;
 But sleep together in the dust,
 Then rise, to live forever.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

XVIII.

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

EDITORIAL.

A single text of Scripture discloses the secret of the long and painful quarrel in the family of Jacob. "Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a coat of many colors." It is certainly a very trivial reason for parental partiality which is presented in this passage, "*because he was the son of his old age.*" Yet this is often the occasion of similar immoderate affection. It is too generally true that the younger child is petted more than the older ones; and this fact obtains in magnitude somewhat in proportion to the age of the parents.

If Jacob had wisely kept his partiality concealed in his own breast, the sequel might have been widely different. But it is very difficult to love, and keep it to one's self. Like murder, it "will out." The very countenance will proclaim it, if not the actions. Jacob was just old and childish enough to act out his love in the plainest way. We behold him, in the engraving with the "coat of many colors," apparently delighted with the opportunity of putting it upon Joseph's back. The wife and mother looks on, scarcely revealing by her gaze, what she thinks of the affair; while the brothers exhibit envy and wrath upon their countenances. They understand that it is an expression of their father's love for him, and it excites their anger. "And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him." They were more enraged with their brother than they were with their father, although the latter, only, was to blame. Joseph could not have prevented his father's partiality, by any possible measure. He probably did not know that he, himself, was a favored child, at least, until he received the gaudy coat. Yet the spite of older brothers fell upon him, and the result is known to all. It is an illustration of the blind, unjust and malicious turn

Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

that anger often takes, falling upon the heads of those who least deserve it.

We know not that parental partiality is hereditary, but it is a singular fact that Jacob's father and mother were both guilty of a similar sin. Isaac loved Esau more than Jacob, while the mother loved Jacob most. The influence of their partiality was not less injurious than was that of Israel. It was evil, and only evil, continually.

That a parent is often tempted to love one child more than another, no one can deny. There are several causes operating, at times, to produce this result, and it may be profitable to consider them.

One is the amiable disposition of a child. There is great disparity in children in respect to this. In the same family are found very gentle and very impulsive dispositions. A little daughter may be mild and lamb-like, a delicate, beautiful flower, while a son may be coarse, rough, disobedient and unnatural. Toward which will the parental heart incline to be most tender? Which is likely to hold the parent by the strongest tie? Indeed, can a parent cherish precisely the same class of feelings toward one as the other? It seems to us that, if amiability is more winning than its opposite, and if obedience is better than disobedience, one of these children must stand in a different relation to a parent's love than the other. Of course, it may not appear so to lookers-on; for a wise parent will watch and labor, that he may conduct impartially. Besides, any preference for one over the other that may exist in his heart, arises from the difference in their conduct. Set aside behavior, and the two stand in the same relation—have equal claim upon his affection. But the temptation is, in these circumstances, to yield to the natural prompting of the heart, and exhibit decided partiality. Ere the parent is aware, the secret leaks out through some unguarded act. Care should be taken to make children feel that neither father nor mother know any difference in them, except in regard to conduct—that they love all alike, though they are displeased with the bad conduct of one, and gratified by the good conduct of another.

We have referred to the cause of Jacob's partiality, as revealed in the Scriptures. We can but feel, however, that this primary

cause must have been strengthened somewhat, by secondary considerations. That Joseph was a better boy than his brothers, is quite evident. That he was naturally amiable, while some of the other sons were morose and ugly, appears from the sacred narrative. It was easy to love Joseph best of all. There is little doubt that he was a favorite in the neighborhood—that he was spoken of as a good example for other youth to copy. Perhaps some people wondered what should make so much difference in Jacob's children—perhaps he wondered himself. This fact may have augmented the force of the cause of his partiality, mentioned in the Bible.

Again, high intellectual endowments may sometimes lead to parental partiality. One child may widely differ from others in respect to his strength of mind. He may be bright, intelligent and precocious, while another is dull and stupid. Now, parents are apt to be proud of a precocious child. They love to show him off. It appeals strongly to their pride, to have it said, he is the first in his class! How easy, in these circumstances, to think more of him than of the less brilliant son! Unless great care be exercised, this will be the inevitable result. Yet, there is far less excuse for partiality here than in the foregoing case. There is a sort of cruelty in thus making a favorite of a bright boy, simply because he is bright. His duller brother may exert himself even more to make the limited proficiency he does. He may study more hours, and be more diligent, generally, in the acquisition of knowledge. But God has given him only one talent, while his brother has received ten. God expects and asks progress only in proportion to endowments. He requires the less favored son to accomplish only one tenth part as much as his brother, other things being equal. But his inconsiderate parent treats him as if he ought to bring forth more than '*according to ability.*' He loves him less than he loves the other, just because he cannot bring so much to pass, or appear to so good advantage. Is not this cruel? Is there not a sort of meanness in such treatment? Surely, the well-meaning, but less highly favored one, ought to be pitied for his dullness, if he does as well as he can. Should a father allow himself to love his child less because he is blind, or lame, or sick? no! Either of these afflictions ought to draw out his sympathy. In like manner the "one talent" of his dear

boy should not be despised because it was not "ten." Rather should he be pitied because his endowment was so small.

Beauty of person may be the occasion of parental partiality. In the same family, there is often as much dissimilarity in respect to beauty, as intellect. God gives it to one and withholds it from another, as he does other blessings. Yet beauty has wonderful charms, and few can resist its power. A handsome child, especially, attracts the beholder. This may be one reason why parents would have their offspring beautiful; for we believe that nearly all parents are alike in this regard. Not that all would prefer this attraction to goodness; but all would have it conferred if it would not interfere with excellence. Nor is this wrong. God created beauty to gratify the eye, else there are many things among the works of his hands which are enigmas. We know not why they were made as they are, unless it were to awaken admiration. Why he should confer beauty upon a son or daughter is a mystery unless it be to charm the eye. Hence the temptation to think more of a handsome, than of a homely child, is greater. Unless a parent is very careful to observe the heart qualities, and sensible enough to see that virtue with homeliness is preferable to vice with beauty, he will be very likely to become partial. Among the reasons for Rebekah's extra love for Jacob, was, we think, the fact that he was better looking. Esau must have been as homely as he was rough. He cared more for the field than for the house. He was made for a hunter, and spent his time in the woods. Jacob was fairer and more domestic in his turn of mind. He was, probably, with his mother much of the time. These, and other things drew out her love towards him inordinately. But the fact that he was more beautiful than Esau had its place in causing her to love him more. Doubtless, before she was aware of it, she loved him more than she did Esau. Many, many times, fond mothers, if not fathers, have almost unconsciously become partial towards their best looking boy or girl.

Another cause of parental partiality is in the more gratifying service which one child is able to render to a father or mother. The case of Isaac is in point here. He "loved Esau because he did eat of his venison." A very strange and inferior motive for loving one son more than another! Probably the good old man was extremely fond of venison, and, for this reason, Esau took

special pains to provide him with it. Jacob was not a hunter, and therefore could not furnish his father with such food. Isaac made no allowance in behalf of Jacob, but loved Esau more for this pleasing service. So now, a parent is tempted to be partial in his affection by the service which one child is able to render, in consequence of his superior advantage to that end. A son may be highly prospered in business, and be able to assist needy parents beyond any one of his brothers, and, on this account, they may become partial. He may have no more affection for them, perhaps not as much, but God has given him the means to contribute to their comfort, and ought he not to do it? Is he not under more obligations to do it? Certainly. While his timely aid is kind and generous, and ought to be appreciated, it furnishes no just occasion for partial love. Such a son does no more than his duty. He aids, "according to his ability," and if the other children do the same, all have equal claims upon parental affection. This holds good with regard to any service that may be rendered to parents.

Again parental partiality exists sometimes when we can discover no occasion for it. We see a father or mother under its control without being able to learn why it should be so. They are not able to give a reason themselves, if, indeed, they have stopped to learn that they are under the influence of partial love. This development of affection often manifests itself as a sort of "freak of nature, causeless and unaccountable." This appears to have been the case with our first mother, Eve. At the birth of Cain, she exclaimed, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." The whole narrative leaves the conviction upon the reader's mind, that she expected he would be distinguished in his life for some great work, and we seem to see undue regard for him indirectly manifested through her affection. But when her second born was given, she called him Abel, which means "frailty and vanity," as if she did not expect that he would ever be or do much. By this name we are forced to believe that she loved Cain more than Abel, and who can say why? As if to rebuke her for this partiality Cain disappointed all her hopes, and became the first murderer, Abel continued good and true. The incident reads us an important lesson upon this part of the subject.

These and kindred causes of parental partiality should be avoided if possible. The sad consequence of it to the family of

Jacob are sufficient warning to all. Even worse evils than those may be entailed upon the family as legitimate fruits of such misguided affection. An old divine relates that a father had two sons who were taken captive in war. He went to certain agents of the tyrant who held their lives in his hand, and endeavored to recover them. The despot had already doomed them to death with several other captives, so that the agents were not inclined to release them. The father finally offered a large sum of money and his own life, as a ransom for them. The agents, after consultation, informed him that the equivalent would be accepted for one of his sons, and for only one, as they would be accountable for the execution of two persons. No alternative was left to him but to choose which son should be spared. He accepted the proposition, but found himself unable to choose between the two. They were bound to his heart by ties of equal strength. He pondered and pondered the matter, and while he remained undecided they were both executed. Such ought to be the relations of every son and daughter to the hearts of parents. The latter should be unable to say, all things considered, which is nearest and dearest. In such an alternative as the foregoing, Jacob would probably have decided in favor of Joseph, and Isaac in favor of Esau. But the impartial father is unable to determine which shall be the favored one.

The great evil of Jacob's partiality was the envy and jealousy it occasioned among his sons. Joseph became, in consequence, an object of their unsparing hate. They envied him the unequal love and kindness which he shared; and this envy, alone was quite enough to spoil family concord forever. Envy has more power for evil than many suppose. The poet says,

“For every thing contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption;
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak;
But ENVY, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.”

Dr. Young said of this evil propensity: “It is the most deformed and most detestable of all the passions. A good man may be angry, or ashamed, may love, may fear; but a good man cannot

envy. For all other passions seek good, but envy evil. All other passions propose advantages to themselves; envy seeks the detriment of others. They, therefore, are human; this is diabolical. Anger seeks vengeance for an injury—an injury in fortune, or person, or honor; but envy pretends no injuries, and yet has an appetite for vengeance. Love seeks the possession of good; fear, the flight of evil, but envy, neither; all her good is the disadvantage of others. Hence, it is most detestable.”

All this was realized in the family of Jacob. There was nothing too mean, violent and wicked for the envious brothers to do, when this passion had full possession of their hearts. They could slay him, or bury him alive, or sell him into bondage, almost anything that would satiate their vengeance. Such direful evils ought to be sufficient to lead every parent to watch with extreme vigilance against partiality to children. However much blame is to be attached to sons or daughters for such envy, we certainly cannot censure the parents less, who are the occasion of it. If the children are guilty, so are their natural guardians. The latter must share some portion of the guilt which their children incur by an envious spirit.

Partiality, also, must work evil to the parent's own heart. It is a form of injustice, which never can be practised without detriment to the perpetrator. To be unjust unbalances the mind, morally, no matter how small the injustice may be. Injustice on a small scale inclines the heart in that proportion towards evil. That nice sense of right, deeply felt and scrupulously observed, which is necessary for one to maintain his integrity in this sinful world, is destroyed by this partial love. Conscience tells the parent in his moments of reflection, that it is not right. He experiences no satisfaction in thinking of such affection. A consciousness of cherishing no affection at all, would yield him about as much comfort. And this arises from the fact that it violates the law of right. He swerves from the truth by so doing. He violates principle, which is always a moral detriment. When a person sacrifices principle, though it be the least important one of all, his moral character is lowered. There is danger that he will perpetrate that which is still more wicked. If he can be unjust in loving one child more than another, at least when he has no more reason than Jacob had, he may become unjust in something else. This subject, then, ought to claim the attention of parents.

Perhaps partiality is an evil more prevalent than many suppose. Possibly it attaches to some who have never dreamed that they were guilty in this way. It is one of the evils that spring up almost unbidden in the heart, secret, working, and powerful. On this account it demands attention. Then, too, if children become aware of its existence, they are not disposed to make known their discovery to parents. They conceal it within their own breasts, where the envy occasioned thereby works more disastrously in consequence. If they would disclose their apprehensions to the erring parents, it might lead to immediate correction. But this is never done. It is not the nature of envy to speak out thus openly and promptly concerning the cause of its existence. It buries itself, as it were, in the heart, and there grows and strengthens into the most hideous thing of all the passions. Jacob did not know that Joseph was hated by his brothers until the final disclosure of their wickedness twenty years after Joseph was sold into bondage. The first announcement of its existence to parents is usually too late to remedy the cause. This is another good reason why parental partiality should be guarded against in the outset. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Children of a common parent,
Equally should share his love,
Foolish is that erring father
Whom partiality doth move,
One child to regard with favor,
Setting him the rest above.

Envy, jealousy and hatred,
Spring spontaneous from such seed
And the heart of such a father,
For his preference shall bleed, —
For the eye of God is on him,
And must disapprove the deed.

Yea ! his children, evil-hearted,
Shall become his favorite's foes,
They will sell him into Egypt,
They will smear with blood his clothes,
They will make that very favorite,
The source of nameless woes.

Who the deepest depths of envy
 Ever fathomed or conceived?
 Who could e'er the tale of Joseph
 And his brethren have believed,
 Were it not from inspiration,
 That the record is received.

Hark! I hear the Patriarch mourning,
 Thinking Joseph has been slain,
 For the coat of many colors
 Seems to say, and not in vain,
 Of the son on whom he doted,
 He is doubtless "rent in twain!"

Never more shall joy and gladness
 His parental bosom warm;
 Like an oak by lightning blasted,
 Bends his venerable form,
 With his rifted heart unheeding,
 Both the sunshine and the storm.

There ariseth thence this lesson—
 That a father's heart should show
 No distinctions, and no token
 On a favorite child bestow,
 Lest his pleasant-cup with sorrow
 In an evil hour o'erflow.

SHOWING OFF CHILDREN.

EDITORIAL.

SOME parents are distinguished for "showing off children." Perhaps all are in more or less danger of falling into the practice. For all desire that their children should appear well, and win admiration in some measure. But with some it is almost a passion. A daughter is endowed with decided personal charms. Her dark flashing eye, delicate complexion, and rosy cheek, are beautiful to behold; and so, to set off those charms, which need setting off least of all, parents decorate her person with trinkets. Rich dresses, and glittering jewellery are lavished upon her, as if the very existence of her character depended upon expensive apparel. She grows up *a belle*, in the most offensive sense of the term, relying more upon mere external decorations to please beholders, than she does upon substantial virtues. Her mother has *showed her off* all the way from childhood to womanhood. This is a very common way of putting children on exhibition. Visit one of our

fashionable cities, Boston, or New York. Walk up Washington street or Broadway, and many of these little characters in pantalotts may be seen. Showing off begins when children are very small, just old enough to walk on the pavements. Many of them are beautiful objects we confess, among the noblest works of God ; but this is no reason why vain fathers and mothers should parade them in the streets *to be seen*.

Perhaps a daughter is a very fine singer. Her sweet voice is both “pæltory and harp,” together. Her’s is the nightingale’s song, and admirers multiply on every hand. Has the reader never seen parents show off such a child ? Was it not quite easy to discover that they thought as highly of her performance as any person ? And also that they were fond of exhibiting her musical talents ?

Precocious children are oftener subjected to this “showing off” process than others. They say and do a great many bright things. Sometimes they surprise their most hopeful friends by their wise sayings and doings. Very naturally, their parents come to regard them as prodigies ; and here is an appeal to their pride. On various occasions they are known to arrange for the exhibition of such a child’s powers ; not as the showman arranges, in the most public manner, but yet as really studying to make them known.

The chief injury of this management is done to the child. It is suited to develope his vanity, if he has any, and a child can scarcely be human who has it not. A son or daughter is likely to become vain of marked endowments or acquisitions, without any culture directing thereto. Nothing is better confirmed by observation than this. Think, then, of the influence of education in developing this pride or vanity. Does not even a little child understand the meaning of applause ? Who has not seen him exhibit considerable satisfaction in the thought that he has won a person’s admiration ? This is a point toward which human nature tends by reason of Adam’s sin. It therefore does not need the aid of tutors to educate it in this particular direction.

Then, the practice in question has neither reason nor Scripture to sustain it. Every well-wisher of childhood ought to regard its welfare more than the eyes of beholders. Vanity may work evil in a child’s heart against which the plaudits of men are a miserable offset. Hence, every occasion of fostering it should be avoided.

HOW A MOTHER CAN BLESS HER CHILDREN.

BY REV. D. H. BABCOCK.

FIRST, by making the date of her moral and intellectual effort for their welfare correspond with the date of their birth. As a hundred dollars put into the bank for an infant son will, at the usual rate, make him independently rich at the age of seventy, so efforts for children have time for vast accumulations. And children, yea infants, have a language—they know—they feel—they draw conclusions—they resist authority and contend for dominion. The mental and moral in a child are developed as fast as the physical, and though in the first ten years the progress may not attract attention, yet, as in the case of money invested, the foundation is laid for a vast future income.

Second, by prayer. She knows a Being who has in his great store-house, health, vigor, food, clothing, and grace and guidance, and she can ask them of him for her children. She need not wait till the child is sick, destitute, disobedient, before she solicits care, supplies, and controlling grace, for God can anticipate her wants—God can as easily give shape to the moral development of her child as to the countless worlds that put on the forms of beauty at his bidding.

Third, by the discipline of her child. It is the mother's privilege to control her child and teach it obedience—teach it to submit to parental authority, as under God, *absolute* and *irresistable*—authority given to be used for the child's temporal and eternal welfare; and begin that discipline when disobedience and rebellion commence. She cannot safely amuse herself with the early depravity and precocious rebellion of her children, laughing at their rage and calling them smart in proportion to the out-burst of passion they exhibit. For every hour of such sport, there are months of heart-breaking anguish. It is better to trifle with the lightning when strong towers are shivered and solid rocks rifted by it; or with the ocean when fleets are wrecked by the raging storm and navies swallowed up by the devouring waves, than with *immortal mind*—that which will bear the marks of injury long after the “elements melt with fervent heat.” Every victory a child gains over its parents is an incentive to contend

with God—to let rebellion have its widest sweep and its most permanent and mournful consequences.

Fourth, by teaching her children things to be remembered and put in practice. She can teach them the Lord's prayer, and hymns, and verses of kindred spirit, and thus let their first impressions be of God. What if they do not comprehend all they say, if the knowledge of God keeps pace with their other knowledge—if the thoughts they do have, are right, and the conclusions to which they come, correct, the object is gained. Interesting truths in the memories of children are like articles of food within their reach, when they have an appetite for them, they will be put to use. As they learn to say "Our Father," they will soon inquire who Our Father is. Mothers can teach their children at an early day, about God, and Christ's life and death, heaven and hell—teach them the commandments—to keep the Sabbath and reverence God's name. She can also teach them *industry*—the regular and daily use of the faculties and powers which God has given—industry, by which the organs of the body and the mind are strengthened—the blood made to circulate in the veins with regularity and vigor; and the attention is directed to useful things, to the exclusion of hurtful pleasures. She can also teach them *economy*—teach them the great truth that there is nothing in vain—nothing to be squandered—nothing to be thrown away—that all are stewards and must give an account of their stewardship. She can likewise teach them to be *temperate* in all things—to avoid all those vices which stain and corrupt the moral character—all those habits which enslave the body and ruin the soul. She can teach them to love *knowledge* and hate ignorance—can awaken in them a desire to know something of God and his works—of mind and matter, science and art—to know something of man—his feelings emotions and desires, the motives by which he is affected, and the aspirations that lead him on in his mortal and immortal career—to know something of themselves—why they exist, and what are the bonds which connect them with other finite beings and with him who is Infinite—to know something of the past the present, and what is revealed of the ever coming future. She can also teach them *true refinement*—that there is a difference in the manners and customs of different communities, and in the grace and beauty of different individuals and objects.

She can show them that in the works of nature there are all varieties, from the sparkling star to those pools where lizards crawl and pestilence has its birth; and that there are men who would as soon roll in the filth of the latter as shine in the splendor of the former—those for whom music, eloquence and poetry have no charms—in whose souls the rainbow, the setting sun and the ocean with its mighty anthems touches no sympathetic cord—whisper in their ear nothing of a past eternity or an eternity to come; or of that Ancient and Eternal One, at whose fiat the morning stars lit up their blazing fires and began their ceaseless courses; and who fixed the limits and the door of the surging sea. A mother can teach her children that there is a true refinement of soul—in thought, word, feeling and action—at home, in the social circle, and the house of God—a refinement which is tender of the feelings of the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, and tries to originate and promote a harmony like that of the revolving spheres, and the celestial domain. And as a part of that refinement, she can teach her children to love each other—to regard the bond which binds them together as hallowed, and which nothing but death can sever—yea, more, she can teach them to have such a union with Christ and each other, that even death cannot destroy it—that though they may live and die far from the spot which gave them birth, the communion interrupted on earth will be resumed in heaven—that those who survive may have an eye to the way the departed has gone, and the goal of immortality which they have reached, that they may not miss it when the hour for their returnless journey shall come; and those who go before shall wait with glad assurance the arrival of those who, at their departure, still lingered upon the shores of time.

Finally—the pious mother can, if she will, teach her children the great plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. She can not only set them an example of cheerfulness, refinement, meekness, kindness and good-will, but can tell them how they can forever be saved. She can point them to that open door through which the past generations of the redeemed went in their way to the mansions of the Father and the presence of Christ.

A cunning man over-reaches no one half so much as himself.

BEREAVED.

BY MRS. E. H. SAFFORD.

I am sitting where the firelight falls,
 In the old familiar room —
 Weird figures shape upon the walls,
 And cheer the shadowy gloom.
 I list in vain for the baby voice,
 That has thrilled my heart of yore,
 With hope, with love ; the little voice,
 Will never, never greet me more.

I hush my breath when the Autumn wind,
 Comes softly, — to go again,
 And I still the beatings of my heart,
 When I hear the homeless rain.
 For in all I catch a pleading tone,
 From the baby gone to God ;
 I *cannot* picture him lying there,
 Under the pulseless sod !

Ye vainly yearning tears, keep back !
 Oh, grieving heart, be still,
 Let this one thought thy refuge be ;
 It is my Father's will !
 My Father's will ! Oh never more
 This human love shall say,
 My Father, let this bitter cup
 Pass from my lips away.

I'll plead for strength to bear,
 The trial so begun,
 I'll ask for grace to make my prayer,
 Father, thy will be done !

* * * * *
 With heavy heart ; with tear-dim'd eyes,
 I frame this broken prayer ;
 " Father in Heaven, teach me so,
 That I may *meet him there* !"

RICHES. — "There is, too often, a burden of care in getting them, a burden of anxiety in keeping them, a burden of temptation in using them, a burden of guilt in abusing them, a burden of sorrow in losing them, a burden of account to be given up at last for possessing and either improving or misimproving them."

GUMPTION.

EDITORIAL.

THERE is a very necessary quality which some people possess to their great advantage, and we call it *gumption*. Not a very delicate and refined word, we admit, and long ago cast out of the synagogue of polished diction, yet very expressive and appropo to denote the precise thing we have in view. We shall continue to employ it until a better word is coined to express exactly the quality to which we would point the reader.

Some people always undertake a piece of work in just the right way, even though it be something which they never did before. They are handy, and have foresight and penetration, to enable them to "cut a garment according to their cloth." They may not be learned, but they are wise, and exhibit decided circumspection. They seem to have an idea as to the *how* of doing almost anything that needs to be done. This is what we call *gumption*, and it is the result of a combination of the best qualities, such as wisdom, foresight, judgment, circumspection, common sense and discrimination. Take all these qualities and fuse them together, and the resultant is *gumption*—that which makes a man or woman practical and efficient in all vocations. Persons who possess this quality are never found among visionaries, and none of them are bunglers. They are the sought-for class of helpers and doers, and the world always finds them work.

Some little children exhibit this quality in a high degree. Before the mother scarcely thinks that her bright child is old enough to discriminate much, he surprises her by some unexpected act in which she can see reason, discretion, calculation and some of the other qualities named. Take an instance. Not long since, a mother informed us that she was alone with her little boy, two and a half years old, when she lay down upon the lounge and fell asleep. She slept for an hour, and when she awoke, she was surprised to find that the child had drawn up the cradle by her side, put a stick of wood under the rocker to keep it from tipping over, and crept into it where he lay fast asleep. This is the quality in question. The little fellow was thrown upon his own resources, and he did the best he could in the circumstances. While the

incident illustrates our point, it shows, also, the best way of developing this quality in the young. Instead of helping them over every difficulty, leave them to get over by their own ingenuity sometimes. If they rely upon a mother's aid in every embarrassment, their own powers of reflection and discrimination will not be exercised. A wise teacher does not encourage a pupil to run to him as soon as he is puzzled with a problem. He tells him to *try* to work it out himself, and to *keep trying*. The pupil becomes a better scholar in consequence. How many similar opportunities the parent has of calling out the gumption of his child! Every day and almost every hour of the day, these opportunities occur. If it be remembered that this quality is somewhat dependent upon culture, much may be done to qualify the young for efficiency and usefulness. On the other hand, if it be regarded in the light of a natural endowment wholly, one of two things results,—either no pains at all are taken to improve the dull, sluggish mind, in this particular, or else there is an excess of assistance to help it through every difficult task. It is impossible to say which process will prove most injurious.

INDULGENT PARENTS.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE, D. D.

THERE are many parents who consider it very much to their honor to be called *indulgent* parents. Undoubtedly, it is far more creditable to a person sustaining the parental relation, to be cheerful, than to be morose, and to be kind, than to be abusive. Nevertheless, a parent may egregiously mistake in the matters of indulgence, and assume credit for what he is entitled to no credit, but rather to rebuke. There is a kind of indulgence shown to offspring which is only another name for guilty *self* indulgence.

If, as is too frequently found to be the case, a parent neglects to watch over the temper and conduct of his children, because it is too much trouble to do so, or neglects to chastise them for their faults, because it is easier to overlook faults than to correct them, he may, indeed, consider himself indulgent, and, may by others perhaps be denominated so, but it is a censurable, not a commendable indulgence, and may, in fact, be resolved into sheer selfishness. He does what he does, not out of true fondness for his offspring—

a considerate regard for their highest happiness and good, but out of an effeminate tenderness for himself.

Moreover, such indulgence, as it is called, will, in the end be proved to have been cruelty. The parent will receive no thanks for it from the child who, in after life finds himself a sufferer for the want of that wholesome discipline to which the father and the mother should have subjected him, but rather reproaches. The policy will be manifest to have been a mistaken policy, and the benevolence to have been only an unwillingness to practice self-denial in the discharge of duty. Parents, there is trouble enough in store for your children in this evil world, without adding thereto the miseries consequent on a weak, excessive indulgence.

NERVOUS WOMEN.

BY M. A. MUSE.

THERE are in our land, many timid, nervous females. For such I write. Many live who scarcely dare have "husband" go away an evening for fear of something—yes *something*, they hardly know what—or if they do, they "would rather not tell."

Now, some women are constitutionally cowards, while, home education may have enhanced this predisposition.

Of course it must not be said to such—"you should banish fear at once and entirely," but that it is your duty, immediately, to begin to steel mind and nerves that you may ultimately rise above it.

See how it is—husband is necessarily gone from home for the evening—wife is left alone with one or two children—presently she hears at the door, which she has taken the precaution to lock, the noise of feet, and lo! in a moment, a knock. How her heart beats—leaps to her mouth—face blanches! which her little ones fail not to perceive, and fear is most contagious. She hesitates to step to the door—timidity says, "I would not, there may be some straggler there"—reason urges, "go,"—finally she does; and starting neverously back, behold, a dear friend has come to spend an hour with her. She is glad, yet thought very strongly of not letting her in. She suffered for worse than naught at that time, did she not?

Be careful, mother, how you shut out life's joys, and nurture

its fears, and teach your children to do likewise. You suffered much more then, than you would if you had actually met at your door a poor forlorn beggar and relieved his wants. This lady's friend concludes to remain with her until the absent husband's return. The clock strikes ten, the time of his designated arrival—ten, fifteen minutes pass, when the wife exclaims, "what can detain husband?" "He took a spirited horse and rode to C., to meet a friend on business. He is always so prompt to return at the appointed time that I am really fearful something unusual has occurred—the horse may have overturned the carriage and thrown him out—the night is so very dark; just come to the door and see," and dread forebodings rise to her soul. Her feelings grow more and more insupportable notwithstanding her friend's efforts to pacify her, until, as the clock says twenty minutes to eleven, she throws on her shawl and prepares to go out in search just as the carriage comes near. Ah! how she loves the husband now given back to her from the arms of death! But how came he so late? why, the gentleman he went to see was nearly one hour behind the time; hence, the delay, and poor nervous wife suffered as much as she could have done in so many weary moments if her protector had really been thrown from his carriage and dreadfully injured.

What an evening she spent! What would a life time, made up of such hours, be! How weak and foolish thus to fill one's own cup with wormwood!

Yet not from such causes, only, do nervous timid women suffer, but from a multitude. Here is another. The good God has made the heavens, earth and air, altogether capable of producing thunder and lightning, and this greatly disturbs them. A pious old lady, who is now, I trust, in heaven, once spent a few summer days at the house of my father.

The air had suddenly cooled, and low muttering thunder was heard in the distance, and the rain commenced to patter down. At the first rumbling sound in the heavens my venerated friend began to grow nervous and her anxiety and turbulence of mind continued to increase, until she arose, walked the room, wrung her hands, and worked herself into the highest state of nervous anxiety and excitement—not at what then was, but at what she expected *would be*. With only a gentle rain and a little low thunder the sky quite soon cleared and looked very smiling, yet she actually

suffered more than she ought to have done in witnessing the most terrific thunder storm on record. However, this lady did not die by lightning though she suffered a thousand deaths in consequence of it, could we substitute physical for mental suffering.

I was once a teacher in a country school surrounded by a score and a half of dear interesting children. One afternoon, soon after the opening of the term, I noticed a bright little girl in school for the first time in her life, sobbing without any apparent cause. As I went towards her she says, "O, school ma'am will it rain, do tell me, will it rain?" I think we shall have a shower, I said, but it will all be over, doubtless, before school closes, and you will not be obliged to go your long way home in it.

"But, school ma'am will it thunder and lighten," she said; and because I could not positively assure her, she still wept and watched the gathering clouds, and could not be pacified, because, as I soon learned, "her *mother* was afraid in thunder storms, and had taught her daughter by her example to suffer with her."

Another mother and daughter escape to the cellar of their house in thunder storms to while away the dreaded hours, where they imagine they are safe, which, though it be not true, is all the same to them.

Two sisters very dear to each other, leave their bed at night, at such times—go below—light their lamp, and, seated on a feather bed, brought to the centre of the room, together watch, lest one tiny flash escape their ken—every act, so to prepare a place of safety tending to make their danger seem more apparent. How they cringe and tremble, each helping on the other's fears and suffering as much in those terrible hours of anxiety, as they would were the house actually struck with lightning, and somebody's life thereby endangered.

Now, thunder is sometimes astounding and the lightnings of heaven fearful—yet, we could not do without them, for God has so made our world. If we hear His voice in the former, the latter is inseparable from it. It is the thunder that scares and terrifies us, the very thing which cannot harm us, while the lightning—life-giving electricity—our *Father* did not design should frighten and destroy us, but by purifying the vital air should serve to preserve and lengthen out our being.

We are not recklessly to expose our lives in times of danger and thus "tempt Providence," but to possess our souls in patience and calmness, always trusting the good God who loves us more than we love ourselves.

I fully believe that there lives not a woman, be she ever so fearless, who could not, if she would, by fostering the little spark of fear she might possess, or by creating a little, if none existed, become, during severe gales of wind and the lightnings of heaven, being left alone and unprotected at night, &c., a real sufferer, and that there lives not a woman, be she ever so nervous and timorous, who, by striving to overcome the feeling in every trying circumstance, according to the best of her ability, would not, in a short time, be surprised at her success, and ultimately rejoice in the possession of a braver heart and stronger will. What does that mother think who perceives her child of two summers shrink and start insinctively back at every strange noise, and run to her mother for protection, when the truth flashes upon her mind that she made her thus? Was incipient fear implanted as soon as there was incipient thought in that young immortal?

Fear has in a few terrible moments blanched every hair of the head, caused convulsions and death itself, in many instances. It is the "worry of life" that wears us out prematurely—tormenting apprehensions of what never occurs to us that makes us unhappy as though visited by these actual calamities. Life for all hath enough of veritable ills to make it wisdom in us not to manufacture for ourselves unnecessary ones, and thus cut short "the measure of our days."

Against "empty fears, the harassings of possible calamity, Pray, and thou shalt prosper; trust in God and tread them down. For the brave heart is at peace and free to get the mastery of circumstances. The stoutest armor of defence, is that which is worn within the bosom. And the weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit."

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV A. S. WIGHTMAN.

I WAS once, like yourselves, young. At that time I formed my ideal of the future, and when the picture was fully sketched, I really thought it charming, but since that day, I have frequently found the reality less pleasant than the picture. When fancy placed her magic glass before my eyes, I saw the future a scene of unmixed bliss, but as I walked the path of real life, the delusion was dissipated by the force of stern facts, of which, my heart had never had a just conception. Experience is a faithful teacher, and her lessons are fresh in my memory ; and as I have a right in view of seniority to speak, allow me to address you concerning things of vital importance.

Youth, in many respects, is the most important and precarious period of life. Important because favorable to the formation of right habits, and precarious because of the numerous dangers which attend it.

The course pursued in early life, to a great degree constitutes the measure of the joys and sorrows of earth.

A single mis-step at the commencement will seriously effect feeling and interest during one's entire life.

A wrong decision, an opportunity neglected, a sin committed, a promise broken, a single indiscretion may influence all your future course. It is easy for such as are destitute of the aids of religion and experience, under the force of natural proclivities, to deviate from the path of rectitude, but it is far less easy to avoid the consequences.

“From the enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a fatal draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o’er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only lives to err: then revel forth
A furious band, that spurn him from the throne
And all is uproar.”

The decisions of the youthful mind are unreliable, because inclined to make imaginary things real, and such as are real only imaginary. Human experience is a mixed cup, but young persons are slow to believe it. With minds as elastic as the air,

they picture to themselves scenes of future bliss, which never prove more than fancied.

The idea of coming trials, is never entertained, while they glide merrily along, unaware of earth's realities, until the web-work of fancy is broken in the school of experience. I must cheerfully admit that your flow of spirits is innocent, but as I make the admission, I beg you to remember that virtue is the secret of bliss, and religion the only source of true happiness.

It gives me pleasure to address you, in view of the fact that you are just emerging from your youthful years, in which state you have hearts to feel and active minds to appreciate, while your disposition to listen and investigate, give good hopes of profit by the process.

In the contiguous forest I see a variety of trees, some young and delicate, some full grown and firm, and some dying with age.

In all, there are manifest defects. If I think to improve those which are dead at the top, I am reminded that they are scarcely worth the effort. If I attempt to straighten those which are full grown, I find their deformity difficult of cure on account of their stubbornness. But, when I take the young and delicate in hand, I find them readily and highly susceptible of improvement.

So, if I were addressing the aged, only, so far as the interests of this world are concerned, the desired result, if obtained would scarcely be worth the pains, for if improved they could not long impress others for good.

And if I were to make my appeal to the middle aged, the work of removing prejudices, destroying the force of bad habits, and of bringing the great objects of being to bear upon the perceptive powers, suffering under the fearful paralysis, superinduced by ill-treatment, at best, would only be crowned with partial success.

But, when I address young men who are comparatively free from these embarrassments, I have reason, to hope for good results. The diamond's point may be shivered in attempting to write lessons of truth upon the flinty rock, while the same work might have been easily done, had the effort been made, when the rock was in its forming state. And besides this, a small garrison with the advantage of preoccupation, may prove an overmatch for the fiercest onsets of an invading army.

These advantages of preoccupation and early prolection, I have

in addressing those, who on account of their youth, have not become the victims of early blight.

You are the hope of the church, the world. God is working out the great problem of human probation, and those who are now being used as instruments in carrying forward the same, will soon sink through protracted toils and pass beyond the limits of the great drama, and you must step forward to fill their places. Do not start at the thought; and plead your youth and want of desire for such positions. You must fill the vacancies as they occur, or the great scheme of God's purposes must end, for he will not change his plan upon your plea of insufficiency, or want of inclination. The platform is broad, and upon it you must stand, although the responsibilities to be met are great, or, coward like, do violence to divine wisdom and to your own souls.

China, with her degraded millions; India, with her ignorance and idolatry, and Africa with her simple children, all have just and imperative claims upon you; such as you can and must meet. From your rank, little as you may have hitherto thought of yourselves, are soon to be taken our legislators, lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics, farmers, teachers, authors and ministers.

I am aware that there are some, whose minds have been shapen in so strange a mould, as to allow them with a curl of the lip to seemingly say, that you are only boys, and then to stretch themselves, with an air of self-sufficiency, up to their highest altitude and with about the same idea of themselves, which the great Xerxes had when he commanded the sea to be chastised for a supposed offence, conclude that they "are the men and that wisdom will die with them." But such disgusting egotism can never change what is truthful concerning your position as young men, neither should it be allowed to dishearten you, or to beget in you a desire to evade that proper responsibility, which God and your position positively lay upon you. The Apostle to the Gentiles had a very dear young friend whom he delights to call his son, and among the many kind and wise things which he said to him, he warmly exhorted him to allow no man to despise his youth. There are two reasons why this advice was given, namely an apprehension of liability to contempt, and of the right of better treatment.

There are extremes in all things, and to them young men are as liable as others, yet there is a vast difference between a modest and firm assumption of personal rights, and a spirit of impudent officiousness on the one hand, and of censurable timidity and indifference on the other. Let young men take the medium of these too, and there can be no hazard in the most earnest and persevering action.

Your duties, in many respects, equal those of persons older than yourselves, while your responsibilities may be counted but little less; facts which we hope to make plain hereafter.



[Since the last number was issued we have received a private letter from the author of the following piece, and we take the responsibility of extracting a paragraph, as follows; "I have been confined to my home, and mostly to my room and bed, for more than two years. Here, shut out almost entirely from society of friends, unable to read or even converse, often suffering intense pain, and almost starving for the inability to receive nourishment to satisfy nature, I have, in intervals of distress, and often in the weary hours of the night when sleep has fled my pillow, written these little pieces, either in prose or rhyme, which have been penciled in almost illegible characters, and if thought worth preserving, copied by a young relative. With a grateful heart I have received these "songs in the night," which my Father has given me, with no other thought than that of relieving the monotony of my suffering life." We are glad that the author has found this delightful source of comfort, which is now likely to prove a pleasing gratification to many readers. ED.]

SPRING.

BY THE INVALID.

The Spring has come! the lovely Spring,
 In all her bright array!
 Fresh garlands in her hands she brings,
 As beautiful as day!
 Fair children haste to welcome her,
 And many a joyous song,
 Is borne upon the balmy air
 From the sweet and laughing throng.

The Spring has come! the lovely Spring
 With step of youthful grace!
 With smiles and blushes chasing o'er
 Her fair and gentle face.
 She breathes upon the ice-bound streams
 Which still and silent lay,
 And murmuring soft, in joyous glee,
 They dance along their way.

She looks abroad upon the earth,
So withered, brown and sere,
And sadness gathers in her heart,
And in her eye a tear.
But soon from out a bounteous store,
She scatters far and wide,
And gems of bright and living green
Appear on every side.

The tiny birds are in her train,
And sweet their warblings are,
As lovingly they choose their mates,
And summer homes prepare.
Bright flowers spring up around our path,
And fragrance loads the breeze,
The blue-eyed violet blooms again,
And blossoms fill the trees.

The sick man feels her gentle breath
Steal o'er his couch of pain.
It thrills his weary heart with joy,
And hope revives again.
Nor *he alone*—the *sons of toil*
Rejoice the scene to view,
And *want's pale child* with grateful soul,
Receives its influence too.

While, as our fond admiring eyes
O'er all these beauties roam,
We bless the hand which formed them all,
And gave us all our home:
But ne'er forget those mansions fair
Upon the heavenly strand,
The clime where blooms perpetual Spring
Within the Better Land.



God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem; upon the rain drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head on the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all the works he has written, “None liveth for himself.”

OBLIGATIONS OF WOMEN TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

BY REV. M. G. BURTON, N. C.

IN no land is woman so highly promoted and so happy as in our own bright America. Here she is treated as a being possessed of thought, affections and will. Here she may go with her brothers to the fountain of knowledge and quaff the pure and elevating waters until her mind rises to a high and honorable elevation. Man not only gives her a right to the enjoyments of highly refined life; but feels himself honored when he can make any sacrifice for her promotion. She not only has a general claim for protection and promotion, but what is still dearer to her, she has the right of loving and being loved, and of assuming the prerogative of making her own choice in regard to the object upon which she bestows her affections, and may enjoy without molestation, all the rich pleasures that domestic happiness, sanctified by religion, can confer. She can even sit beneath the open windows of Heaven and call down upon her own heart, and the hearts of her family, all those holy influences which make "happy homes" a miniature of Paradise.

But alas! how different is her lot in heathen nations! There she is regarded as a piece of property, to be bought and sold at the pleasure of her lord. So degraded is woman in old Assyria, that she is sold at auction, the highest bidder claiming her as his property. In China her sufferings seem to have been as great as human nature could endure, being sold to her husband and compelled to obey every one in his house. Her husband can abuse her with impunity, starve and even slay her, while she must be a "shadow or an echo" in his house. Of all the methods of obtaining at the same time, a wife and slave, that of buying, seems to stand first, and this custom becomes still more degrading by the low price for which she is sold, and the contemptible commodity that is given in exchange for her. Tamboukie women may be bought for an ox. African women sometimes sell for two cows. In Guniea, being more highly esteemed, they may be purchased with ten slaves.

Throughout the broad expanse of Asia, from time immemorial, the lot of woman has been that of wretched slavery, but in no

country is her degradation so systematic and corruptible as in India. There, woman is allowed no other god than her husband. The highest of all the good works that she can perform is to gratify him. "When her husband sings she must be in ecstasy; when he speaks of science she must be filled with admiration."

In all heathen nations woman is required to manifest the noblest attributes of our nature, notwithstanding she is degraded as a brute. But the most trying and humiliating to woman's heart is their disbelief in their immortality. This is common among the Chinese and Mohammedans. Woman labors, lives and dies among them as a beast of burden, while no star of Bethlehem lends its mild rays to lead her on to the Paradise of the blest, where she may gather amarathine flowers beside the river of life; no glimpse of immortality breaks through the gross darkness to enlighten and comfort her benighted mind.

Now what is the cause of this great contrast? Why is woman so much appreciated and cherished in one country and so degraded in another? Why consider her as a being possessed of mind, affections, and will and favor her with so many social rights and comforts, here, and in China and other places, deprive her of all these and deny her of even the hopes of immortality? Why is she a guardian angel here, and the abject slave in heathen lands? The cause is plainly seen; it is found in religion. Nothing but the pure and sanctifying love of Jesus can make woman's lot what it is in our beloved land. This alone softens the stoney heart, enlightens the mind, quickens the conscience, ennoble both man and woman, and enables them to approximate to that state of virtue and happiness in which they were created. Remove the influence of our holy religion from the hearts of our people, let idolatry assume the pre-eminence, and the bitter groans of woman will soon be heard in our land; her unbounded range of rights and blessings will soon be narrowed down to the limited claims of menial.

The obligations of both sexes to this holy cause are certainly very numerous and weighty, but who can calculate those of woman. No mind can estimate her indebtedness to the religion of Jesus. This religion is her strength in her weakness, gives peace within and without. This alone changes her from a being of ignorance, darkness and wickedness to a saint of purity and

mercy. This makes our land to her a garden of delights, gives, even while here upon earth, an earnest of celestial joys, and imagination staggers and trembles in its present abode of clay, under the effort to realize the glories of her final home in heaven. Then how great, how vast the magnitude of her obligations! How great should be our exertions to promote this glorious work so fraught with good to us. O, may the mothers and daughters of America ever let their strongest energies and warmest affections cluster around the cross of Christ, and in days of freedom, prosperity and happiness, may they never forget the God of their Puritan fathers.



YOUNG LUCY AND OLD ELSIE.

BY METER LANDOR.

THE old house obtruded itself well nigh into the middle of the street. Every new passer-by started with surprise as he came across the dingy edifice, setting itself thus unexpectedly in his path. It had a faded, would-be genteel air, holding on upon its shattered roof as if mindful of its better days, while its rickety blinds hung to it here and there as remnants of its pristine estate. Its head had pressed upon its shoulders, and its shoulders upon its loosened foundation, till the whole had settled down farther than was quite consistent with uprightness and dignity. There it was, indubitably a gloomy-looking mansion, and yet, from its defenceless position, inviting the gaze of all beholders. The street whereon it stood, was the thoroughfare of the village, and whenever by any chance, the curtains were not dropped, as no shrubbery veiled the windows from impertinent eyes, the constant throng could easily glance in at them. And now let us enter and see what is going on in the interior.

It is a bitter December's day, yet by no means of those cold days when everything sparkles in the sunbeams. The sky is in half mourning, the atmosphere is tearful, and the little parlor consequently wears rather a cheerless aspect. It is, however, furnished comfortably, and seems as it were striving to look pleasant, yet could not quite make it out. The panes in the windows and the windows themselves, are of different sizes. Clumsy beams with time-colored paint, lean like upright sentinels against the walls,

without the faintest attempt at concealment. The paper is of a bright, gaudy pattern, purporting to have been handsome to those who cannot see through false pretences, but now bedimmed with smoke and old age.

At the precise moment of which we speak, Lucy Mintern was busily at work on one of those unsocial, black intruders into the sunny fireside, yeilded *air-tights*. But in the present case it was evidently a misnomer, for in spite of all she could do, the wind came whistling down the chimney and into the room like a thing of life. If it had only, whistled, however, Lucy would have deemed it quite civil, nay, in a certain mood, she might have listened to it with pleasure. There is, undeniably, music in the low fitful moanings and sobbings of the wind. But when it comes to puffing like a steam-engine, that is quite another thing. And this day, to Lucy's great discomfiture, it came puff—puff—puff. Nor was that all, for with every puff there burst forth from this closely shut up air-tight, smoke, and gas, and forked tongues of fire. Poor Lucy! she battled it valiantly, but was forced to yield.

"I shall certainly suffocate," she at length exclaimed. "I wonder how it fares with William in his study."

Hastily ascending the stairs and opening a door, a cloud of smoke greeted her, but she faced it and shut to the door. The face of her husband marked by earnest thought was instantly turned towards her, and through the misty waves of smoke, Lucy could see that although his eyes were quite red, his brow was placid, as her's, poor woman was not.

"O, William! how can you sit there and write in this terrible smoke, as if nothing in the world were the matter?"

"Because I must finish my sermon to-day," replied he with a smile. "But I confess, dear Lucy, it is rather uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable, indeed! for my part, I think it past endurance. Here I have been at work below, battling it with wind and smoke till I am tired out, but all in vain. I hoped for a retreat here, but you are in quite as woeful a plight, if you would only think so."

"What can't be cured must be endured' you know."

"Well, you, at least, William are fit for martyrdom, for which, I acknowledge, I am no candidate. But I must go down and see about dinner. I have concluded to give you 'a woman's dinner'—pan-cakes and coffee!"

"Just what I should like."

"Well, dear, don't cry your eyes out in the smoke. I think it too bad for us to be shut up to such a house."

Poor Lucy was yet new in the experience of life, and its cares sat heavily upon her, and sometimes fretted her, but for all that she was an affectionate, sympathizing wife, and generally a true helpmeet. They had been married about six months and having boarded for a few weeks, they had taken this house as the best, on Mr. Maynard's small salary, which they could afford to hire. As Lucy, from her childhood, had been accustomed to a pleasant and commodious home, this accommodating herself to circumstances, was harder than she had imagined, and she had, by no means, learnt to do it gracefully. The prose of life she found very unlike its poetry. Her heart was not unfrequently heavy, and her brow overcast, while her dark, expressive eyes, to the quick sense of her husband, betokened coming showers of tears in which prognostic he was generally correct.

But, notwithstanding what we have admitted, Lucy was far from being an ill-tempered woman. And she struggled against her impatient spirit and prayed against it. This very morning, she had made it a subject of special supplication, and felt quite confident of maintaining her equanimity during the day. But she had rested in her own strength, and the cloud was fast gathering upon her brow.

As she was leaving the room Mr. M. stepped towards her, and kissing her forehead looked so tenderly into her troubled eyes, that the tears started, but smiling through them she gaily said, "Never mind the smoke, William, a cup of coffee will brighten us both."

Hastening down through the smoky hall into the smoky parlor, which smoked with more energy than ever, while the mingled gas made her head whirl, her assumed gayety vanished. With a lengthened face she went into the kitchen to inspect Bridget's proceedings.

Be it premised that Lucy, with the fresh ambition of a young wife, had, till within a few weeks, been her own maid of all work, but finding it too much for her health, her husband had recently brought from the intelligence office of a neighboring city, a fresh Irish recruit, "used," (as she confidentially asserted,) "to all kinds of work." Lucy, who never had experience in this line

before, soon found herself launched on a new sea of trouble. Poor Bridget seemed pre-doomed to mistakes, but was good natured, and as they thought, strictly honest.

On this day of misfortunes, Mrs. M. had directed Bridget to roast coffee. She was very particular, as every house-wife should be as to the exact shade of brown the coffee must assume, and she had taken unwearied pains to teach Bridget the art of roasting it, till she thought there was one thing at least, she could trust her maid to do.

"Now mind, Bridget, and when you are roasting coffee, never leave it for one minute till it is done."

"Sure ma'am, and I never will."

This morning she had renewed her charge to which Bridget made her usual assent. Supposing it all nicely done, she opened the kitchen door, when the smoke and flavor of burnt coffee greeted her eyes and nose, but nobody was visible. Stepping to the window what was her dismay to see Bridget with a spider full of coffee burnt to a coal, deliberately pouring it into the drain. Scarcely crediting her senses, she waited till the girl re-appeared, who set down the empty pan with a most provoking air of self-possession. And who ever saw a lassie from the Emerald Isle in any wise disconcerted by the detection of her offences?

"Bridget, what have you done with the coffee?"

"Sure ma'am, and I ha'n't done nothing with it. Didn't ye tell me to be after roasting some for dinner?"

"Done nothing with it! what then were you pouring into the drain?"

If Mrs. Minturn expected to confound her maid by this home-question, she was greatly mistaken. With the most imputable composure, she replied, "And sure ma'am, 'twas only the *lavings*."

In a sort of bewilderment at this bold denial, her mistress simply replied. "Well, get the coffee quick, for there is no time to lose."

Bridget went to the cupboard and soon came back, holding up an empty box, while in great apparent surprise, she exclaimed, "See ma'am if the rats hav'n't eaten up every kernel, the villains."

Mrs. Minturn's indignation waxed very great but struggling to control it, she replied, "The room is full of smoke from the cof-

fee which you have spoiled, and with my own eyes I saw you throwing it away."

But Bridget would in no wise recant from her assertion that it was only the "*lavings*," and that the rats had made off with the coffee.

The twelve o'clock bell now rang. Mr. Mintern was one of the punctual class, and their dinner hour was half-past twelve.

To Mrs. Mintern's inquiry in the morning, whether Bridget knew how to fry pan-cakes, she had replied, "For certain ma'am. Didn't I do it often in the great lady's house in swate old Ireland?"

Hardly knowing what she was about, Mrs. Mintern now stirred the pan cakes and directed Bridget to fry them and make a cup of tea as quick as possible. She then went into the parlor, and hoping the wind had changed, opened the window to give vent to the smoke. Then rolling out the little table, she speedily laid it, and having closed the windows she started the fire afresh and hastened back to the kitchen. What a sight met her astonished gaze! The great round griddle for baking flatjacks, covered with dubious looking affairs, was smoking away as if in haste to help forward the dinner. And there stood Bridget with a very red face in the full tide of experiment, a dish beside her, filled with her black, fat-soaked doings. Poor Mrs. Mintern stood for a moment aghast, and then, without one word, retreated into the parlor. The old stove was working away most diligently and had succeeded in filling the room with a fresh supply of smoke. Her fortitude at this point deserted her, and throwing herself upon the sofa, she burst into tears.

Finding it past the dinner hour, Mr. Mintern came down stairs to see whether anything had happened. It was some time before his wife could explain her new misfortunes, and, as she was finishing her story, Bridget appeared, placing her choice dish awry upon the table. Mr. M. whispered to his wife, who left the room; and while she was bathing her eyes, he took Bridget in hand.

"Take out that dish and throw it away, for it is not fit to eat."

Quite amazed but not venturing to reply to the "masther," the girl complied, throwing away the dish as well as its contents. Thus the pancakes and the coffee designed for their dinner were now both consigned to the drain.

Directing Bridget to bring up a piece of pork, he, himself, cut it into thin slices, and then went for his wife.

* * * * *

As the young couple sat lunching in the kitchen on a rasher of pork with toast, apple pie and a cup of tea, Mr. Mintern made himself unusually agreeable. But although Lucy laughed at his bright sallies, she evidently had not much heart for merriment.

"I am going to ask you to spend the afternoon abroad."

She looked up in surprise.

"Will you get ready now?"

In a sort of maze she complied and soon appeared arrayed for a walk. Gallantly taking her hand, he led her through the little hall and then opening a door, ushered her into the "best parlor."

The fire-board had been removed, and log and irons laid down, and the piled up wood blazed and cracked with a cheerful sound, as if it were a real pleasure to it to burn for the comfort of such unfortunate smoked-out people.

"Now Lucy, if you will get your work I will bring down my writing, and we will have a cozy time, you with your sewing and I with my sermon. And next week we will have a stove put in here, so that we can have a refuge from the smoke."

It was impossible for Lucy entirely to resist her husband's sunny manner, and besides, she was conscientious, and would have reproached herself for interrupting his study-hours. So while his pen glided over the white page, bearing along in its wake, precious thoughts to his flock, she sat in a low rocking chair, in the corner, busily making shirts. Whenever Mr. Mintern's eye glanced towards her, she had a smile for him, though it evidently glanced only from the surface. As she plied her needle, her thoughts were of the dear romantic little parsonage of her dreams, with its tastefully arranged rooms, its embosoming trees and its clustering vines.

"How different," thought she, "is a minister's lot from what I had imagined it, I almost wish William had followed out his first intention of being a physician."

Thus the afternoon passed away with many a suppressed sigh from Lucy which her husband invariably caught and faintly echoed. Even with his greater knowledge of life, and his moderate expect-

tations, he was conscious of a disappointment, and he felt deeply pained at the frequent unhappiness with which his wife was struggling.

The evening was rather a silent one, and once Mr. Mintern detected Lucy wiping away her tears, though she tried to look as if she had been doing no such thing. As she sat gazing upon the dream-inspiring coals, she was thinking of her former pleasant home hundreds of miles away. She seemed again to look upon its green surroundings and its sparkling, singing streams, and to listen to the sweet bird-music that had charmed her childhood. In her sleep that night she more than once murmured, "mother," and when she awoke to new encounters with Bridget and new struggles with herself, the day's possible struggles lay upon her brow. Poor Lucy! She saw not the Fatherly hand that ordered her minutest trial; she had not yet learned the great secret of life—a quiet waiting upon God. She had faith in his kind providence, but it was a general faith. She could not yet comprehend how the little disappointments and the petty cares of daily life can be included in the charmed circle of all things "that shall work together for good."

The sky was still veiled in gloom, the wind had not changed, and clouds of smoke continued to roll down the parlor chimney, and to burst forth from every possible avenue. As Mr. and Mrs. Mintern sat at the breakfast table, again laid in the kitchen, he noticed that Lucy no longer *attempted* to appear cheerful. She looked sad—disheartened, as if there were no use in trying to be contented.

"I shall write again in the front parlor, where I hope you will join me as soon as you can," and his eye dwelt kindly upon her.

Lucy went about her morning duties, but it was with a dull, mechanical air. Then, going into her chamber and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she sat down to read her Bible. But the words were blurred, and she turned over leaf after leaf, without getting any strength, or comfort, or even a single idea. She succeeded no better in prayer, for her thoughts were earth-bound, and the wings of her faith fettered. In no wise strengthened, but with an additional weight of self-reproach hanging about her, which she could not shake off, she returned to her mechanical duties.

"Will you do me a favor this afternoon, dear Lucy?"

She looked up with a faint attempt to smile her assent.

"Will you call upon a poor woman of our parish and inquire whether she is in want of any thing? I meant to have spoken of her before. I only found her out last week, and I told her I thought you would call soon."

"I know it is not pleasant," said he, noticing her glance at the window," but perhaps the walk will do you good."

Although Lucy felt very little like complying, yet as she had no good excuse for declining, she assented to his request, and having received directions to the place, she was soon on her way. The air was raw and penetrating, and as she walked shivering along, her sense of discomfort increased. At length she turned down a lane, and, when nearly at the foot of it, climbed a steep little hill. Passing two or three ordinary houses, she came to what from Mr. Mintern's description, she supposed must be the dwelling-place of Elsie Green, or "old Elsie," as she was generally called. She looked at it in astonishment, incredulous that any human being could find shelter in that poor, barn-like tumbling down place. It was a two-storied dwelling, perfectly crazed with age, and had a most desolate aspect. She placed one foot on the flight of steps leading to the front door, but as they cracked beneath her she feared to proceed. Going to one of the houses near by, she knocked at the door. Presently there appeared a middle aged woman, who, to her inquiry where Elsie Green lived, pointed to the dwelling she had just left.

"There, Missus, up in that ar' second story. It's a sightly place from her windows, and old Elsie will be right glad to see ye. Step over the stairs lightly, and never fear," she added, observing her hesitation. "Though it be's half a century old, it'll stand for long yet."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Mintern again ventured, and timidly mounting the creaking stairs, she gained the outer door. Lifting the latch and pushing it open, she glanced into the deserted rooms on either hand, and applied herself to the stair case. Taking hold of the banisters, she carefully essayed every step till she had reached the top. Then turning to the right, she knocked at the door. All was silence. She knocked again; still no one came. So she opened it herself and softly stepped in. Through the thick veil of smoke, which she found again encircling her, she looked around.

Upon the rusty andirons in the large, old-fashioned fire-place, were laid a few, a very few sticks of green wood, above which hung a little tea-kettle. The lack of fire was made up for by the abundance of smoke, which generally poured into the room, and only by mistake ascended the chimney where it belonged.

On a high backed settle, such as used to stand in the kitchens of our grandmothers, crouched over what was intended for the fire, sat an aged crone, who seemed like a petrified specimen of some remote generation, that by a steamer accident had floated down the stream of time. She had heard neither knock nor footstep, and Mrs. Mintern had an opportunity to gaze upon the picture unobserved.

Old Elsie was dressed in a rusty bombazet, scant, short-waisted and with tight sleeves. A faded black shawl was pinned close around her neck, and on her head sat a snuff-colored turban-steeple. Her dry, yellow, leather skin was full of deep furrows, to which, her coarse iron-grey hair gave a still more forbidding aspect.

On the time-worn brick hearth, stretching out her old yellow paws towards the smoking brands, lay her feline companion, Miss Tabby, evidently as much of an antiquity as her mistress. Mrs. Mintern was at first equally repelled by them both. But her dislike was checked by observing Elsie's eyes bent over a book, which, with delight, she soon discovered to be a copy of the large, clear-typed New Testament and Psalms, that blessing to rich and to poor, to old eyes and weak eyes and near-sighted eyes, published by the American Bible Society. Then she heard the tremulous voice of old Elsie, slowly reading to herself:

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

As Mrs. Mintern drew near, Elsie raised her head, and starting at the sight of her visitor she extended her withered hand in cordial greeting, and bustling about, placed a rickety chair for her.

"How do you do to day," said Mrs. Mintern.

Three times she was obliged to repeat her question before the old woman could hear.

"I'se very well, thanks to ye, and thank the Lord, too. But I never saw your young face afore.

"You saw Mr. Mintern, the new minister, last week, and he told me about you and wished me to call."

"A purty man, a very purty-spoken man. And ye'se his bride," she said with a pleasant twinkle of her small gray eyes, at the same time looking earnestly into Mrs. Mintern's face. Notwithstanding her dull humor and her decidedly unfavorable prepossessions, Lucy began to feel a positive attraction towards poor Elsie.

How does ye like here? and has ye a snug nest?"

"Comfortable, I thank you," and she looked around on Elsie's dismantled and comfortless room.

"Like enough, ye think this an old place, but its a dear one to, and sightly windows these, as I'll show to ye, some lightsome day, if ye 'll come again to see a lone woman."

Through large cracks in the old creaking floor, the wind came up in strong currents; and through many an aperture in the walls, stole chilling blasts. The fire, as we have seen was mostly a pretence, though Elsie and her cat contrived to get some warmth out of it. While Lucy was pondering upon the enigma of Elsie's evident contentment, old Elsie was doing her best to entertain her visitor. She pointed to the broad old mantel-piece, where stood her china establishment; plates with dark colored cracks and ragged edges, handle-less cups and unmated saucers.

"Them all has their story, and sometime I'll tell it to ye."

Mrs. M. took up the well-worn testament.

"A beauty, isn't it? and 'twas given me by a purty-behaved lady as iver ye see, and not long arter, she took wings and flew away to heaven," and she reverently raised her eyes. "It's a raal comfort to sit and read about that world in Revelation here, and to think that some day the Master 'll send for ould Elsie."

Mrs. M. hoped she too had a home among those many mansions, but how unlike old Elsie did she feel herself to be."

"How long have you lived here alone?"

A cloud passed over Elsie's brow, and a tear stole down her withered cheek.

"For many a year, dear Miss. Ever since my husband, and a brave man he was, laid his head down under the blue waters. My lad, too, he sleeps with his father in the sea."

"I was purty once, at least they all telled me so. And George Green sought me for true love. But that's past and gone," said she, with a sigh. "Well, 'twas all for the best. And the dear Lord held the bitter cup and made it e'en most sweet. He larned me his secret, and hid me uuder his wings And He's *very* kind

to his ould servant. No poor critter ever has more friends than ould Elsie. They're *all* kind to me, every one on 'em. Some one 'em to be sure, tried to force a stove on the poor ould body, but I telled 'em I couldn't stand that. Ye see I'se allers used to the ould fire-place, and it stands me instead, like a true friend, though it does smoke a leetle on times, a *very* leetle," she added, as if fearful of scandalizing her Penates. And then it's so easy just to clap on yer tea-kettle, and so pleasant like to hear it sing. Dark days, I allers put mine on arly, it's so cheersome like when you're a leetle dull to take an arly cup of tea. And it allers makes me feel *live-er* and strong like. And my old Brindy here," she added laughing, while she cast a look of undisguised fondness towards the poor quadruped, "Brindy likes her supper early as well as me."

"Elsie has certainly a trap to catch sun beams," said Lucy to herself, "aye, and she has caught her trap full, too. And her dark, cob-web covered, mouldering room seems almost radiant with their light." Then turning to Elsie.

"Is there nothing you want?"

"Thanks to ye, no indeed Miss, nothing but a thankful, loving heart. I've more than enough for me and Brindy. In the morning I takes a cup o' tea and a piece o' bread and cheese; and in the arternoon as now, I takes another cup o' tea and a piece o' cheese and bread, which is every grain as good," said she, laughing; and 'tweens I most allers have meat or something strong-like from the neighbors. So you see I'm well taken care of, and He, looking devoutedly up, "blesses me in my soul. My dear ones are in his land, and I'm biding my summons to meet 'em there." "I'm sinful enough, I know that," said she, putting her hand upon her heart, "but I do love the Saviour, and He'll wash me clean in his blood. Ye never can do enough for him, ye never can trust him too much, take an ould woman's word for it," said Elsie, looking tenderly in that sweet young face upturned to hers. She laid her hard, bony hand on that fair brow, and Lucy felt no shrinking back, but stood like a child to receive the poor old woman's blessing.

"The Lord be with ye, dear child, and give ye a contented spirit, which is a continual feast. And the Lord bless the young minister yer dear one, and make ye both a stay and a staff to his people. Come agin, soon, child."

With misty eyes, Lucy pressed the old woman's hand, but she could not speak one word.

When she passed again over the ancient stair-case, she did not once think of the possibility of its breaking down. Old Elsie's sunbeams had shown full into her heart, and she saw what was hidden there, in its secret corners. Thoughtfully she walked on till she reached her own threshold. How happy now seemed her lot! how pleasant her home!

Gently opening the door, she stole into her own room. A veil which she knew not was there, had been removed from her eyes, she saw how she herself had often dissevered the golden threads in her warp of life. She saw how she had distrusted her great Father's love, and how she had rebelled at his providence. She wept much, but those were healing tears. She prayed much, and by this time she felt that her prayers had wings.

Lucy bathed her eyes and then softly descended into the room where Mr. Mintern was still writing. As he did not observe her entrance she paused a moment to watch the thoughts that flitted like blessing-laden clouds over his placid countenance.

"Forgive me, dear William!" And seating herself on a cricket at his feet, she laid her head on his lap and wept like a penitent child."

"My precious Lucy!" And Wm. Mintern tenderly stroked the head of his young wife. He had not misjudged her without one word of reproof, he had shown her her fault, and taught her a lesson more precious to them both than the gold of Ophir.

As her tears still flowed, it all at once occurred to her, why Mr. Mintern had been so anxious she should call on Elsie Green this very day. Suddenly looking up in his face, her eyes expressed this thought as plainly as words could have uttered it. And what did his beaming eyes reply? Why, they said as clearly, "You have guessed right dear Lucy."

As a bright smile, the first genuine one he had seen on her face since the sun had been veiled in gloom,—as the bona fide smile played around her mouth, a sunbeam suddenly breaking from the clouds shot through the window, and lighted up her whole face. That face in the eyes of her husband, seemed radiant with the soul's beauty. And from every one of the prismatic tears, still lingering there he saw beam out the resplendent colors of

hope's bright bow, nor was it all an illusion of loving eyes, for golden as the sunshine, and lasting too, was the sweet lesson which young Lucy had learned of old Elsie.

KATHARINE PARR, SIXTH QUEEN TO HENRY VIII.

BY G. S. HORNER.

“A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

KATHARINE was born at Kendal Castle in Westmoreland, in 1513, the daughter of lady Matilda and Sir Thomas Parr, and was of ancient and even royal descent. Her father died when she had just entered her fifth year, leaving her education to be conducted by a most judicious mother, who added a knowledge of Latin and Greek to a finished and elegant command of her own language. When a child, the destiny of queen was predicted for Katharine, and when called upon to perform her customary task of needlework, she would refer to this prediction as an excuse for the very decided disinclination she felt for such employment; but judging from the splendid productions of her needle, now in existence, splendid in spite of the moth, and mildew of more than three centuries, we may suppose that her energetic mother suffered no brilliant dreams of the future to interfere with the claims of present duty. When but fourteen years of age, she became the wife of Lord Borough, between whom and herself, there must have been considerable difference of years, as his daughter, who addressed Katharine as “good mother,” was fourteen years her senior. Her husband died in little more than a year, leaving his young widow a valuable estate. It was during these quiet years that she laid the foundation for that intellectual greatness which has commanded the respect of all succeeding generations. A marriage with Lord Latimer soon followed, in which she again figured as step-mother.

At the age of thirty, the death of her husband removed a powerful Catholic influence, and she heard first with curiosity, then with conviction, the Protestant reformers of the day. And her house became the resort of those apostolic men who counted not

their lives dear unto them in comparison with the momentous issue at stake. Under these influences, in the sincerity of an honest heart, she embraced the principles of the Reformation; and, by her conscientious adhesion to her religion in after years, she imperilled her life and crown. Pious, attractive, and the mistress of great wealth, she did not long remain unmoved, and her favor fell on Lord Seymour, youngest brother of the late queen Jane, and the handsomest bachelor of the court. But while waiting, that the "funeral baked meats should not coldly furnish forth the marriage tables," her hand was a third time demanded by a widower, the suitor no less a personage than her sovereign, who had, since the death of his Howard queen, remained in a state of gloomy celibacy. In her dismay at the proposal, and recollecting the fate of her predecessors, she told him that it were better to be his mistress than his wife, which tart answer but increased the eagerness of her perverse lover. Her favored suitor not presuming to contest with the claims of his despotic brother-in-law, retired from the scene of action, and in three months from the death of Lord Latimer, Katharine became queen consort. She was as beautiful as delicate features, hazle eyes and golden hair, could render one. She was small in stature, with a high, serene forehead, which gave an intellectual refinement to her beauty, according well with her favorite ornaments of pearls. She had the good taste in dress to combine great richness of material with simplicity of fashion.

Had Henry been the kindest of fathers, he could not have selected one more happily qualified to unite the disjointed links of his family, than the mother he now gave his children, as their lasting affection testified. Elizabeth and Edward together with their cousins, the ladies Jane and Katharine Grey, enjoyed the benefit of her instruction and guidance, to which, together with her influence they owed their intellectual superiority. Between Katharine and the catholic Mary, who was about her own age, a strong affection always existed; and the substantial presents of the wealthy step-mother were received with deep gratitude by her needy daughter, and Katharine, for the third time, filled the difficult part of step-mother, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The union with Henry caused great rejoicing among the learned and good throughout England, particularly the university of Cambridge,

which, by her courageous plea before the King, she saved from the spoilation to which his grasping poverty had doomed it. Katharine held his court with great regal splendor, and Henry paid her his customary conjugal compliment, of settling the order of succession upon her prospective children, excepting the right of Edward, and during a temporary absence in France, left her sole guardian of the precious heir of England, also regent of the realm, which she governed with such merciful justice, as to leave no cause of complaint from either party. After Henry's return from France, Holbien's famous picture of the royal family was probably painted, in which Katharine's place was occupied by the mother of Edward, whose good fortune in presenting him with a son, seems to have secured his everlasting regard. This doubtful compliment was swallowed by the queen with her usual prudence. The presence at court of her former lover, Seymour, and his rash attentions would have been fraught with danger to one less perfect; but though surrounded by spies, not a look, or sign escaped her, which could be interpreted to her disadvantage. Her talents, beauty, and prudence enabled her to preserve her empire over the changeable heart of Henry longer than the "most brilliant of her predecessors." But her security lay in her unrivalled skill as nurse, (for Henry would not allow another the privilege of dressing his ulcerated leg,) and her delicate tact in dispelling the sadness, which was settling down upon the last days of this "diseased voluptuary, for he had become so unwieldy from dropsy, as to require the aid of machinery in moving. She strove to interest him in the studies and promising qualities of his beloved heir. Her great influence over the king, and above all, the ascendancy she possessed over Prince Edward, was a source of much anxiety to the Catholic party, and her continual exertions for the conversion of Henry gave the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley an opportunity of touching the king on the tender point of his theological correctness. Thus did Wriothesley, through whose influence "Anne had been divorced and Katharine Howard beheaded," strive to add a still more precious victim to his list. Henry, irritable from remorse and physical suffering, was so enraged when made to see that his wife differed from him, that her tender attentions to himself and motherly kindness to his children were all forgotten; an order for her arrest was made

out, received the royal signature, and delivered to the Lord Chancellor, who dropped it a few days before the time appointed for her arrest; it was picked up by a member of the household, and carried to the queen, who, when she saw that a bill of attainder was prepared against her, fell into spasms so severe that her cries filled the house, and reached the ears of the king, who was told by her kind physician that distress of mind caused her sickness. The king was carried in his chair to her room; she received him with much humility, expressed sorrow that she saw so little of him, and feared lest she had offended him; he assured her of his friendship, and betrayed the plot against her life to her physician, who became a successful mediator; the king's increasing infirmities probably warning him not to deprive himself of her valuable services. The next day she returned his visit, and he led the conversation to religious controversy; but Katharine knowing the plot laid for her, told him that she entirely disapproved of wives instructing their lords; if she had unfortunately appeared thus, it was partly to while away the tedium of his sick room. "Is it so?" replied the king, "then sweetheart we are friends," and kissing her he allowed her to depart. On the day appointed for the arrest, Wriothesley with forty of the royal guard suddenly met the royal pair who were taking an airing in the garden, expecting to carry the queen to the tower, he being unacquainted with the change in the king's plans. Henry addressed him as beast, knave, and fool, and ordered him to withdraw. No other rupture occurred between the royal pair during the brief months which remained to Henry, the tragedy of whose reign was drawing to a close; and after his blood-stained hand was by disease rendered incapable of wielding a pen, the royal signature to the death-warrant of the accomplished Surrey was affixed by a stamp, and on the eve of the 27th of January, he ordered the execution of the powerful duke of Norfolk; but ere the time arrived when that grey head should fall beneath the headsman's stroke, Henry was himself summoned to appear before a tribunal, to which sovereign and subject are alike amendable. When those about him saw that the hand of death was upon him, they shrank from incurring his last displeasure by acquainting him with his situation. At length a knight named Denny, telling him that human aid was unavailing, "besought him to seek for God's mercy

through Christ." The king in great wrath inquired "what judge pronounced that sentence upon him?" Denny replied, "your physicians;" who, when they again approached with medicine, he roughly ordered away. Some one begged that a divine should be sent for, but he refused, slept, awoke, and becoming faint, desired Cranmer to be brought. His last articulate words were, "all is lost." When Cranmer arrived, he was speechless. The archbishop besought him "to give some sign of his hope in the saving mercy of Christ." But the dying monarch regarding him steadily a moment, wrung his hand and expired. "He died on the 28th of January 1547, in the 56th year of his age, and the 38th of his reign. His body was carried to Windsor for burial, and as a singular fact, on the fifth anniversary of the execution of his murdered Katharine, his remains rested in the ruined monastery which was her gloomy prison," and by the jolting of the carriage the seams of the leaden coffin became unsoldered, and his blood wet the pavement, and when the workmen came in the morning to close the seams, they found a dog licking the blood; "thus fulfilling a remarkable prophecy made by a daring preacher, who told him that the dogs should lick his blood." Katharine could not reasonably be expected to mourn inconsolably, for her dead lord, as at the time of his death, he was again plotting against her life. In a short time she gave her hand to one who had so long possessed her heart, and who had the address to convince her, that although he had made several attempts to contract splendid marriages, he had remained a bachelor for her sake. This marriage, on account of the bad disposition of Seymour, and his dislike to those religious services which gave her so much satisfaction, resulted in much unhappiness. The birth of a daughter gave her the greatest delight, but in seven days after the advent of the welcome stranger, the mother closed her eyes in death. The last saddened years of her life, and sudden death, touchingly verified the mournful couplet,

"That every wish that's sent us here below,
Must end in disappointment, pain and woe."

In the delirium which accompanied the last hours of this truly noble woman, there was strong evidence that her illness was induced by anxiety and sorrow, caused by the conduct of her husband; but his imprudent familiarity of manner with the princess

Elizabeth, might, in the after life of her cherished step-daughter lead to a tragedy such as marked the close of her predecessors' days; who, perhaps, were no more guilty of crime than the romping Elizabeth. Thus, at the early age of thirty-seven closed the life of one to whom England owes much. Her husband survived her but six months; his reckless ambition sending him to the block, and the daughter of Katharine Parr became a penniless orphan; the bill of attainder against her father robbing her of all. Her after life is enveloped in obscurity. The remains of Katharine Parr repose, with no stone to mark their resting place; a striking commentary on the boasted gratitude of the English nation.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY FANNIE.

UNWRITTEN music! The world is full of it. All nature is resonant with musical tones, which come to us in the early morn, while the dew yet lingers to kiss the sweet flowers. List a moment! Heard you ever a sweeter chorus than now fills the air? Myriads of birds which have trusted their heavenly Guardian for protection and repose, now pour forth their grateful praise—their morning offering.

And list yet again—softly! Hear you not that gentle sweet breathing of lute-like melody? Would you know whence it comes? 'Tis the song of the flowers—the gentle meek-eyed flowers!—Ah! don't you hear it?

How careless and gay is the merry brook, as it dances along over the stones and through the meadow! Its tones are unwritten, but does it not sing, "The world is beautiful—life is a joy, and I am happy and free."

Who does not love the music of the wind, sighing through the gloomy pines so mournfully, singing always of "No more!"

The rain-drops pattering down from the leaden clouds—ah, what loving, beneficent sounds! Surely this is music indeed!

But just bend your ear and catch the soft music of the snow-flakes. I have heard it oft. If you have listened and *understood* those breathings of purity and love, you can tell me what they say.

And now, hark again ! What is that deep low sound like the murmuring of distant thunder, gradually growing more distinct, pealing forth in notes of untold grandeur and majesty ? 'Tis the mighty ocean, with its white-crested waves, chanting the great anthem of praise to our God.

And still another melody, attuned to *angel harps*, is the hymn of the holy stars. For they sing—ay ! they *sing* the praises of Jehovah—for, at the creation, “ the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

Is *not* the world *full* of music ?

And all this is in perfect harmony—not a single discordant note—naught to grate upon the finest ear. Is it not one of the sweetest blessings of “ our Father ?”

But there are other music-melodies still, besides the carol of the birds, the whispers of the flowers, the song of the brook, the dirge of the wind, the falling of the rain, the soft sinking of the snow-flakes, the anthem of the sea, and the hymn of the stars. They come to us often when we are happy and joyous, but oftenest when we are sad. During our morning walks, when all nature smiles and is happy—at the mysterious hours of midnight, and at the gentle, holy twilight hour, these tones—these long forgotten tones are wafted over our spirits. They are the dear, familiar voices of the loved and lost. Mournfully they come to us, bringing with them sadness, and oftentimes tears ; but 'tis a pleasant sadness—we would not banish it from our hearts. Nay, rather we would cherish it and strive to hear yet more distinctly this murmuring music. What remembrances does it not awaken—what regrets and sighs call forth ?—Ah ! many of us have often listened to these melodies.

But the holiest music of all, is that the faintest echoes of which we sometimes catch—'Tis not often that we hear it at all, for we are too much engrossed with the things of earth, to look far into the dim unknown. But sometimes, when our spirits have been kept purer and more free from sin than is usual—when we are wearied and tried, and long for rest—we hear it. Ah ! that *wondrous* melody—'tis the music of heaven—'tis the song of the heavenly choir. Their spirit strains are wafted very faintly, it is true, to this earth—to the sad heart of some poor mortal. But

But faint as are the tones, they are wondrously sweet. Oh, how the soul that hears them is elevated. How it pants for the purity and the perfect peace and joy of heaven! It longs to be free—free from this scene of sin and temptation—free from all earthly weakness—released from the grovelling pursuits and pleasures of this vain and evil world to go forth in all the strength and beauty and holiness of the inhabitants of the celestial city. But this may not be now. These echoes of the song of the angels—of the music of the spirit-land, are given us to encourage and refresh and strengthen us on our weary journey homeward, that we may have our own hearts tuned in accordance with theirs.

There are lessons, too, that we may learn, if we will, from Nature's tuneful voices. Lessons of love and benevolence to all mankind, from the rain drops, of thanksgiving from the warblers of the grove, of gentleness and meekness from the flowers and snow-flakes, of praise from the great ocean—"The deep uttereth his voice, and lifteth up his hand unto God." And of happy cheerfulness from the gushing, dancing brook.

Let us heed their winning voices, and not slight their proffered teachings, but let their influence upon our hearts and lives be felt, that we may the more nobly and fully perform our life-mission. and that the world may be the better for our existence therein.

And let us ever have in our hearts a song of love to Jesus, and of praise to God, that we may oftener hear the angel music, and be prepared ourselves, at the call of the dark-winged messenger, to join the heavenly choir, to sound *His* love and mercy, and goodness—His wisdom, and power, and glory, through all eternity.

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He break them to our faces, and deny
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust shook from their beauty, glorified,
New memnons in the great God-light."

"Think not, O mortal! vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drank by thee."

JANE DUDLEY.

WILT THOU NOT PRAY FOR ME?

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

THOU hast trod the narrow way,
E'en from thy early youth ;
Thou hast grown old and gray
In righteousness and truth.
Him thou so well hast served
He'll surely hear to thee ;
Brother in Christ, our gracious Lord,
Wilt thou not pray for me ?

Dark grows the lowering sky,
I cannot see my way ;—
I raise my tearful eyes above,
And kneel, but cannot pray.
God, in his righteous wrath,
Has hid his face from me ;—
He will not mock thy earnest prayers,
Or turn away from thee.

Thy form has stood the shock
Of many a stormy wave ;
Lo, I am weak and frail,
But thou art strong and brave.
The swiftly coming storm,
My spirit shrinks to see ;
Brother in Christ, our gracious Lord,
Wilt thou not pray for me ?

When you gaze with smiling eye
On those around thy hearth ;
When you take them on your knee, and join
In all their guileless mirth ;
Think of her heart, for whom
No father's love may be ;
In all your fervent prayers for *them*,
Breathe thou a thought for *me* !

I crave no costly gift,
I ask nor gold nor land,
But the radiance of thy cheering smile,
The clasping of thy hand ;
These, and thy fervent prayers,
Are all I ask of thee ;
Brother in Christ, our gracious Lord,
Wilt thou not pray for me ?

DEATH OF A VILLAGE PASTOR.

BY HARA LEZA.

It is a warm, sunny day in midsummer — just such a day as the farmer delights to welcome, when one can seem to look miles away through the deep blue azure, when the fields of grain wave gently in the light breeze, odors of sweet grasses fill the air, and the hay makes quickly in the bright sunshine. But to-day, though the sunshine is bright on hill and vale, the scythe of the hay-maker hangs idly from the tree, and the new mown grass lies neglected and uncared for.

The children leave their sports, and young men and maidens, aged sires and matrons, all gather to the village church, as the deep toll of the funeral bell falls heavily upon the ear.

The house of prayer is darkened ; the music is low and solemn, and the sombre drapery on the walls, tells that one has been laid low for whom all should mourn. The angel of death has entered some dwelling, and yet one can scarcely tell where the blow has fallen, for in each face something seems to say, "*I have lost a friend.*"

A friend,—ah ! yes ; for he who is now borne for the last time, to God's earthly temple, hath oft broken to them the bread of life, and from the sacred desk delivered the message of a Saviour's love.

Years ago he came among them in the strength of his early manhood. With the Word of Life he entered their dwellings, rejoicing in their joys, and sorrowing with them when the hand of God was heavy upon them ; and, when another came, to feed the flock of which he had been the shepherd, he still tarried in their midst, and grew old among the people by whom, with their more youthful pastor, he was ever loved and revered.

A word he had for *all* ; but the little ones, the lambs of the flock, claimed his special care. For them his heart was full of love, and in his dying message they were not forgotten. Temperance, honesty and sobriety marked his earthly pilgrimage, and when old age dimmed his eye, and abated his natural force, the mind was still clear and bright, reason wavered not, and the eye of faith looked upward with unclouded brightness.

Temporal aggrandizement he never sought, neither did the

cares of earth find place within his heart ; but his lamp was kept brightly burning, and as he neared the *hundredth* milestone on life's dusty highway, he heard the voice saying, "Come up hither," and the light of his lamp was absorbed in the clearer and stronger light of heaven.

His life had been one long prayer ; and as the prayer is now turned to praise, well may the people mourn, that his work for them is ended. And yet, this seems not like death ! So calmly had he waited for the coming of his Lord, so like his great Exemplar had been his daily walk and conversation, so had his thoughts dwelt on heavenly things, that he seemed not to die, as others die, but the summons came, and "He was not, for God took him."

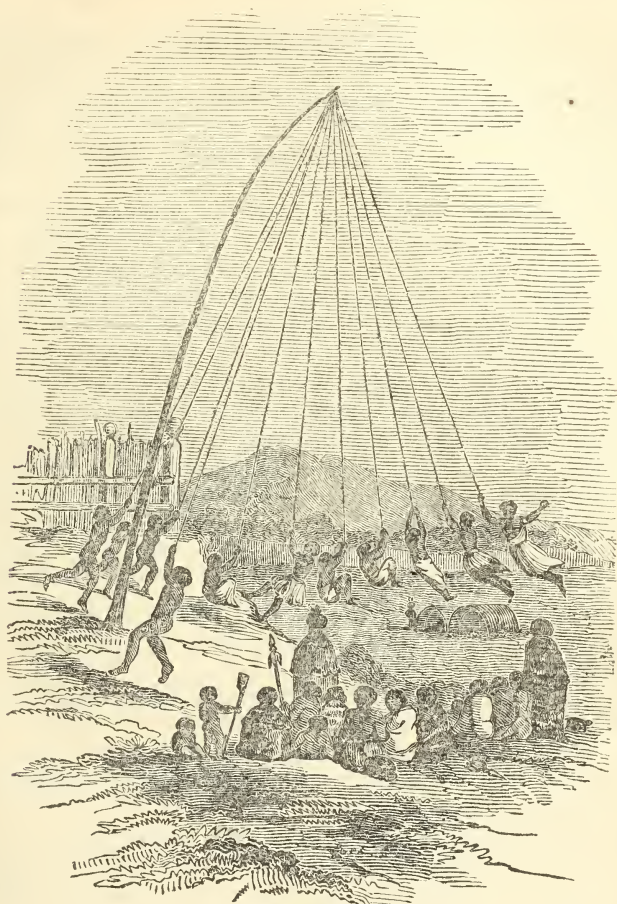
Long years ago the companion of his youth was called from his side, to the land beyond the flood, and no child had he to cheer his declining years. But there was one who gave him a daughter's love ; who cared for his earthly wants ; who walked by his side, as the mists of age gathered round him, and upheld his tottering steps, as he travelled slowly down the vale of life. She led him to the shores of the billowy Jordan, till her feet were washed by the waves, and her eye caught a glimpse of the bright shore beyond ; and then, when her steps could go no farther, there came One in bright array, who bore him gently o'er the dark waters, to his home in the "better land."

Yes, he hath *gone home* ; and as his farewell words still echo on the ear, may his mantle descend upon the people that he loved ; the Spirit which dwelt in him, fill their hearts ; and HIS home at last be THEIRS.

"Is ought so fair,

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eve of Hesper or the morn,
 In Natures fairest forms, is ought so fair
 As virtuous friendship ! As the candid blush,
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just !
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes !
 Or the mild majesty of private life."

AKENSIDE



A NEW ZEALAND SWING.

THE SABLE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

In cold Siberia's dreary land,
The sprightly sable's found,
And yet I wonder how he lives
When snows are on the ground.

A very little beast was he,
About the squirrel's size;
He has a soft and glossy fur,
Which wealthy people prize.

He leaps with ease from tree to tree —
He fears the hunter's gun, —
And lest the light should fade his fur,
He shuns the shining sun.

The Russian Emperor — the Czar —
Sends convicts, for their sins,

To dwell in that far frozen land
And hunt for sable skins.

So, many a little harmless beast,
Because his fur is fine,
Must render up his precious life,
Though dear as yours or mine.

There's many a little beast about,
That's fierce, no doubt, my child,
There's many a little animal
That's mischievous and wild.

But where's the beast in all the earth,
So covetous as man?
So cruel, and so wicked too,
Go find him if you can.

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH HIS YOUNG READERS.

"BY JINGO."

"WHAT is that I hear, my son?" inquired Mr. Perkins of his ten year old boy, Henry.

Henry looked up surprised, as if he could think of nothing bad that he had said. His father continued,

"Did I not hear you utter an improper word, such as I think is one kind of swearing?"

"I said, '*By Jingo*,' replied Henry; but that is not swearing. I have heard Deacon Jones say that."

"Very true, perhaps;" responded his father. "Such words are not strictly profane, and most people do not regard them of evil tendency."

"Is it swearing to say '*Darn it*,' '*by Jupiter*,' '*I vow*,' and '*by Christopher*?' " asked Henry.

"It is not taking the name of God in vain, nor is it swearing as people usually understand it; but I think the Saviour meant to condemn the use of all such language when he said, 'Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King; neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.' Also he said, at another time, 'But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation.' There is no doubt that Christ meant to rebuke the use of all such words as you have named, and '*jingo*' into the bargain."

"Well," said Henry, "I have heard Aunt Harriet say, '*zounds*,' and '*gracious*;'—are these profane words?"

"They belong to the same class as the others," replied his father. "The Saviour would not have us use them. They are one kind of swearing for which he admitted no excuse."

"Then many good people are guilty of swearing," added Henry, "when they do not mean to be. It is strange, I think, that men have lived so long without knowing that Christ forbids the use of such words. I am sure that I never knew it before."

"Well, you know it now," replied Mr. P., "though you look rather unbelieving. You certainly must see, whether this is swearing or not, that such language is very likely to lead to profanity. When a boy learns to say, '*darn it*,' it is very easy for him to go a little further and say, '*damn it*,' which is one of the most wicked words employed by the basest men. So it is with the other words mentioned—they are stepping-stones to worse ones. If a lad is careful to avoid these, he will never become profane; but if he forms the habit of catching up all such language, and repeating it when at work or play, he will be very apt to take God's name in vain at last. Does it not seem so to you, my son?"

Henry thought it was so, and concluded that he should guard against using such language in future. His father added,—

"Such words, too, are coarse and ungentlemanly, and a person's conversa-

tion sounds much better without them. Well-chosen language is always creditable to both the head and heart of the speaker. I hope you will remember it my son."

CHUCK FULL OF THE BIBLE.

NOT long ago we heard a letter to the youth of a Sabbath school read, in which the writer told of a good boy who went to sea—perhaps he was the cabin-boy. One of the counsels which his pious mother gave him when he left home was, "*Never drink a drop of rum.*"

The sailors used strong drink every day, and several times each day. When it stormed, they thought they must use it more freely to keep from taking cold. So they offered it to the boy, for the same reason they drank it themselves; but he refused to drink. During a severe storm, when they were all very wet, they urged the lad very hard to drink. They were afraid that he would take cold and die. But he declared that he would not. Finally, one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand at making the little temperance hero drink, said that he knew *he could make him take a dram*. So he went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him *to take a little*, but he would not touch a drop. He told the old sailor of his mother's counsel, "*Never drink a drop of rum,*" and he quoted Scripture to show that he was doing right, for he had been a good Sabbath school scholar. The sailor never heard so much Bible in his life scarcely, as the little fellow poured into his ear. All he could reply was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck." He gave it up, however, as a bad job, and went back to his post. On being asked how he succeeded, "O!" said he, "you can't do anything with him, for *he is chuck full of the Bible.*"

Now, this fact will show my young readers how to keep out of mischief—get "CHUCK FULL OF THE BIBLE." The boys who lie, steal, swear, rob orchards, disobey their parents, and trouble their teachers at school, seldom know much about the Bible. They are generally among the lads who refuse to attend the Sabbath school, and think it is neither wise nor necessary to study the Word of God. If they become clerks in youth or early manhood, they disappoint their employers by proving dishonest. If they go to the city to live, they get into bad company, attend the theatre, and soon become drunkards.

Remember this, boys. Never be afraid of the Bible, unless you want men to be afraid of you. Get your heads and hearts full of it. Once there, and it will stay much better than money will stay in your pocket. When you are tempted to swear, remember the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." When tempted to violate the Sabbath, call to mind the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." When enticed to take strong drink, think of the words, "Look not upon the wine when it is red. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Then, when your companions counsel you to disregard the advice of your parents forget not what God says, "Children, obey your parents, in the Lord, for this is right."

You see the Bible has a word for you in every place. In this respect, it is unlike all other books. For this reason, it is good to fill the head and heart *chuck full of it*.

THE LITTLE PI.

BY C. BICKFORD.

As a general rule, all living creatures love their young; and even brutes, both domestic and wild, will feed and care for their little ones, and protect them from danger, often, at the risk of their own lives. To this rule, the hog is sometimes an exception. Perhaps some of our young readers know that swine are thought to be very selfish, so that it has passed into a proverb, that *to be very selfish, is to be hoggish*. The epithet is coarse, but it expresses a great deal. But I was about to tell the boys and girls a story.

A farmer in New Hampshire had one of these animals whose disposition was exceedingly bad. The vicious creature had a family of nice little pigs, but would exercise no care over them. She first drove them from her, then abused, and finally killed them, one by one, till only a solitary pig remained. It seemed as though she might have spared that, but she was pitiless. Fiercely catching it upon her snout, she tossed it with all her might. The poor, helpless thing fell into a narrow space, between the end of a trough and one side of the pen where its unnatural mother could not get at it. She tried, but was foiled; for the farmer's wife was made acquainted with the matter, and being a very kind-hearted person, she would not see even a brute suffer without attempting its relief; so she had the little animal taken out of the pen, and carried into the house, where she cared for it. With such care it grew strong and soon became a thriving piggie, and the kind lady called it PET. It would follow her about like a puppy, and seemed playful and intelligent, and was also very fond of its mistress.

Mrs. ——— was very neat, so she washed Pet several times a week, in a tub of clean water, and allowed her to run about in the kitchen and even in the parlor. Some of the children may be surprised at this, especially those who have seen pigs wallowing in the mud, in a filthy sty; but they must recollect that education makes a great difference, even in the habits of dumb animals. At any rate, it is a fact that Pet was perfectly cleanly, and made her mistress no trouble in that respect. She was also obedient and well-behaved, and seemed perfectly contented. But she could not always be kept in the house. She had to descend at last to the common lot of swine, and live in a pen. Yet even there, the same kind hand fed and petted her. She would run at the call of her mistress, and by some expressive action, manifest pleasure at her approach, for she knew her voice, and when she heard it speak her own name, (Pet) she would bound across the pen, and put up her head and fore feet evidently desiring to be caressed. Then, sometimes the lady would lift her out of her enclosure, subject her to the old process of washing, let her play about her in the house awhile, and return her again to her place. But there was an end to this, when Pet arrived to the dignity of riper years.

In process of time, she had some little pigs of her own. Now you would suppose that an animal that had had such a good education, would be a good mother; but I am sorry to say that Pet was naughty and would not do anything for her offspring, so they were left at the mercy of her benefactress, who tried to save them, but this time she was unsuccessful. They were weak and sickly, and died one by one until all were gone.

Perhaps some of my young readers will be inclined to blame Pet, because she was not as kind to her family as her mistress was to her. But some of you are old enough to know that dumb animals have not the gift of reason and cannot be taught to discriminate between right and wrong; neither can they see, as we can, how unlovely is that selfishness that is willing to receive kindness, but never seeks to bestow it; or how beautiful is that benevolence that seeks to promote the comfort of fellow-mortals, even though it costs some sacrifice of time and labor.

Now, my dear readers, before I close, let me suggest for you a train of thought. You have a mother, or some other kind friend, who has done a thousand times more for you than the kind lady did for little Pet. And when you think of the sleepless nights and days of anxious care, of weeks and months of wearisome toil, endured for you, you cannot but be grateful for the watchful guardianship that commenced with your existence, and to the present hour has never tired.

A TALE OF A MOUSE.

A RHYMED STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Last night as I tumbled and tossed in my bed,
Half roasted, half toasted and nearly quite dead,
I heard a slight wriggle, and then a loud rap,
And I said to myself, "there's a mouse in the trap!"
So I jumped up and lighted my small chamber lamp,
And quickly discovered the precious young scamp,
I held up the box, and a pair of bright eyes
Looked hard in my face with a midnight surprise,
And a brief little tail was coiled up there so snug,
I thought that the mouse was a common-sized bug.

There sat the young sinner, exceedingly slim,
He wondering at me, and I wondering at him!
"And don't you consider yourself a great rogue?"
(I said imitating the mouse-people's brogue.)
"And very great villian, not honest at all?"
Said the mouse with a whine, "I'm exceedingly small!
Just look at my figure, examine my face,
I am young, my dear sir, to be caught in this case,
And if you'll but let me get out of this 'fix,'
With the best of good mice, sir, in future I'll mix."

"Not so," I replied, "you have troubled me sore,
In short, Mister Mouse, you're a terrible bore;
You've nibbled my closet, you've nibbled my nose,
You've eaten away all the ends of my toes,
And if on my cheese, sir, unharmed you should sup,
You'd grow to a giant, and then eat *me* up.

The mouse gave a sigh, as I took up the box,
But he felt like a culprit just put in the stocks;
Then I went to the window and looked on the night,—
The heat was terrific, the stars were all bright;
I looked down the court and espied a tall cat,
Who was fanning her whiskers while cooking a rat,—
So said I "Mistress Pussy, allow me to add
A bit to your meal in shape of a sad,
But I hope very tender and delicate mouse,
The last of his tribe, so I trust in the house."

The cat mewed her thanks, and uplifted her paws,
So I shook out the plague just over her claws—
Then rose a faint struggle, and then a short scream—
No harm to the mouse though,—'twas all like a dream,
For I saw him run off as the cat *raised her wail*,
And the moon dropped a beam on the tip of his tail.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE SHORTEST WAY TO HEAVEN.

WHEN the devoted missionary STODDARD, was referred, by some of his friends, to the perils and trials that would beset his way in benighted lands, he replied, that "he was willing to go the shortest way to heaven." It was no dissuasive to him that danger, and even death might meet him in a foreign country — he would the sooner get to heaven and enjoy his everlasting reward. There is no doubt that many good men and women have shortened the way to Paradise by bidding adieu to home and kindred, to carry the gospel to the perishing. Some of them have gone to their reward almost in the beginning of their labors. But think you they are sorry now? Do they regret that the fight of faith was fought so soon? that the crown of life was bestowed so early?

Very few among Christians even are willing to shorten the way to heaven. They shrink from self-denials, hardships, and privations, that tend to diminish their days. They study to save their strength for months and years of enjoyment on earth. They are unwilling to run great risks of life in spreading the gospel. How few can endure the thought of going to a distant land possibly to die in the cause of truth! They will reach the heavenly Canaan too soon.

It is not much different in respect to the bitter experiences of life at home. We fear those things that threaten to cut short existence. Many parts of that discipline which God institutes to prepare us for heaven are dreaded as if they were the direst evils. Although our theory is that they are "blessings in disguise," our practice shows that we avoid them as if they would usher us too speedily into the presence of God. We cling to the world. We love it. We plan to stay in it—the longer the better. The announcement that God would take us to-morrow to glory would startle us. We should ask for a little more of earth — a month or year. The impression seems to be, that an early removal from earth by death is so many years of actual loss of life. The soul's gain is not taken into the consideration. That it sooner enters upon its glorious reward, is left out of the view. Hence it is that we prefer to travel the longest way to heaven, and reach there at the latest possible day. We long perhaps to walk the streets of London, Paris, or Rome, and view the objects of exciting interest; but we have little desire as yet to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. We would wait awhile before we join "the general assembly and church of the first-born." Such is human nature. Even grace scarcely divests it of blindness to its moral and spiritual good!

UGLY FORGIVENESS.

THERE is a kind of forgiveness, or that which passes for it, of an ugly cast. It is extorted from reluctant souls by the pressure of circumstances. A case may illustrate. Mr. A. perpetrated a wrong upon his neighbor B., who keenly felt the injury, and exhibited not a little spirit of retaliation. Finally Mr. A., saw clearly his wrong, was deeply sorry that he had done so, and went penitently to his injured neighbor and asked his forgiveness. Mr. B. was taken all aback by the unexpected turn of the affair, and scarcely knew what to say. After some hesitation, in which actions told as loudly as words could that he was revengeful, he replied, "I am glad you have come to your senses. It is high time that you owned up after such a flagrant injury. Yes! I suppose I must forgive you now, but you deserve a severe castigation."

This is certainly an ugly kind of forgiveness, and there is much of it in the world. Conscience, and popular opinion, as moulded by our common Christianity, decide that he must be forgiven who sincerely asks to be. If the injured person will not forgive his neighbor who truly seeks forgiveness, he is considered even worse than the perpetrator of the wrong. Therefore it is quite difficult for a person to withhold a seeming forgiveness when it is handsomely asked. In order to do it the person must take a stand against conscience and the Bible, and few are able to do this. So they yield so far as to proffer this ugly kind of forgiveness, though they feel it can scarcely be demanded. They derive no satisfaction at all in forgiving, and we need not say that the forgiven party is made little happier.

The only forgiveness that Christ owns, and is worth any thing to man, by way of augmenting his peace, is that which is granted fully, freely with all the heart. There is no half-heart effort in genuine forgiveness; it is the whole heart or none. It is devoid of the least taint of revenge, and is open and cheerful.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT is a rare virtue, although a great many people think they possess it. Those who have a competency of this world's goods, and have no occasion of being anxious about what they shall eat and drink and wear, congratulate themselves upon being among the contented class. We need scarcely say that it is difficult for them to judge correctly of their hearts in these circumstances. Change their condition; make them poor and needy, and they might murmur and repine over the allotment of providence. It is no place to judge of one's spirit of contentment in the midst of plenty, or even in humble mediocrity. Place a man in trying circumstances, where he cannot tell from whence his bread is coming on the

morrow, except from the hand of the Lord : let the winds of heaven sweep through his shattered tenement upon his bed of straw : and then he can judge whether he possesses the grace of contentment. If he is contented only when he has a comfortable share of this world's goods, that is not true contentment, nor scarcely an approach to it.

It is very common for one person to compare his circumstances with those of another, and to say, "If I were only as favorably situated as he is, I should be perfectly happy." Perhaps that very person with whom he is comparing himself, is also saying a similar thing about his own condition. The two would exchange conditions if possible in order to be happier. Each thinks the other in far better circumstances than himself. Each can see palliating things in the experience of the other which he does not enjoy himself. It is probable that one-half of mankind envy the supposed good estate of the other half, and complain of Providence that their lot is so vexatious. They can see no reason why everybody has more to enjoy than themselves. It is one of the mysteries of this mysterious world. We need scarcely say that the spirit of true contentment would regulate all such unjust views. Many of these inconveniences and trials are only imaginary. Where they are veritable facts, they are greatly augmented by the discontent of the heart.

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER CONVERTED.

It is not often that we read of the conversion of custom house officers. Only one instance is recorded in the Scriptures. We are told that on one occasion, as Jesus went forth, he "saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom ; and he said unto him, Follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed him." He did not stop even to arrange his papers, or to ask whether he would lose his office if he followed Christ. Perhaps custom house business was a different affair in those early days, and was more favorable to religious impressions. Perhaps it was less controlled by political demagogues than now, and offered berths less lucrative and inviting to ambitious worldlings. At any rate here was an officer therein who was ready to do his duty as soon as he knew it. He even left all to follow Christ, which does not mean, we conclude, that he left his office entirely, in order that he might be a Christian ; for even a custom house officer may serve his God while he serves his country. The two things are not often done together, it is true, but yet such a result is possible. Good men have sometimes triumphed over the temptations of public life, and lived to the honor and glory of God.

It may be said that we know little about this class of public officers in our Saviour's day ; yet it must be admitted that we know enough of them to be able to judge somewhat correctly of their characters and position.

Certainly they were not distinguished for strict uprightness, since Mark and Luke inform us that the Greeks considered them infamous because they were exacting and rapacious. We should infer that these publicans were in very poor repute for honesty, and that their very name was a by-word among a large class of people. Their offices were often sought solely for the personal advantages which they promised, a thing not entirely unknown among public officers at the present day. But whether we know much or little about them, here is the interesting fact, that one was converted. It is of little consequence whether his place of business was in a large and splendid granite building or not, so long as he become a Christian. The fact shows that no class are beyond the reach of mercy — that the claims of the gospel take the precedence of all other claims, since he “left all” to follow Christ — and that even the busiest men have no excuse for neglecting their souls. The honors of office, and the cares and trials of public stations, have a tendency to close the heart against the truth. For this reason, few of this class come to the cross. Their conversions are like angel’s visits, “few and far between.” Only one custom house officer among the converts, in the days of Christ and the apostles, that we read of! None in the late revival that spread from Maine to Georgia! Yet one is enough to prove the possibility, and thereby encourage God’s people. Even politics cannot always render null and void the power of the Holy Ghost.

GETTING RIPE AND GOING TO SEED.

GOD has ordained that every plant and tree shall bring forth its fruit in due season. Seeds germinate, and take root, spring up, grow, ripen, and go to seed, year after year, reproducing themselves again and again, until their products cover a continent. The same arrangement is found in morals. Drop a kernel of truth into good soil, and if it follows the laws of God’s moral government, and is nurtured by prayer and toil and faith, it grows, gets ripe, and goes to seed, producing yet other growths like itself, until a whole community is benefitted by that one seed of truth. It is thus that thoughts grow. The Reformation once existed as a thought only in Luther’s mind. He uttered it; and it fell upon the great heart of humanity as a single seed falls upon the earth. It grew up into a sturdy luxurious growth, and went to seed. These seeds in turn sprung up, ripened, and scattered their seeds upon the four winds of heaven, and thus on, until all Christendom is bearing the fruit thereof.

Not less true is this principle with regard to character. A man does not fulfil his destiny unless he gets ripe and goes to seed. He is in duty bound to cultivate certain qualities, that will yield a harvest of good things to society when they are matured. He must labor for it. It will

require as much care, time, and toil as it does to produce a natural harvest. True, a man may pursue the devices of his own heart, and ripen into something that is like "the grapes of Sodom and clusters of Gomorrah," and the whole neighborhood be sown with the seeds of corruption that drop from his immoral character, and yet he may not try to produce such a crop. It is the natural growth of the heart, left morally uncared for. But to get ripe and go to seed, and beautify society with the fruits and flowers thereof, comes by watchfulness and care. Indeed the highest results, in this way, are secured only through grace. The natural fruit is neither fair nor sweet. It is defective and sour. If it grows in the church at all, it turns to vinegar, and we have irritable, morose, complaining, and hateful disciples. The husbandman abominates natural fruit, He buds and grafts to get rid of it. It is equally necessary in morals. "For if thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and were grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree; how much more shall those, which be the natural, be grafted into their own olive tree?" A man's highest destiny, then, is not attained by getting ripe and going to seed in the natural way, but in the way of grace.



EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

ABOUT PIANOS.

An *Exchange* paper has the following excellent scrap of information for those who have occasion to purchase and play pianos :

The first requisite in the purchase of a piano, is to make yourself sure of the interior mechanism; and to this end, application should always be made to a perfectly responsible and reliable manufacturer—one of whom you feel confident would put no work into an instrument that was not honest and thorough. For there would seem to be manufacturers of cheap pianos here and there, the only merit of which, is a certain showiness of case, without any of the intrinsic qualities of a fine instrument. Such productions are called by the trade *green* pianos, and are traps for the unwary. An inferior class of German artisans is generally employed; they work at low wages with very poor material, the wood being quite unseasoned, and when put together, the instrument is a good pine box—not much more, covered with deceptive veneering and ornament.

A certain characteristic of a piano, which is not appreciable by an unmusical person, is the distinctive equality of tone peculiar to the various manufacturers. The difference of tone is caused by a certain treatment of the mechanism—one manufacturer paying special attention to the felt which covers the hammers, another to the size of the strings, another

to the arrangement of these strings as to the intervening distances, another to the shape of the sounding board. One manufacturer will give you a delicate tone—too delicate, perhaps, to work well. Another, will give you a good honest tone, which is as durable as the instrument itself. But these distinctive qualities of tone are too subtle a thing for any but trained ears to detect and decide upon. And, after all, the difference between standard manufacturers in this respect is every year lessening, each copying the excellent points of the other and bringing all instruments of the best makers to a certain approximation. Some difference there will always be; but however important this may seem to professional persons, it is slight to the world at large and ought not seriously to embarrass any ordinary purchaser of a piano-forte, whose use of the instrument is altogether private and amateur.

To purchasers, then, we would say, beware of *cheap pianos*, and go only to the standard manufacturers. Decide what scale of instrument you want; that is, whether six and three quarter or seven octaves—for this, of course, makes a difference in the price—and then be guided by your own eye, and the capacity of your purse, as to the elegance and costliness of case. But, having decided these points, request the dealer to select for you the best toned piano of that particular class you have chosen—a selection, which, in all respectable houses, will be honestly made.

“BEWARE OF MOCK AUCTIONS.”

One of the dangers encountered by novices in city life, is coarsely but effectively delineated by an aggrieved Kentuckian, whose experience in New York, opened to him one or two views of the doctrine of “total depravity,” that proved rather more instructive than agreeable.

As I went down Broadway, I saw a chap standing on the sidewalk, with a stick on his shoulder, on the top of which was a big board; on this board was written in big black letters—

STRANGERS, BEWARE OF MOCK AUCTIONS!

Thinks I, what is a mock auction? This is something new; I must look into it; and in my curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of a mock auction, I walked up to the door before which the chap with the big board was standing, and looked in. A nice young man was selling all kinds of valuables. Right next door, another man was selling things too; and it occurred to me that he had got that chap with the big board to stand before the first man's door to injure his business. This struck me as being real mean; my sympathies were touched; my Kentucky grit began to ferment, and I determined to patronize the injured party; for you know a Kentuckian always goes in for fair play, and no favors asked.

While I stood thinking over the matter, the man who was selling watches, the “injured party,” happened to see me and immediately bowed to me in a very polite manner. This was the first bow I'd received in New York, and it came over me with a most gratifying effect. Says I to myself, I've found a gentleman at last who is no upstart, and who understands the usages of polite society. I returned his bow, and he then politely asked me to walk in, which I did. Just as I stepped in, he bid

off a handsome gold watch for \$15 ! Goodness, thinks I, what a fool I was not to have bid on that ! I might have had a nice gold watch to take home to my wife, and how proud she would have been ! So says I, neighbor, have you more of them ?”

“ Yes, sir,” he answered ; “ here’s a splendid gold watch and chain left for sale by a young gentleman from Cuba, who is out of money, and must sell them at some price. I hope gentlemen will bid liberally, for the gentleman is very worthy and in great need.”

The folks began to bid. “ Three dollars,” says one, “ five dollars,” says another. Thinks I, that’s mean to take advantage of a poor fellow that way ; so says I “ eighteen dollars.” I suppose that rather frightened the company, for after that nobody else bid a cent, and the watch was knocked down to me. The man who sold it then went to the other end of the counter, telling me to pay the money to another man, who was sitting at a desk with a big account book open before him. I paid the money and then went to the other end of the room for my watch. When the auctioneer handed it to me, it struck me that it didn’t look like the one I had bid for, and on examining it closely, I saw it was nothing but *copper* ! So says I—

“ Here, Mister, this ere watch aint gold.”

“ I didn’t warrant it gold,” said he.

“ Well, I don’t care what you warranted it for ; you sold it for a gold watch, and it *isn’t* gold ; so just give me back my money.”

“ I have no authority to return money to any one, else I should be happy to accomodate ; you must speak to the cashier, to whom you paid the money.”

I then asked the cashier for my money, but he said he had no authority to return or pay out money either. I asked him who had authority, then, to give me back my money. He said no one in the establishment had authority to pay out money, under any circumstances. Said I, “ you all seem ready enough to take in money, and it’s odd none of you can pay it out.” He said that according to the rules of the establishment, any one connected with it could *receive* money, but no one could *pay it out* ; and these rules he said, were always strictly enforced.

Well, said I, your a pretty set ; I never heard of such a system before and I shan’t stand it now. The fact is my Kentucky dander riz just about this time, and I determined to whip the rascal if he didn’t give me back my money ; but before I could get at him, a chap, who said he was a policeman told me confidentially that if I made a disturbance he should be obliged to take me to the Tombs. This put a damper on my combattivness, for I had heard horrid stories about the Tombs, and wouldn’t have gone there for a dozen watches. So I thought I’d coax him to give me back my money, but he wouldn’t listen to me at all.

I looked at the watch. It was just the meanest looking thing that ever ticked ; and thinks I, shall I give such a thing to my wife ? I couldn’t stand the thought. What ! take a copper watch home as a present to my wife ! to the mother of my children ! I just took the thing by the chain and says I—

“ See here ; do you suppose I’ll take such a watch home to my wife ! No, sir. Now, if you don’t give me back my money, I’ll take it out on the side-walk and dash it into a thousand pieces !”

"Oh," said he, "it was a lady's watch you wanted, was it? Why didn't you say so before? We can sell you a splendid married lady's watch—just the thing for your wife; and I will give you a written guarantee of its genuineness; there will be no cheat about that watch."

"Well," I replied, "but what shall I do with the \$18 I've fooled away on the copper thing?"

"Oh, that shall count on the other; I'll take the copper watch back."

Well, thinks I, I'll go it; I'll save my \$18 any how. So I took hold of the watch he showed me, and examined it carefully. When I was inspecting it I heard a gentleman behind me say in a whisper to a friend: "Isn't that a splendid watch! it is worth, at least 150; I wish I had my purse with me, so I could buy it, I'd have it sure." Thinks I, that gentleman knows all about it, so there's no danger, I'll have it.

We began to bid, and everybody seemed to want the watch for they all bid freely. It ran up to \$118 and I got it. Now, thinks I, here's a present fit for a wife; won't she be proud? I handed over the copper watch and \$100 and left.

The next day, I thought I'd ask a jeweler what my watch was worth, and don't you believe that turned out to be a copper one too? I started for the mock auction store at once, but I could'n't find it. It was changed into a cigar shop.

WORRYING THE ANGELS.

Since writing our paragraph upon contentment, we have met with the following incident, which the discontented may read to their profit:—

"Mamma, don't it worry the angels to see you fretting about so?"

It was a blue-eyed, curly-haired little Georgie who said this to his mother, as she entered the room where he was playing, with the same impatient step and anxious frowning eye which all that morning he had observed in wonder and silence.

"Why, Georgie! what ever put the thought in your head?" the mother answered, taken by surprise.

"Oh, nothing—I guess. It just happened in there, as I was thinking what a beautiful morning it was, and how every thing seemed to be smiling, except you, mamma, and you looked so troubled. Was it naughty to say so?"

"Not at all, my dear. I was the naughty one; but do you know why I felt so fretful and troubled this morning?"

"Yes, I heard you say that uncle and aunt and Mrs. Cheever and a young lady were to come in the noon train, and that your wood was poor and there was no rice at the grocery, and Hannah had gone off besides. I suppose, as pa says sometimes, you are in a 'peck of trouble.'"

"Why, Georgie, I did think I was, but since you came to name it over and specify the causes of my trouble, they seem rather small after all."

"Well, that is just what I thought, only that I did not know that I ought to say so. But it seems to me that such things must look so trifling to them—the angels, I mean, mamma, if they can see our actions—and as if it must worry them to see us so unhappy about trifles."

"They are indeed trifles, darling—the very least of trifles. And a woman like me ought to be ashamed to make myself miserable the whole

forenoon for them, turning the brightness of this glorious spring morning into clouds and gloom. Now, Georgie have I scolded myself enough?"

Well, I should think you had, mamma. Your forehead don't scowl as it did. But I wish I could help you. I can stone the raisens and peel the pie-plant, and wash the potatoes, and flour the tins for you to bake; and what else can I do?—something I guess?" And Georgie rolled up his apron sleeves, and went to work with a good will.

Georgie's mother, too! The change that had come upon her countenance, was but the reflection of the brightened spirit within, and though she might not regard the idea, of "angels worrying" in precisely the same light as her sensitive little boy, it lifted her thoughts from the turbid current of household vexations into nobler channels. And when at one o'clock she seated her guests at her neatly-spread table, and helped them to the nice, juicy ham of her own curing, the well-cooked vegetables, snowy bread and delicate rhubarb pie, no one would have imagined she had been half the morning ready to shed tears for the want of beef-steak and a little rice or tapioca. Would that all the Marthas of our land might learn the secret of true household nobleness.

THE TOLLING BELL.

The traveller steaming down the Potomac some miles below Washington, is startled by a bell tolling slowly. It is the signal of approach to Mount Vernon, where the greatest of America's sons "sleeps his last sleep." The emotions that stir the heart of an American, as the solemn tones fall on the ear are peculiar and overpowering. All that is grand and touching in the early history of his country appeal to his mind with a dramatic force, totally unlike what any other scene inspires.

Hark! Hark the bell is tolling!
Through every patriot breast
Emotions strong are rolling,
Too deep to be repressed.

No voices low are breaking,
The hushed spell of the hour;
Too deep for words are waking,
The thoughts by Vernon's bower.

More eloquent the stealing
Of tears down manhood's face;
More tender their revealing
Than lips or pen can trace.

As every eye turns, longing,
To Potomac's western shore,
The grand old memories thronging,
To the battle march once more.

Once more we hear the marching,
Of heroes stern and dread,
Where the battle smoke o'erarching
The dying and the dead.

With victory's pæans flinging
Their raptures near and far,
A nation's homage bringing,
He comes! the first in war.

With hope immortal flushing
 His brow with radiant light,
 And young eyes honors blushing
 Around him warm and bright.

Undazzled by the glory,
 Untempted by the gain,
 Mount Vernon tells the story
 Of his simple life again.

Oh, thou! who calm art sleeping
 The sleep that knows no dream,
 Thy children, watch are keeping
 Beside the silvery stream.

And patriots fondly meeting
 Around thy bed shall weep,
 Their hearts thy requiem beating,
 To memories strong and deep.

THE PIRATE.

The *New York Chronicle* contains a short tale that will be read with interest; the lesson it conveys is of a practical character:—

Twenty-seven years ago, the ship I commanded was on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verdes with bread for the famine-stricken and dying.

It was the fourteenth day out—in the first gray of the morning—that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the stranger almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that lubberly-looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine. She can't sail."

"She looks like that build," the mate answered, "but look now at the men on her deck."

One glance at the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate, for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabout."

"She's no slaver, Captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her deck, instead of water casks."

As if to put an end to our speculations, the suspicious vessel began to spread more canvass, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which, when it reached the truck, unhook its fold in the wind. On a white field we saw the terrible insignia of the freebooter, the death's head and crossbones, painted in diabolical black.

We made all the sail we could, but escape was impossible. A gun from the pirate, and a ball whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther, which, sure of its prey,

was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got the quarter-boat, and I was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage-looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprung and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board of my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half-concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in very fair English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour,"

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verde."

"Why, they're all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes, and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men who by this time had broken into the main hatch, and in a rough commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously toward their captain, for such was my interrogator. He walked to and fro quickly for five minutes; then he said, sharply, turning to me —

"You Americans are all heretics — why should you send flour to feed Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow-men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried with a fierceness that startled me — "if you lie to me, I'll nail you to your deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers, — swear it by the Saviour whose name you have just pronounced." As he spoke he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear it by the Holy Trinity," I replied, solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with his head bent over, while one might have moderately counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half-closed, but open, and clearer in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," he said, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side; but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation, approached me, with his hand extended,

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone.

THE WIFE AND HUSBAND.

THE manifestation of deep earnestness of feeling for the conversion of friends whom we love, seldom fails to rouse in them conviction of sin, or to produce at least tender religious impressions that are not forgotten. The heart must be less than human that cannot be moved in sympathy by the exhibition of genuine emotion in its behalf. The solicitude of the wife for her husband in the case given below, illustrates, in its happy results, what has been proved in thousands of conversions, that seed watered by tears is blessed of God:

A gentleman and his wife, in the higher circles of society, as to wealth and position, were living entirely for the world; he anxious to accumulate property, and she anxious to surround herself with all the elegancies and luxuries of life. A revival was in progress in the place, and yet they paid no heed to it.

The tract, "Prepare to meet thy God," fell into the hands of this lady. She read it, and it proved an arrow in her heart. She was alarmed, convinced, conscience-stricken. She was a despairing, miserable woman, and felt, as no longer language can describe, her ruined and lost condition. She prayed; she agonized for relief, but it did not come.

At length the load was lifted from her burdened heart. She had great joy and peace in believing. The change was really and truly a great change this passing from death to life.

Then all her anxiety was for her husband. "O, that my husband might go with me! O, that my husband might be saved!" This was the language which was continually upon her heart and tongue.

One night, at the usual tea hour, he came home. He sought his wife around the house, and found her in her own room, on her knees. The tears were streaming through her fingers. He had opened the door so carefully, that she had not noticed it. He stood a moment, then shut the door, and went away. In shutting the door, however, he aroused her. She ran out after him.

"What is the matter?" said he, in no very amiable tone.

She threw her arms around his neck, kissed him, as her custom was on meeting him. "What is the matter?" said he.

"O, my dear husband," she replied, "prepare to meet thy God."

He pushed her gently from him, and said:

"I wish to hear no more of this nonsense. I *will* not hear it. You may hear and have what you please. You may do what you please. You are at liberty; but let me alone on the subject of religion. You may go your way, and I will go mine."

He turned his back and went away from her. He left the house for a few moments; but he soon returned. The tea things were on, and his wife was sitting at the table, waiting for his return. He sat down in moody silence. But his peace had been broken up. The subject of re-

ligion could not be so easily dismissed from his attention. His conscience was aroused.

The next evening, on going home, approaching his own chamber, he heard his wife's voice in prayer. O, Lord Jesus, thou hast promised to hear prayer. I believe thy promise. Hear my prayer, and save my husband," were the words he heard. He softly opened the door, a little, so that he could look in. There was his wife again, upon her knees. He stood a moment irresolute, and then advanced into the room, and throwing himself on his knees beside her, said, "O, Mary, pray for me."

"O, Lord Jesus," she again repeated, "thou hast promised to hear and answer my prayer. I believe thy promise. Hear and answer my prayer and save my husband."

He threw his arms around her, and exclaimed, "O, what shall I do, Mary?"

"Prepare to meet thy God," was her reply.

"But how shall I prepare?"

"Prepare by believing on Christ, make Him at once your friend. Take Him for your Saviour—submit to Him. Try it now. Pray now—ask for forgiveness for His sake now—devote yourself forever to Him now,—and you will know as I do how precious is the joy of being forgiven."

He did pray—he confessed his sins—he entered into covenant with Christ on the spot—and they did not leave their room that night till he felt assured that his sins were forgiven.

DRAWING INFERENCES.

"I liked your sermon very much to-day, with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"

"I think you used too many technical phrases."

"Did I?—I didn't think of it?"

"You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now that was Greek to many hearers."

"O, no. Most every one, of course, knows what we mean by drawing an inference."

"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase"

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am; now there is Mr. Smith," pointing out a man just turning the corner from the meeting-house, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him; I will ask him if he can draw an inference, and I do not believe that he will understand me."

Accordingly the two ministers quickened their pace, and as they came up to the said Mr. Smith his pastor said to him:

"Brother Smith, can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interrogated, looked at his pastor for some fifteen seconds, quite surprised, and rather hesitatingly said:

"Well, I don't know; I spose I could. I've got a pair of steers that can draw anything to which they are hitched—but shouldn't like to on Sunday."

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

SELECTED.

FARMER'S PUDDING — Pare and slice nearly two quarts of sour apples, put them in a kettle with half a pint of warm water. Make a biscuit of dough, roll it out and lay it over the apples; cover this with a piece of cloth, and on this lay a plate. Boil half an hour until done. The dough can be made as follows: one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonsful cream tartar, one cup cream, (or milk and butter,) one quart flour, wet it with milk; salt. Boil slowly that it may not catch to the kettle. This is excellent.

SCRAMBLED EGGS. — Put a teacupful of milk on to boil, put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut, salt and dredge in a little flour, have three eggs well beaten, and stir them in quickly when it boils, stir it till it is thickened, not curdled. It is much improved by being turned over buttered toast in a deep dish.

CURING HAMS — VIRGINIA METHOD. — Dissolve two ounces saltpetre, two spoonsful saleratus in a salt pickle as strong as possible; for every 16 pounds of ham, add two table-spoonsful of good molasses. Let the hams remain in pickle three to four weeks. Smoke with the hocks downward, about a month. They will be better to remain in the smoke-house, two or three months.

PICKLE FOR HAMS. — To 80 pounds of ham, take 4 ounces brown sugar, 3 ounces saltpetre, and 1 quart of fine salt. Mix well together and rub the paste on the hams, in a tub or cask, to prevent the paste wasting; turn and rub them with it every day for three or four days, then add 2 quarts of salt to the 80 pounds, adding water enough to cover. In 15 days smoke them.

SUGAR CAKE. — Take one and a half cups of flour, one of butter, half a pound of sugar, lemon, rose-water.

HAND TEA CAKE. — Take six eggs, six spoonsful of melted butter, six spoonsful of melted sugar, work in flour to make it hard; boil or bake it.

BREAD CAKE. — Take four tea-cups of bread, two of butter, two of sugar, two eggs, one spoonful of pearlash, one glass of rose water, nutmeg.

CITRON PRESERVES. — Prepare the rind, out into any form you desire, boil very hard thirty or forty minutes in alum water tolerably strong, take them from the alum water and put into clear, cold water, allow them to stand over night, in the morning change the water and put them to boil, let them cook until they have entirely changed color, and are quite soft, then make your syrup, allowing one and a half pounds of white sugar to one pound of fruit, then add your fruit, which needs but little more cooking. Mace, ginger or lemon, flavors nicely.

BALSAM FOR CHAPPED LIPS. — Two spoonsful of clarified honey, two drops of lavender water, mix well, and anoint the lips frequently.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW for April. It contains seven articles (1) Immediate Perception, (2) Political Education, (3) Editions of the Pilgrim's Progress, (4) French in Revision, (5) Transcendentalism in Political Ethics, (6) Hickok's Rational Cosmology, (7) Dissension of the Ministry. This is an excellent number of this valuable Quarterly.

ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS, by Rev. George Trask. We have received six Anti-Tobacco Tracts for YOUTH from Mr. T. We are glad that he is issuing tracts in this form for the rising generation. It is a very important work. These tracts are excellent, and we hope that the foes of tobacco will see that they are circulated. They can be obtained of Mr. T. at Fitchburg, Mass. through the mail. The benevolent would do well to distribute them freely to scholars in our schools. These tracts are suitably illustrated by wood cuts.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington St. Boston, the following pieces :—

1. *Luleana*. Song, by L. V. H. Crosby.
2. *Music of the Mill*. Ballad, by C. W. Glover.
3. *Our native land—Our happy land*. A new patriotic song ; to the American people, by F. Pannell.
4. *Pas Espagnol*. Piano, by G. W. Stratton.
5. *Our American Cousin*. Polka, by A Newman.
6. *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, by Mrs. W. H. Owen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED. "Woman's Mission"—"It was her request"—"I will switch up your comfort"—"Conversation as becometh Children of God"—"A Chapter about Sunbeams"—"The Best Gift"—"Self-Denial"—"Lines on seeing a Beggar"—"The Sphere of Woman"—"The Burnt Grass"—"The Psalms"—"Home without a Mother"—and several articles from THE INVALID. "How Children should keep the Sabbath."—"Visit to the Dead Sea."—"Rambles in Samaria."—"Sabbath in Quarantine."—"A Survivor of the Central America."—"My Bird of Morning."—"The Old Church."—"Watch."—"A Sketch."





THE CALL OF SAMUEL



SONG. THE ROSES.

WORDS BY MONTGOMERY.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY L. MARSHALL

Larghetto.

1. Two Ro - ses on one slen - der stem, In
2. Through clouds and sun - shine, storms and showers, They

sweet communion grew, To - gether hail'd the morn - ing ray, And
open'd in - to bloom, Mingling their fo - liage and their flowers, Their

drank... the eve - - ning dew, While
beau - - ty and per - - fume, While

sweet - ly wreath'd in mos - sy green, There sprang a lit - tle bud be -
fos - ter'd on its ris - ing stem, The bud be - came a pur - ple

f p f p f p f p

THE ROSES, Continued.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'tween, gem, There sprang a lit - tle bud be -' and continues with 'The bud be - came a pur - ple'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with 'tween. gem.' and the piano accompaniment. The score is written in a common time signature and uses a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

- 3 But soon their summer splendor pass'd,
They faded in the wind;
Yet were these Roses, to the last
The loveliest of their kind—
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.
- 4 When thus were all their honors shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brightened as the morn,
From morn to sunrise glows;
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.
- 5 My friends in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin Roses spend your time,
Life's little less'ning space;
Then be your breast as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.
- 6 And in the infant bud that blows,
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a Rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair and more fair as you decline;
- 7 Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amid the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

FROM "THE ROSE," BY MONTGOMERY

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XIX.

THE CHILD OF PROVIDENCE.

EDITORIAL.

IN another paper, we spoke of parental efforts in training children for the Lord. In this we bespeak attention to the manner in which God marks children for his service, and calls them to it. His agency in qualifying the young for extensive usefulness in his cause, is often very striking and clear. It was so in the case of Samuel. His mother was a holy woman, and laid him on the altar of the Lord at his birth. With a grateful heart she acknowledged the Divine hand in the gift of the child, and gladly gave him to the Lord in her heart. "And she said, Oh, my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee, here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; Therefore also, I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." This was the fulfilment of the pledge she made at his birth, consummated before Eli, in "the house of the Lord in Shiloh." Subsequently he was formally called by the Lord, as we read in the following record: "Then the Lord called Samuel; and he answered, Here am I. And he ran unto Eli and said, Here am I, [as seen in the engraving] for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son: lie down again. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called

Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go lie down, and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, speak, for thy servant heareth." Here was a very direct agency of God in calling Samuel to the sacred office that he filled. Yet it is scarcely more direct than divine agency is very often in preparing the young for usefulness. We can see how everything was arranged even back to the love and marriage of Hannah and Elkanah, his parents, to raise up one who should render eminent service to the church. In the character and devotion of his mother, in the time and place of his birth, in his natural endowments and education, we discover the Divine hand pointing to the sphere of duty upon which he afterwards entered. We cannot doubt that God raised him up on purpose to fill the place that he did; and it is a forcible illustration of the poet's lines —

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

It is evident, also, that his mother was more faithful and solicitous about his education, in consequence of the views which she entertained concerning Providence. This would be natural. The more any parent realizes that God may have an agency in the birth and culture of his child, the more anxious he will be to see him occupy the right post in mature years. Everything pertaining to his discipline and preparation derives importance from the fact that God may design him for a particular field of influence. It is a thought which too seldom claims our attention, although Christian people are generally correct in theory upon the subject. "Man purposes, God disposes," is a maxim which they believe; and they admit that it relates to their children as really as to other things, yet it is too often forgotten.

How prominent is this truth made in the Scriptures — that Divine Providence has to do with the rearing of children for certain spheres of duty! When God wanted a leader for Israel he went into a secluded family, and took their new-born babe. The whole

history of Moses, back to the cruel decree of Pharaoh, that doomed the male children to death, shows that God ordered his steps. "Man's heart deviseth his way but the Lord directeth his steps." If the tender mother had actually known what the sublime career of her little son would be, she would not have prepared the ark of rushes with any more care and feeling than she did. She appears to have done just the necessary thing for his preservation. It was timely. It was a wise act. And then, too, never did a babe cry so opportunely as he, when the daughter of Pharaoh looked upon him in his curious cradle. It was the right kind of a cry, also, to touch the maiden's heart. Some cries would have decided her to cast the irritable thing into the river. But Moses' cry was just long, loud and deep enough, to move her woman's soul. It determined her course. Her father's decree to the contrary, notwithstanding, she resolved to spare the dark haired boy. Israel had reason to bless the Lord ever after, that he made babies so that they could cry. If God had anything to do with the raising up of this gifted leader, then he must have ordered the baby's crying as really as its ruling in manhood. Though a little affair to human view, and a very common one, as every father and mother of three or four children can testify, the preservation of Moses depended very much upon it. In like manner, every other event of his early and later life is full of God, as we view them from this stand-point of time, and they all together show that he was made to occupy the place that he did. Divine agency is even more conspicuous than the parental, in conducting his steps upward from youth to manhood. He was eminently a child of Providence.

The case of Moses is a familiar one, and for this reason we cite it. Others are equally striking, and scarcely any character can be found upon the sacred page, in the formation of which God's directing wisdom and counsel cannot be clearly seen. Nor is this a fact of sacred history alone; it is equally true of profane history. It is not more evident to us now, that Providence reared Moses to be the leader of Israel, than that he caused Washington to be the "Father of his country." Go back to the home of his childhood, and see what a mother he had, and how well suited were the circumstances in which his early life was developed, to make him the great and good man that he was. Even the grand

scenery of nature around the spot of his birth, was suited to impress an intelligent and observing boy, and call forth the powers of his soul in a nobler development. But his mother, particularly, was remarkably qualified to train such a child. Some mothers could not have made a Washington out of such a boy, noble as he was. They would have spoiled him for such public service as he was called to render to his country. But the mother which he had was just the one he needed to guide and counsel him, and the affections of his young heart twined around hers none too closely. He loved her with a tenderness and devotion almost unequalled; and this turned him from the life of a sailor. For, at one time, he was bent upon a sea-faring life. He could hardly be denied the privilege of entering upon this perilous pursuit. It was a sore grief to his mother, though she finally gave her consent reluctantly and with tears. Arrangements were made for his departure, and his clothes were packed, and a man had called to take his trunk. His mother's sorrow was so great, that even then, he relinquished the idea of going to sea, saying, "*I will not break my mother's heart.*" But for that ardent affection which he cherished for his faithful parent, he might have become a sailor instead of a statesman. In these things of his early life, and many more unnamed, we see how God ordered events to make him the man for his country and his times. And this superintending Providence is seen all along his career in manhood. Often he was in the thickest dangers, where others fell around him, but he was spared. Sometimes he was in the range and reach of his enemies, but some unseen power or influence withheld them from making a deadly shot. We cannot account for his many deliverances except on the ground that he was a child of Providence.

Previous to the great Reformation, gross moral darkness prevailed, and it grew denser and denser. To scatter it, and deliver the groping multitudes from their almost hopeless state, required the leadership of a fearless, strong, and peculiar man, and God had one already trained for the glorious work. There lived a poor "miner of Mansfield," to whom was born a beautiful and promising son. The humble but pious parents dedicated him at once to God, and early taught him of the Saviour, and the Christian virtues. He was a resolute and earnest little fellow, so that

his father had to practice some severity to bow his stubborn will. His more indulgent mother often pressed him to her bosom with tears, after his father had visited him with those chastisements which she characterized as "too severe." When he was old enough to attend school, he found his teachers equally rigid. One of them "flogged him fifteen times in one day." Still later in life, after he went to Magdeburg, to be educated in the school of the Franciscans, his experience was very trying. He was poor and needy, and often wanted for bread to eat. He was compelled to sing in the streets to obtain a supply of his daily necessities. Not unfrequently he was repulsed from the houses at which he called, and sometimes he received much abuse. In this way Luther was disciplined in his boyhood and youth to be the great Reformer. If a lad of his resolute will and decision had been indulged, or even treated with moderate leniency, it would have ruined him for any sphere of usefulness. But God gave him a stern father and equally stern teachers, that his bold, rash, and indomitable spirit might be held in with bit and bridle. It was necessary that he should have such a spirit, otherwise he would not have been qualified for such a stupendous work as that of the Reformation. So it was necessary that such a spirit should have the right kind of governors and educators, and God gave both of them to Luther. With these early restraints and appliances the Lord saw that he might raise up an agent who would fear neither pope nor cardinal, and go to the city of Worms when summoned, though as "*many devils should meet him as there were tiles on the houses.*"

But such a man as Luther would be likely to be harsh and imprudent sometimes, unless checked by the presence of milder and more careful spirits. So the Lord reared, at the same time, another boy of the opposite character. It was Phillip Melancthon, who was "as remarkable for calmness, prudence and gentleness, as Luther was for wisdom, impetuosity, and energy." His parents were in humble circumstances, but good. His father was accustomed to rise at midnight and offer prayer upon his knees, and when he did, before Phillip's eleventh birth-day, he said to him, "Let the Lord always be before you. I foresee that stormy times are at hand. I have witnessed great things, but there are greater still in preparation. God preserve and guide you, my son." He spoke as one of the prophets of old, and who can

doubt that God was there? The early loss of his father reveals the Divine hand in Phillip's life, for this event brought him under the care of his grand-father, who immediately decided to educate him. But for this early affliction, he might not have been qualified intellectually, to act the part he did in the Reformation. Suffice it to say, that he became in due time, a co-laborer with Luther, and acted a noble part for the Church. We think that Luther would not have brought about the Reformation without the aid of Melancthon, and we know that Melancthon could not have done it without the aid of Luther. Both were indispensable agents in that moral revolution.

Here, then, were two families into which the Lord went to rear champions of the truth. His agency in qualifying Moses for his work, was not more clear than it was in preparing Luther and Melancthon to labor together in the darkest hour the church ever saw.

In like manner, we might refer to the life of Wesley, who was providentially saved from death by fire, when he was a child, and upon whom maternal influence and surrounding circumstances, made just the needful impressions; to John Newton, whose early Christian culture was not lost, though it seems to have been long buried, and who was almost miraculously saved from death at three different times, in riper years, was evidently spared to do a work for which God brought him into this world; and to many others who have exerted a powerful influence upon the destinies of mankind. But we have said enough to illustrate the important and pleasant truth, that God has an agency in rearing children for eminent usefulness in the earth. It is true, not only of the service of Christ, but also of secular pursuits and enterprises.

Here, then, is an important truth for parents to consider. If God may have an agent of great power and extensive influence rearing in their families, it is worth while for them to think of it. If some infant Moses, Luther, or Melancthon be there, it is no trivial affair. Of course, they cannot know it, but it will be of service to them to ask, if it may not possibly be so? They certainly may know that God actually watches over and cares for every child, though only here and there one is designed for posts of high distinction. An age or nation requires but one, two or three Luthers or Washingtons, so that only a few families can furnish the leading spirits of a century.

But, since we know not which those families are, may it not be profitable for parents to ask, whether the chosen vessels are not found at their own firesides? This will lead to keener observation concerning the fitness of sons and daughters for certain spheres of effort. A knowledge of their natural endowments, as well as of their particular tact, will help them to perceive what is the Divine will about the vocation they should follow. It is a subject that receives too little attention. Parents are too likely to consult only their own wishes in regard to the calling a son should follow; and too often their own wishes are determined by some such trifle as honor or wealth. They choose for them such vocations as they think are *honorable*, in the most miserable sense of the term, or such as will lead to great affluence. For this reason some branches of business are over-crowded with aspirants for renown and riches, while others suffer for want of friends. Many poor, unsuccessful merchants are made of young men who might have made good farmers, and many bad farmers are made of those who might have prospered in traffic. No doubt, also, that some parents have desired their sons to be ministers, mostly on account of the respect which is shown to the sacred office. So they have spoiled a good mechanic sometimes to make a very ordinary preacher; though, perhaps, a noble preacher has been spoiled as frequently to make a bungling mechanic.

It is believed that parents often plan and execute for their children in opposition to Providence. History furnishes us with such facts as the following: The father of Sir Humphrey Davy was very anxious, for some reason, that he should become a surgeon. Before the boy was really old enough to decide what vocation he would like to follow, his father placed him under the care of an apothecary and surgeon to be educated. But he had so little interest in the profession, that he was very indifferent to his instructor's lessons, and finally was sent home. At the same time however, the surgeon acquainted Humphrey's father with the fact that he had exhibited marked taste and tact for philosophy, in some experiments which he had performed with old bottles and iron kettles. Still, the father was determined to make a surgeon of him, and he sent him to another surgeon, who was no more successful in teaching his young pupil. At the second place, too, he manifested much interest in philosophical experiments, having

no other apparatus for experiments, than such as his ingenuity could manufacture out of vials, bottles, pans, &c. Suffice to say, that young Davy started off upon the career which gave him world-wide fame, when his father meant, all the while, he should be a surgeon. It is very clear that his father was blind to the bent of his genius, and consulted only his own wishes in the pursuit he meant his son should follow.

There is now living a New England clergyman, whose father did not intend that he should be a minister of the gospel. In the first place, he expected to make a farmer of him, and tried hard to accomplish his purpose. Finding that he was indifferent to that, and that all the while he loved his books more than tilling the soil, he resolved to make a carpenter of him. He devoted himself to this trade with some more interest, and made considerable progress, but still employed his leisure time in pouring over books. Some four years were spent in this business, until he became of age, at which time he relinquished it to prepare himself for the ministry. He worked his way into the sacred office, and has been a talented, beloved, and very useful preacher. Now, his father might have seen the indications of Providence, if he had been disposed, in the many qualifications of his son for the ministry. He possessed endowments and acquisitions, that fitted him, both in head and heart, for usefulness in the pastoral relation. But the father thought nothing of the hand of God in his history, and cared as little. And this is an illustration of what often occurs in the choice parents make for their children.

So far as the pastoral office is concerned, Christian parents need not be much perplexed generally to know the will of God concerning a son. The necessary qualifications are such, natural and acquired, mental and spiritual, that their absence ought to be sufficient to show that God does not intend such youth should officiate in his holy temple.

But every father and mother should feel that, at their own hearth-stone, there may be a child of Providence, whom God is raising up to render important service to the human family. None are too obscure and lowly, too poor and neglected, to indulge such reflections. For many of the most efficient agents in the cause of truth have been called to the work from the humblest families. May not God do the same again?

LEARNING OF A CHILD TO GOVERN.

EDITORIAL.

THE other day a father drove up to a neighbor's house, and while he was talking, he allowed his little boy, two-and-a-half years old, to alight from the carriage and run about with two or three other children in the street. The child had such a good time that, when his father called him, he did not wish to go ; so he shook his head, and did not move an inch. His father bade him come again, to which he replied "*ugh*," with a shake of the head, all of which indicated that he was fully decided to have his own way. Had the father scolded him outright, and alighted from the carriage to compel him to obey, the little fellow would probably have scampered away as fast as possible. Instead of doing this, however, the father resorted to this expedient. Leaning forward, and pointing to the step of the carriage, "Come," said he, "and put your foot on the step as father does, and get right in." It was a new and pleasant idea to the child, and at once he left his plays, ran to the carriage, when the father added, "Take hold of my hand and put your little foot on the step, and you will get in." With great delight he obeyed, and was soon on the seat prattling over the wonderful feat he had performed.

Two things probably influenced the child to obey. The first was *novelty*. It was a new thing to get into a vehicle this way, and children as well as their parents are fond of new things. He had always been taken up and put on the seat, as other packages not human are disposed of, only with additional care ; and it was a great rarity to ascend some other way.

The second thing that influenced him was, doubtless, *to do what older people do*. This is characteristic of children. They desire to do as their fathers and mothers, or older brothers and sisters, do. If it be the lifting of a basket of wood, or moving a wheelbarrow load of dirt or stones, the boy of two, three, or four years will want to try. It is of little use to tell him that he cannot do it. The experiment only will convince him. This child had seen others get into the carriage readily, and it was a treat for him to do the same.

That father might have easily had trouble with his boy. If he had spoken sternly to him, and proceeded to take him to the carriage by force, a race of a rod, more or less, before he overtook

him, would have been the consequence, and screaming and kicking would have followed enough to satisfy all beholders. Perhaps the climax of the affair would have been — a whipping. How much better it was both for the father and child, that another way of securing obedience was adopted in those circumstances. We say, in those circumstances, because this expedient might have failed in others.

It is important for parents to remember the considerations that evidently influenced the boy in this instance. It may be of service to them frequently in dispensing frowns from the brow of childhood without the use of the rod. They have all noticed how the mention of any thing new and interesting has often turned the fretfulness and stubbornness of a child to smiles and docility. Perhaps a child, two or three years old, is crying lustily, because something is denied him; and his mother says, "Oh, Charlie, come here and see the chickens," at the same time giving him a place at the window to see the chickens in the yard. Or a horse, if passing by when the disorder and crying begin, and she says, "See that horse, Charlie, how fast he goes," placing him at the window to see. In this way his mind is diverted from his trials, and what might otherwise terminate in scolding and punishment, is turned to smiles and peace. Often the proposal of some new play, or calling the attention in a new way to an old toy, will accomplish the object desired. Where this can be done, it is preferable to severity of manners or treatment. The diversion of a child's attention from the thing that is a trial, or occasion of stubbornness, at the time, has often accomplished more than the fiercest look, or the most imposing rod.



MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss
Will bend their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH &c.

NO. IX.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, A. M., M. D.

EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.

Exercise for very young children — Not sit very young — Not lifted by the arms — Crying a healthy exercise — Allowed to run when able — Schools for young children destructive to health and life — Over tasking the mind — Cause of spinal disease in young ladies — Too many studies in our schools — Every school should have a Gymnasium.

SOME degree of exercise is absolutely necessary from the earliest period of childhood. Being carried in the nurse's arms is good exercise for an infant. Nurses, sometimes, while dressing infants are in the habit of rubbing them with their hands. This seems to be agreeable, and is useful, as it tends to promote the circulation of the blood. It is one kind of exercise.

In holding, or carrying an infant, the nurse should always remember the delicate and feeble organization of its bones and muscles, as it is entirely unable to sustain any weight or pressure. The bones are only in the gristle.

A child ought never to be placed in a sitting posture during the first four or five months. He should never be lifted by the arms. The shape of its chest, or any of its muscles, or bones may be essentially altered by any unnatural pressure. As the child advances in age, it may be handled with less care, and even tossed up and down. When it is able to sit, it should be placed upon the carpet with some playthings around it, and it will then exercise itself.

As to the time of the child's walking, it should be left chiefly to nature. Some children are able to walk much earlier than others, as they are, some stronger, some weaker, by natural constitution.

Even the crying of the child, so unpleasant to the nurse, and grating to the ear of the mother, is, nevertheless, generally a healthy exercise. It aids in expanding the lungs and developing the muscles of its little body, as the shaking of the young tree by the wind tends to strike deeper its roots in the earth and thus give to it a more vigorous growth. There is an old proverb that, "the child that never cries is a fool;" but however this may be, it may be safely said, that the child which never cries is seldom healthy.

When old enough to use its legs and hands, a child, if not restrained, evinces the law of its Creator, as though visibly stamped upon it by keeping, during its waking hours, almost in perpetual motion. This law is, that it was made to be active.

Now it is that the time of its martyrdom has come. The law says, and school committees say, at the age of four years it may be sent to the public school. They ought to say, it *shall not* be sent to the public, nor any other school, at such an age. I mean not to any, as our schools are usually conducted. It should not be sent at this age where it will be prohibited from exercising freely its hands and its feet, and from filling its lungs with pure air. To take such a child, full of life and a desire of motion — overflowing, if you please, with exuberance of Spirit — and confine it six hours a day, compelling it to sit still upon a wooden bench or chair, pinching its ears, pulling its hair, or switching its legs, when it moves or stirs, and all this, in an impure atmosphere, is a servitude more severe than Pharaoh ever inflicted upon the ‘children of Israel.’ Still, this is but what we have seen. Well do we remember, when the children of this age were compelled to sit upon a wooden bench, with no support for their backs, directly around an iron stove, which, sufficiently to warm those who were in other parts of the room, must be heated hot enough, to render the atmosphere where the younger ones sat, at least 90 degrees. But for the cooling, evaporating process of perspiration, wisely ordained by the Creator, which was, indeed, *sensible*, as it distilled and ran down their little faces in drops, they would have been roasted. As it was, their hair was twisted into knotted curls, as in the fable, when Phœbus drove the chariot of the sun over Africa and brought that flaming orb too near the earth, it crisped the hair of all her children.

The cruel custom of sending children to school, (and it may be added, to many such schools, as above described) is still followed in this later half of the nineteenth century ; and this is called *education*. It is education with a vengeance—educating them for an early grave ; or for a miserable life of nervous irritation and broken constitution.

To augment the evil, or rather legion of evils, which cluster around such a course ; as the child advances in years, an undue stimulus is applied to the mind, by both rewards and punishments, to hasten on the work of bodily destruction. When the work is

done, and nature flags, and droops, and the poor victim dies, every body wonders that such a sprightly, bright and lovely child so forward, should be so suddenly taken away. It was a mysterious Providence. "So they wrap it up." Rather say, it was murder, abating the malice aforethought, only. Teachers, parents, ministers, all mourn — all are astonished — all wonder. Hundreds of children die every year in this city, in other cities and towns in this Commonwealth, from these causes. Still, the evil continues; and, instead of being lessened, increases with every growing generation.

The same detestable practice of overtaking the mind, and undertasking, or neglecting the body, continues with children of a larger growth through all our systems of education in schools, academies, colleges and seminaries.

We may speak, but it is to little purpose. We may raise a warning voice, but it is "like beating the air."

A physician in New York, recently expressed his belief that two thirds of the ladies in that great metropolis were subject to spinal curvature. The cause, he said, was mainly, that "American ladies were strangers to physical exercise." New York is not an exception, as it respects this matter. A very similar opinion has been expressed by one of the oldest physicians of Boston, and by one, too, who has had ample means of "knowing whereof he affirms."

This generally arises from muscular weakness, induced by sitting at school in a bad position and from neglect of physical exercise. In addition to these two causes, which alone are amply sufficient to produce the very undesirable, not to say destructive effect, when at school, the mind is over stimulated, rather *crammed* with at least half-a-dozen, (I have known *ten*,) different studies, in order that they might finish their education within a prescribed period of time. They do *finish* their education soon, because bodily strength fails, and they can do no more. Such is the rueful course of multitudes in young ladies. "We speak that we do know," and have had ocular demonstration of in many patients who have come to us, or whom we have been called to prescribe for, at their homes. So destructive to health has this course of training become to the young, that the writer, as a medical man, has been led to the general oversight, (so far as physical management

and health are concerned) of a school, in which mental pressure and physical neglect, he hopes, will be forever banished.

There should never be a school, male or female, without a gymnasium, and the benevolent individual who recently made a donation to Harvard College to found such an institution, is worthy of all praise. But girls, generally, suffer more for the want of exercise, than boys, because the latter, when out of doors, will run and put forth feats of strength which the former seldom do. Besides, disuse of the physical organs soon induces a disposition to neglect continually their exercise. This evil "grows with their growth, and strength," with their increasing physical weakness.

But lately, we visited one of the large public schools for girls in this city. It was the time of recess, and the teacher was exhorting (to his commendation let it be said) a number of pale faced, woe-begone girls, (though doubtless among those called the best pupils) to go from their seats, where they were inclined to stay, to the sports which others were enjoying. We added our moiety of similar advice to that of the worthy instructor.

I LOVE THE BRIGHT SUMMER.

BY THE INVALID.

I LOVE the bright summer,
 With roses so fair,
 Exhaling their fragrance
 Upon the soft air;
 I love the sweet chorus
 Which wakes me at morn,
 And all the fair beauties
 Which Nature adorn.

I love the bright summer,
 With emerald hue,
 All sparkling at morning
 Like jasper, with dew;
 I love the clear streamlet,
 Which winds through the vale,
 Reflecting the sunbeams
 And moonlight so pale.

I love the bright summer!
 The sweet, new-mown hay;
 The sight of the reapers,
 Thro' the long, busy day,
 To me are more pleasant
 And dearer, than all
 The scenes of the city,
 Which many enthrall.

I love the bright summer!
 'Tis a type of the clime
 Where beauty is blooming,
 Beyond earthly time;
 The glorious Canaan
 Of that heavenly shore
 Where 'tis summer forever,
 And storms are no more.

AUNT HANNAH.

BY MARY H. SAFFORD.

"Times ain't as they used to be!" And good Aunt Hannah smoothed down her spotless apron, wiped her glasses, and settled herself to her knitting-work, with a long sigh, "sacred to the memory" of "when I was a girl." Rose Martyn went out, singing a snatch of a gay air which she had heard at last night's opera, and thinking the while, that "it was quite *too* bad, that fussy 'old Aunt Hannah, must needs come, right in the midst of everything!" For this woman was old fashioned now; she had such queer ideas of things, and she would "speak out her mind," and she was so very unswerving in her notions of "duty" and "right," that pretty Rose Martyn and her mother, mentally wished Aunt Hannah in Cochinchina. They never could present her to their fashionable friends, everybody in "their set" would forsake them if they knew this George Martyn's own Aunt was such a queer old body. The trouble was, Aunt Hannah was a person whom they could not well afford to slight. Every speech of the old lady's, while it gave them the horrors if any of their acquaintances were present, was straightly mollified by the ever present recollection of certain landed property, bank stocks, and certificates of railroad shares. If she had been poor they would never have tolerated her a day, but now they told their callers in anxious *asides* that Mrs. Laurens was "eccentric," BUT very wealthy. To be sure Aunt Hannah had a standing invitation to come to Boston, renewed every year, when the Martyn family, all except the father, went up in the country to spend the hot weather on "the old place," but her last visit to the city was made five years ago, when the Martyns were in humbler circumstances, but since they had grown rich they never thought of a visit from Aunt Hannah. She had come now, Mrs. Martyn said, in the very worst time; Rose was to be married at Christmas, and there was to be all the display possible, and Mrs. Laurens hated everything of the kind. But as she sagely observed to her daughter, "If Aunt gets put out about anything, she will give all she has to cousin John."

* * * * *

Aunt Hannah fell to dreaming of old times as she sat there

alone ; and very pleasant was the memory of the first years of her wedded life, but she sighed again as thought travelled on to the death of her youngest born. Then she went over the great sorrow of her existence, the sorrow which had dimmed her eyes, and streaked her hair, when she was in the prime of life. Her life was desolate now, desolate enough ! Her children were all gone, they slept beside their father in the old burying ground "up home." Sorely she had felt her loss from its first hour, and as she drew nearer the evening of life, the want, the void seemed greater. The cheering voice she loved so well was silent, the warm clasping of hands which would fain have led her over life's ways.—Ah ! they were folded softly over a stilled heart, a faithful loving heart. Fears had gone — Aunt Hannah was sixty-three, and William Laurens was but forty when he died — but she wept now as a very child over those dreary memories. Bleak and desolate as the ways of life had been to her, Aunt Hannah had led a cheerful life ; and she said now, half in self condemnation for this grief, "All these years God has been my friend."

* * * * *

Rose Martyn brought her work into the morning room where sat Mrs. Laurens, for her mother told her she must entertain her.

"Let me see ! It is only six weeks to the wedding, I believe."

"Just that, Aunt. My days of freedom are about over. I wonder if I shall like being "Mrs. Sudbury." "It seems so strange !"

"Well, Rose, you ought to know best yourself, if you will like it. I hope you've looked the matter all over ?"

"Why — yes ! I can't dress half as well as I would like to now, and I like Horace, and he declares he couldn't live without me, and mother thinks it is a good match, and so what is there to find fault about ?"

"So is it a matter of convenience after all." But I don't see how you will get the money to dress any better, unless you marry the man of gold, and one thing you may depend on, you will have to give up running about so much nights. It's either a concert or the theatre, or a dance most every evening."

"Oh, you don't know how we live down here. I shall go out more, and dress better."

"Then where will the housework come from ?"

"I rather think my servants will see to *that*."

"The *servants* ! Oh, I didn't know as you could afford to keep 'help.' Small beginnings you know."

"Really ! Aunt Hannah. If Horace wants a wife to do the work only, he might as well go to the nearest Intelligence office and secure the first Biddy that is after a "place." I should *despise* him, if I thought he would propose such a thing, and if I get along without a housekeeper I shall do well !"

"Your mother began life in two rooms," said Aunt Hannah very slowly. "One she done the work in, the other was a sleeping room."

An angry red spot glowed in Rose Martyn's cheek. "It makes no difference to *me* what mother used to do : I have a position to maintain, and shall have to receive company in good style, and all that."

"You will first have to *secure* a position as a kind, faithful wife, and you have a duty to perform in regard to your help, too. Mr. Sudbury is a clerk now, and there is an old saying you will do well to remember, that you must "cut the coat according to the cloth." Make your expenses tally with what you can afford. I suppose you *can* do housework — you ought to know how if you are to be married."

"You mean to be certain I am a good maid of all work. If I *can* do housework I don't see as it makes any difference if I hire mine done."

You will know if you are imposed upon, which not one woman of a dozen does know. There's your cooking ; you can't shirk *that*, do you understand it ?"

"I understand that I shall never scorch my face over a cooking stove for anybody."

"You are going to make a drone bee, then."

"There is always plenty to do if one is in society. Calls, and shopping, and parties and concerts, and those things, and I shall take lessons on the harp as soon as I am well settled."

"If you were *my* daughter, I should let you take lessons in the kitchen, one year. You are going right straight into trouble."

"But, Auntie, girls are not expected to do their work now-a-days."

"It would be better if they were, then. A girl has no moral right to be married unless she is fully acquainted with all the duties in a family. Then if she can afford to hire a girl, why it

is perfectly right that she should, and if she is not able to hire, she can get along cheaper, better, and be happier. If a man is rich to-day he may be poor to-morrow. What would become of this pouting Miss, if Mr. Sudbury should fail in a year or two, allowing he ever gets into business," and Aunt Hannah pointed straight at Rose with her knitting needles.

"I don't believe in borrowing trouble. It is neither common sense nor gospel."

"I agree with you, Rose, but I believe in making a reasonable provision for the future. No clerk's salary will admit of two girls; and if you don't *begin* now to lay up something you never will."

"I didn't know as saving money was the 'chief end of man,' before."

"There is a great deal besides that you don't know. The education of girls now-a-days is a miserable sham. They are married without the first idea of what is or should be expected of them. I should think many girls were not accounted rational, accountable beings, the way they are led into folly by those who know better."

"Well, who is to blame?"

"Parents in the first place; but after a girl gets to be a *young lady* she ought to be ashamed to own her ignorance. Yet I have many a time heard girls, and married women too, boast how little they knew about housework. It is positively disgraceful."

"Well, I have had lecturing enough for one day Aunty, so I'm going off. Rose was too thoroughly vexed to have any respect for Aunty's money-bags now, so she had not scrupled to be as impolite as she liked.

Mrs. Laurens proposed the next day to return to her home and take Rose and teach her housekeeping, thus deferring the marriage till Spring. But Rose declared very shortly she should do no such thing, and pretty broadly hinted that "Aunty" had better mind her own business.

So there the matter rested.

After her visit was over, Aunt Hannah went to a distant quarter of the city to see her nephew John Harrison. She had a warm welcome, and knew it was sincere. Before she had been many days in the house, she discovered that Ellen, the second daughter, had lost all her old cheerfulness, and after a while it came out that she was so sad because she had been obliged to leave school, where she was trying very hard to fit herself for a

teacher. Aunt Hannah said this should be so no longer, and she accordingly provided the grateful girl with ample means to finish the projected terms at school.

* * * * *

A few months after her marriage Mrs. Sudbury received a letter from Aunt Hannah. She had come to the usual fortune of ignorant girls, who take upon themselves the duties of a wife without either ability or disposition to discharge them. She was peevish and miserable, and Mr. Sudbury was not far from the same state. When the letter was handed her, Rose hoped "Aunt" had forgotten her ill nature, and that she was going to help her out after all. But, her chagrin and disappointment were complete, when, towards the close of the letter she read, "I intended to furnish your outfit when you were married myself, but I saw enough to convince me that you had no desire to be any better than you were. I found your cousin Ellen Harrison a sensible girl, not too old to treat her father and mother, and even Aunt Hannah, with respect, nor too young to learn all that it should be a woman's pride to know. I shall give to her what I intended to divide between you, and would recommend you to cultivate her acquaintance."

So ended Mrs. Sudbury's designs on Aunt's fortune.



HOW TO LIVE LIFE OVER AGAIN.

BY REV. JOHN DWIGHT.

It is not uncommon for persons of a reflective and conscientious mind, to become dissatisfied with their past lives, and to feel a wish, and perhaps express it, that, if it were possible, they would like to live their lives over again—not the *same* life but an *improved* one: They mourn over the thoughtlessness of their youth, reprove the thousand errors of judgment in mature life, and look upon the whole checquered and transient scene as a complete failure. All this, notwithstanding their sanguine anticipations and high aims, at each successive stage. Life now seems mainly passed, and its footsteps can never be retraced. All is beyond recall or remedy.

But there seems to be at least *one* class of persons, who are virtually an exception to this general rule. Those who sustain the *parental* relation—especially *Christian* parents. They may, with Divine help, lay up in their children a life nearly resembling that

which they wish had been their own. For by Divine appointment and actual requirement, parents *ought* to maintain almost absolute control over their offspring.

They are to teach them the Divine will when they sit in their house and when they walk by the way,—when they lie down and when they rise up,—to require and *constrain* them to live lives of virtue and usefulness. And no one else has this power and responsibility, nor is it *transferable* during the life and reason of the original incumbent. Here then is a peculiar and almost fearful advantage—a source of joyful encouragement to a mind who mourns over its own failings, but a truth of terrible import to the followers of Eli.

Now, Christian parent, what is the error we bewail in our own lives? Remember,—there are as many lives pending as the number of children whom God has committed to our trust. Let us see that no root of bitterness be transplanted from ours to theirs; it is enough that such an evil has *once* had a being. Let it be henceforth uprooted, and in its place let the plant of beauty and of glory flourish, which we would see thrive forever. Nay, let the very *fact* of our own failings become a means of tenfold vigilance and effort in respect to the forming characters under our control. Thus those painful evils which we so much deplore may become a means of good to which we should never, otherwise, have been so forcibly urged. Every tear may wash off a spreading stain, and every groan give birth to a future joy. Five children may, with help from on high, yet give us five delightful lives to live, and in imagination, as many happy deaths to die—followed with a corresponding degree of glory in a better world.

Daily then should we send back our thoughts over the ground of our past experience (however painful may be the task) that we may draw from them a stimulus for the future. The greater the deficiencies which we are compelled to see, the greater will be the diligence called for in supplying them in the lives we are about to present before the world, in our second selves. Have we been too selfish? Let it lead us to infuse into them the greater benevolence. Have our past views of life been erroneous? Then let this make sure of correct views in them. Was our early culture, mental or moral, made to suffer from neglect, and do we see the breach thus made upon life's great end? Let us hasten eagerly to repair it in them. In short, let us, as far as in us lies,

live in them the life which we wish had been our own. In this way, it may not be too late for us, even *now*, to live life over again, and to reap the blessedness of it hereafter.

MY LITTLE BIRD.

BY THE INVALID.

I HAD a bird of plumage fair,
A gentle little thing.
Just learning on the summer air,
To spread its golden wing.

A songster sweet was my dear bird,
Which often to my heart,
As I its rippling music heard,
Did purest joy impart.

And well the little warbler loved
To nestle on my breast,
As if it had the safety proved
Of that warm, quiet nest.

And often as I held it there,
(Nor dreamed that it could die,)
I thought that none so blessed were,
As my sweet bird and I.

For many a bright and happy day
I called the treasure mine,
While closely round my doating heart,
Did its endearments twine.

But one sad morn before it rose,
The pale Destroyer came;

And as I went to greet my bird,
And fondly breathed its name,

No strain of gentle melody
Was heard as I caressed;
Oh, then I knew that *never more*
'Twould nestle on my breast!

With anguish deep I made its grave
Beneath the grassy sod;
And still, e'en 'mid the raining tears,
My spirit kissed the rod.

I know 'twas well that thou, sweet bird,
Wast early torn from me,
For now, borne upward to the Lord,
Will my affections be.

And as within my heart I bear
The echoes of thy strain,
I bless the Hand which gives to me
Until we meet again,

A joyful hope, a title clear
To that celestial shore,
Where those who love shall never fear,
For *parting* is no more.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT, WITH PROMISE.

BY REV. S. S. GIDDINGS.

MORE than three thousand years ago, God published from flames of fire and smoke upon the mount, to be engraven on tablets of *stone*, and on the *more lasting monuments* of hearts and memories:—"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And He guarded this Divine law by that awful sanction, "And he that curseth his father or his mother shall surely be put to death."

And more than eighteen hundred years ago, the Lord Jesus Christ by his Divine authority re-enacted this law by a cutting rebuke of the Scribes and Pharisees, who by their traditions made of none effect the word of God teaching, "It is corban, that is to say a gift, by whatsoever thou be profitted, he shall be free."*

* Mark 7: 11. See Doddridge and Barnes on this passage.

But the race of the Scribes and Pharisees are not yet extinct. There are those, who by the "traditions" and principles which they teach, say "corban." Thus disregarding, in the social relations of life, the instructions of God, in the inspired teachings of his word.

We have fallen upon an age of great improvement; and some in their wisdom even fancy that they can improve upon Divine revelation itself. And although God has not only given from flames of fire this first commandment with promise, but added also a fearful sanction enforcing obedience to this law, "Honor thy father and thy mother," yet the improvers say, no! Obedience must not be enforced! An appeal to the sanction of the rod is not for a moment to be admitted.

Solomon was old fashioned, and his wisdom has become obsolete under modern improvements, and the hitherto undreamed of advances in modern society. True he said, and we were wont to call it inspired, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." And again, "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." But this is wisdom of by-gone generations: even older than that of Paul, so potent in most well regulated families conducing to order and happiness, yet by some disregarded (and by more in practice than in theory even.) "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ the church, and gave himself for it;" Again, "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife *see* that she reverence *her* husband." [But who would think of giving heed to such instructions, since the inspirations of modern women's rights and free love conventions have revealed so much larger liberty!] But Paul has a word of endorsement also, on this very command under consideration.

Hear him. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with promise,) That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." And truly, it would seem that this law was in perfect consonance, with the endearing natural relations of parent and child; and the deep feeling of interest and responsibility, of the one, to watch over and care for the interests of the other. And this responsibility implies the *right* and *duty*, of the parent to *secure* obedience from the child—to

secure the subordination of the inferior to the superior will. (For certainly according to the *order of nature*, the parents must be deemed the superior will.)

Yet in many households this law is practically at least discarded. There must be no appeal to sanctions, though countenanced and expressly taught by the *Inspired Word*. The child must not be punished. "Oh! it is *so brutal*. *So* derogatory to the dignity of a child to be whipped."

Noderogation to the little urchin's character to tell the too indulgent parent, "I will and I wont, you shall and you shant, etc. etc.," and in a fit of displeasure to throw himself upon the floor and roll and foam in his wrath and rage, till all are submissive to incipient "Young America's" will.

"O hemust be reasoned with, persuaded," (sugar plummed!) "into obedience." "My dear, what is the matter, that is not pretty — what will people think of you, come now be a good child and ma will try to find something for you don't Willie want some plumbs?"

You must convince the child's reason of the propriety of your command! *And is this the process?*

By no means would I discard reasoning and persuasion in the government of the child. They have their proper place, and so have sanctions. And the one should not exclude the other. The child should be permitted to understand the reasons, as a general rule, when of sufficiently matured understanding.

So should he know that God has ordained submission to the parents will. And this is the first lesson to be learned in submission; viz. Submission to the parents wish — because it is the parents wish — *because it is the parents will*.

The superior will should direct and *control* the inexperienced, undisciplined, undeveloped and inferior will. God has ordained that the creature will should be subservient to His superior will.

Now in the incipient development of this foundation principle in the government of moral beings, God has ordained that the will of the child should be subservient to the parents' will. Have parents — *Christian parents*, regarded this principle as in duty bound?

Is there not an unwarranted laxity in government in too many even Christian households at this day?

And may not a much lamented evil of the times, viz., a *ten-*

dency to scepticism, have had, if not its origin, its incipency of development in this want of patriarchal household authority?

It is sometimes said that scepticism is natural. Be it so. Does it not here begin its development?

The child questions, doubts the parent's wisdom and authority, begins to reason and evade authority when quite young. To the parents commands — why will not by and by; or that or the other way do just as well? Or in short why will not my way do as well as yours? The parent yields — until, by and by, the child thinks not of obeying, but of doing as he pleases, fearless of all consequences.

Follow this influence a little farther. Come to the word of God. Here are written God's commands — and fearful sanctions threaten disobedience to them. 'But I don't know' says the careless and now hardened heart; 'I have doubts about the truth of all this. I know we are taught that there is no other name given under heaven, or among men, whereby we may be saved, but that of Christ Jesus. But I do not see why some other way than this humbling doctrine of the cross — why my way will not do just as well as the Bible way.'

May not much of the scepticism of the age find its first outgrowth just at this point? Is not here a thought worthy of being seriously pondered by the *too* indulgent parent? By suffering the child to doubt and disregard your authority, are you not preparing the way for him to doubt and disregard the authority of God, and thus lose the soul forever?

Should this article lead a single *too indulgent* parent to reflection on this point, or draw out a fuller description from an abler pen, the writer will be amply rewarded.

—••—

MEMENTO.

My son, be this thy simple plan;
 Serve God and love thy fellow-man;
 Forget not in temptation's hour,
 That sin lends sorrow double power;
 Count life a stage upon thy way,
 And follow conscience, come what may,
 Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
 With hand and brow and bosom clear,
 "Fear God, and know no other fear."

A WISE VIEW OF THE PAST.

EDITORIAL.

A writer has said, "Some men glide among events like sand in a glass, bearing no trace of what they have passed through. They are no wiser for a hundred lessons, no more modest for a hundred failures, no more cautious for a hundred errors. Others pass through events like waters through the soil, carrying with them a tinge of all they traverse. On some life is lost; death alone can make them wiser. On others no event falls fruitless; there is for them an improvement and instruction in all things. To the unwise the past is an exploded match, that has flashed and missed, and is useless. To the wise the past is a steady light, shedding beams in the path of the future."

These are truthful words. A glance at the busy throng of men, in the thoroughfares of life, prove that thousands are no wiser nor better for having lived. The years, as they roll around, have neither voice nor language, lessons nor warnings, for them. They see no good therein. They hear no sound of Providence in the din of life. They feel no throb of joy that Jehovah reigns. The past is a blank leaf of Nature's volume, without a line to be read, or a character to be interpreted. Perhaps they have experienced similar joy and sorrow again and again, without so much as asking what it means, or whether it has any meaning at all. Disappointment succeeds disappointment, loss is added to loss, sickness to sickness, and death to death, and still they never learn. The dullest merchant was never half so dull in learning from his secular experience. The most stupid mechanic was never half so stupid in profiting by his success or failure. The most reckless speculator was never half so reckless of his interest and hopes.

Here we may learn from the conduct of successful men in the trades and professions. Wise men learn something every day to profit them in their secular pursuits. The wise statesman derives some of his most practical and valuable lessons from the rise and fall of nations. The wise laborer avails himself of all the improvements of past days, in connection with his particular handiwork, to aid him in his calling. The wise merchant, in seasons of financial pressure, reverts to other crises experienced long ago, to

enable him to control present adversity. Is it less important to view the Past with teachable spirits, in order to be qualified to live or die? When a fortune is sacrificed in a single day, shall man derive no other lesson from it than that of *greater shrewdness* in future? Or shall he rather learn that "riches make to themselves wings and fly away," and that the only durable riches are spiritual and eternal. When his thoughts turn backward, shall he recognize only good and bad luck, as the worldling calls it, or shall he see the footsteps of Jehovah, and learn that "He putteth down one and setteth up another?" When he recalls hours of bodily suffering, shall he behold only the dire disease that wasted away his strength, or perceive, with grateful heart, the Almighty arm that raised him up to health? When recollection is busy over the drooping form of a loved one who "has gone before," shall he think only of inexorable death, or shall his thoughts rise to the great God whose messenger death is? These are thoughts that wisdom bids us ponder.

In contrast with the thoughtless multitude who live but never learn, how beautiful the childlike faith of those righteous few, to whom the Past is replete with lessons from on high! To them every event and every moment of life has moral and spiritual significance. God is in all their experience. Their joys and their sorrows are alike ordered by Infinite Wisdom and Goodness. They see God in the minutest event as well as in the most important—in a cup of cold water and the gift of pardon. It is He who sends the ten thousand little comforts that make up life, as well as the great gush of joy that sometimes pours like a river through the soul. Nothing is too small for him to notice—nothing too great for him to give. Blessed Past to those children of faith and trust! There are Bethels, Zours, pillars of cloud and walls of fire, all along the track of years to remind them of the everlasting Guide, as oft as memory recalls the Past. Earthly possessions may have been scattered to the winds; earthly hopes may have perished like summer flowers; dear friends may have gone to the grave; and a thousand sad experiences may have marked the passing year; but it is all right, since every occurrence is a teacher of wisdom from Him who doest all things well. Blessed Past! we say again, to the trusting heart. Though worldly men may pronounce it worthless, the Christian cannot afford to live without its stern reality and friendly voice.

We might name some particular things which constitute a wise view of the Past ; but it is not necessary. If this general idea of a superintending Providence is allowed to give it character and importance it is enough. It will not be time lost. We may say, however, that a wise view of the past will magnify the claims of true religion. How different would have been the issues of last year if religion had wholly controlled its affairs ! What a different world this would have been ! What different neighborhoods we should have had ! Our families, too, what a happy change therein ! Half the troubles of life would have been spared, and the other half would have come as blessings in disguise. The evil spirit of discontent, which mingles wormwood in the cup of human happiness, would have been banished as an enemy and base intruder. The demon of fraud, ever busy in the din of traffic, would not have found a place for the sole of his foot. And tormenting fear, that wrings cries of agony from dying men, would have been a stranger at the portals of death. In the place of these moral monsters, content and rectitude, bright hope and sweet peace, would have dwelt in every habitation, spanning life with a bow of promise, and crowning death with immortal joys. Yes ! religion has been the great want of the past. The fact is recorded on every page of history—and he who runs may read.

THE BIBLE AND HOME.

BY REV. LEWIS SABIN.

THE Bible has a right to the place of honor amidst the felicities of a Christian Home. It is the beneficent source of those domestic virtues, which entitle the well-ordered homes of Christian lands to be considered as among the fairest scenes ever witnessed on the earth. It discloses to us the divine institution of the family. As soon as the present earth was provided with affluent materials for man's abode and subsistence, and man was placed upon it, the family institution was established and adapted to his social nature, full of keen perceptions and deep sympathies. In subsequent communications from heaven, the relations and duties of the different members of the household were defined by precept and example, till the instruction on this subject was complete. And now the word of God is the friend and guardian of the family, hallowing with divine sanctions its sacred ties, and pouring

blessed influences into all its social capacities. It should be held in profound respect in the family, and be honored with a conspicuous and commanding position, as the charter of its existence, and the light of its way.

The Bible in the Family—there it is a mute volume of heavenly wisdom, full of “words fitly spoken,” which are like golden apples embroidered upon a precious garment among picture work of silver. There it is, a family book, divinely provided and intended to form and perfect that domestic organization, and to develop the order and beauty of the whole by authoritative proscriptions for each member in his individual relations to the family, all being subordinated to Christ, the head. There it is from the bridal hour, which own its lasting sanctions, till the sundering of earthly ties by death has put in requisition the consolations of the gospel, such as no other book can afford. All along the intervening journey, it has benign lessons for each member of the household. It addresses husbands and wives, and enjoins that mutual love and honor, which gives unity to their counsels and confiding self-sacrifice for each other’s happiness. It addresses children; its prime command is “Honor thy father and thy mother,” “Children obey your parents in the Lord;”—“The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.” And then all its instructions and revelations of grace are powerful in their effectual working that, “Our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace;” and that they may become “wise unto salvation.” It addresses parents, and directs them to “bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” and to “teach all the words of this book diligently” to their children when sitting in the house and when walking by the way, in the morning and at the close of day. And there is a special commendation of parents, who use their proper authority in “commanding their children and their household after them that they may keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment.” It addresses masters, and servants without respect of persons. There are various ways in which persons may become connected with the household for purposes of service. The duty is enjoined upon them to render an obedient, meek, conscientious, respectful service, with fidelity and good will; while masters are,

with the same authority, required to "give unto their servants the things that are just and equal," and to treat them with forbearance, gentleness and kindness, knowing that they "also have a Master in heaven." Into all these relations of the domestic circle the word of God seeks to cast a purifying and regulating influence, that all the members may grow up unto perfect manhood, and the whole be like the "body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth." And all its teachings for the family, it accompanies and enforces with divine promises and the powerful motives of the judgment seat of Christ and eternal retributions. Who of us appreciate, as we ought, the Bible in our homes? What is the family without it?

The American Indian had a wigwam for a shelter, but not a home. The household of the ancient Roman was collectively termed a "family," but by this word was especially meant the body of slaves, of which there was often a large number; the wife was liable to be divorced at the slightest prompting of ambition, avarice, or illicit passion, and it was left to the arbitrary will of the father, whether to preserve his new-born child, or leave it to perish. The fountain of faithful affection was not opened in the households of polished Rome, unblest with the Bible. It is as much a characteristic of the heathen world now as in the time of the Apostle Paul, that they are "without natural affection." Witness the infanticide of pagan lands,—the abject and degraded condition of woman,—the cruel treatment of the aged, the sick and the infirm. Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." In modern times, France has repudiated the claims of the Bible, and spurned it with contempt; and it has been noted as a remarkable fact that France has not in her language a word for "home." She has many men of learning and of polished manners, but she has few habitations that deserve the name of "home" with its group of trusting, loving hearts and modest virtues. When men, in Christian lands, reject the Bible, and break loose from its authority, one of the dreadful fruits which commonly follow, is lowering the sanctity of the marriage union; trifling with the conjugal and parental relations. Thus we hear of some, who, discarding the word of life, would reorganize society, and plant, not little, peaceful, pure, affectionate families, but "communities," where the marriage bond has little sacredness, and where the natural affections are crushed out of the

hearts of parents and children. Others take up their pilgrimage to the city of the Mormon prophet, where polygamy stares unblazingly, and lust revels in unbridled indulgence. Others taking counsel with "familiar spirits," are beginning to proclaim a system of "free love," and "spiritual affinity," as superceding the sacred bond of marriage, and dissolving the domestic constitution into its original elements. In proportion as men break away from the Bible, they come to undervalue the marriage tie, and are unfitted to be husbands and fathers. When the conception of marriage is lowered, all the family affections, the proper dignity and honor of woman in the domestic circle, and the standard of morality must sink with it. Take away the Bible from the homes of our land, and all its conservative influences there, and ten thousand fire-side altars would become fountains of corruptions and send forth pestilential streams from ocean to ocean, productive of all the horrid sights and scenes of Mahomedan and Pagan countries.

Instead of this we find the Bible in the family, and it brings the blessings of God upon the members. It is like the ark of God which David carried aside on one occasion to the house of Obed-Edom the Gittite. The ark remained with the family of Obed-Edom three months. And we are told, "the Lord blessed Obed-Edom and all his household." The blessing was sent on account of the respect which he paid to the ark and the law of the Lord, which it contained. It was a manifest blessing seen and spoken of, and told to David as a well-known fact, that "the Lord had blessed the house of Obed-Edom, and all that pertained unto him, because of the ark of God." So the benediction of God rests upon the family that pays due respect to his holy word. The moral beauty and lovely virtues that thrive in households, irradiated by the gospel, reveal its presence and effect. Just as you can tell afar where the channel of the pure stream is by the smiling verdure and bloom that adorn its margin, stretching away through the parched hill-sides and valleys of the summer landscape. Conjugal fidelity strikes its deep roots silently beside the clear waters, gradually twining a dense network of love and life out of sight, and putting on outward greenness and unwonted clusters and fruit. Mutual affection and confidence between parents and children unfold, as roses of paradise, exhaling celestial

fragrance. And these you may behold, in perennial growth, a cheerful order, intelligence, truth, gentleness, reverence, and considerate, frugal, and industrious habits,—the Sabbath hallowed,—the sanctuary revered,—and the fear of God presiding over the whole.

It is not enough that the Bible is in the house; else we should be a nation of Christian families. It may lie upon the shelf, or be paraded in morocco extra and golden clasps upon the parlor table, and yet it will have no magic power in its presence to bless the family and form its members to a high destiny of purity, peace and brightest hopes. The treacherous husband may still wander from the hearthstone to seek for pleasure at other fountains, near by the gates of hell. The blight of intemperance may settle down on all the budding charities of the household. Discord, disorder, profaneness, and irregular passions may dwell there in unrestrained liberty. The parents may be worldly, unscrupulous, and adverse to the restraints of religion; and the children are likely to “take after” their father and mother, and so to grow up in insubordination, dissoluteness, and self-gratification, tending ever to habits of purient vice and a hopeless end. All the while the Bible is in the house, but it is neglected, and therefore it exerts no influence.

How is the Bible to be used in the family? To say that it should be read daily, with serious attention, by each member of the family, and be studied devoutly, is to give only a general and common-place answer. We do not begin to treat the Bible rightly till we allow it to become our light and our guide — until we let the Spirit of God write its divine statutes and teachings upon our hearts. Then it works out the purity of the family, perpetuates its happiness, and makes the Christian home more precious than all other earthly possessions — the delightful garden of the Lord, where the buds and blossoms of love, virtue, piety and hope promise good fruit for Church and State.

One may ask, “What must I do? how must I use the Bible in the family, in order to render my home thus a delightful sanctuary — an image of the better home in the skies?” Unquestionably the form of duty varies with the different positions of the members of the household. You may be the head of a family, whom God has appointed as its minister and priest, to offer its sacrifice and

teach his word to the different members of your family, and has given you authority to sustain you in this work. Read the Word of God at your family altar, with all those trusting hearts — children, clerks, apprentices, or workmen that pertain to your household,—gathered round you. Begin and close every day thus with God. You may be a subordinate member of the family, a child, a servant, a boarder, a transient sojourner within its gates. Reverence the domestic altar which God has as clearly revealed as his own appointment, as he has the more public worship of the sanctuary. Welcome that daily gathering of the family together for the devout reading of the Scriptures and listening to the counsels of heaven. Do not seek excuses for getting away. God has set you in the family, and let it not be your fault if they are not all of one heart and one soul in that service of devotion.

It is a becoming service for the family. They have daily duties of which they need to be admonished,—daily dangers and temptations against which they require to be warned,—daily benefits to be reminded of,—daily sins to be confessed,—daily concerns to be transacted with God and with one another, about which they need to be instructed. What more comely sight than a family reverently engaged in the devotional reading of the Word of God? The domestic training thereby secured to children is of incalculable value, leading to subordination, reverence, systematic habits, serious regard for religious things, and a conscientious life; and leaving precious impressions upon their hearts, which will endure as long as any memories last.

The beneficial influence which one may exert upon others in the family, by a conscientious and habitual reverence for the Bible, is greater than we are apt to suppose. Example is a quiet teacher. Here is a man who makes the word of God his daily counsellor and guide. Morning and evening he devoutly reads it with his family.

“ The cheerful supper done, wi’ serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o’er with patriarchal grace
The big ha’ Bible, ance his father’s pride.”

He is sure, at other hours of the day, to have recourse to that sacred volume, and he reads it not for speculation, ostentation of formality, but for spiritual instruction and refreshment. His chil-

dren see it, and the example goes far to mould their silent convictions in favor of the ways of wisdom. If he be a man of extensive business, and have young men or others under his care and in his family, they behold his habitual regard for the divine word. His example is a powerful influence upon them, tending to establish their minds in a reverent regard for the sacred Scriptures, and to settle their religious principles for life, in accordance with the oracles of God. At the same time, it will add to his authority in his household — give weight to his reproofs and counsels, and secure for him the respect and affection of all around him.

He will not be likely to have serious difficulty with those under his care, unless he happen to have those come into his employment who are so depraved and incorrigible that neither reproof nor kindness can work any improvement in them. He will increase in the confidence and respect of all who become members of his family. And, in after years, one and another will say, "I owe much to him," "It was a good thing for me that I was in that family." "The blessing of heaven be upon them." This beneficent influence may be traced to the right use of the Bible in the family. There was no parade of it, no empty ostentation of forms, but all was simple, earnest, sincere. He believes the Bible to be the Divine rule of life, and therefore he daily reads it in his family, for himself and for them. It is in his heart, as well as on his tongue, and he honestly desires that they may also love it and live by it. Thus it blesses his home, and is likely, by the blessing of God, to prepare them in due time for a home in heaven.

The word of God must be hid in the heart, in order to work out its most delightful effects upon parents and children. Familiarity with it is important, and begets that combination of intellectual qualities, which is conspicuous in many families, especially of New England and Scotland, and which we call "sagacity" and "common sense." But we want something more than the Proverbs of Solomon and the ethical rules of Christianity, accepted as shrewd, utilitarian maxims of conduct. We want a practical reception of Christianity itself, as a revelation of redemption by the sacrifice of the Son of God, and a gracious provision for a new and holy life through the regenerative work of the Holy Spirit, as well as its rules of morality. It is a good work for the mother kneeling by the bed-side of her little one, to teach it the words of the "Lord's Prayer," but it is a better service if she can lead

that child, in early life, to pray himself, offering up his own desires to God. It is important to teach young children the Ten Commandments, after the old way of our Puritan ancestors: but it is still more important that parents, like the “father of the faithful,” should “command their children and their household after them, that they keep the way of the Lord” and obey his commandments. Very precious and lasting are the impressions on the young mind, when the mother rehearses the touching story of Joseph, of Moses, of Samuel, of Daniel, of Absalom, of Herod, of Ananias and Sapphira to the child as he stands by her knee, looking up with fixed gaze into her face;—or when, with a mother’s tender accents, she tells him the simple story of Jesus; but better far the result, when, by her instructions and prayers, her child is early led to love the Saviour, and incorporate the holy lessons of the gospel with the current of his young thought and

¶ There is a beauty and charm in a family reading and studying the word of God together, but the same is more radiant with attractive beauty and happiness, when the teachings of that Word are brought forth into practical use in the family, and applied to the daily duties and exigences of parents and children and all the household. The covenant of the Lord is with them; and his blessing is upon their habitation. The hearts of the parents are turned to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents. There love reigns, and peace, and mutual, honorable fidelity. “All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.” And the Bible, which so sweetly irradiates their home, shall shine upon all their path to eternity, and light their cheerful steps all the way, to the better home which it reveals to faith.

“BY-AND-BY.”

There’s a little mischief-making
 Elfin, who is ever nigh,
 Thwarting every undertaking,
 And his name is By-and-By.

What we ought to do this minute,
 “Will be better done,” he’ll cry,
 “If to-morrow we begin it;”
 “Put it off,” says By-and-By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing,
 Will his faithless guidance rue;
 What we always put off doing,
 Clearly we shall never do.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

BY MISS M. A. BISHOP.

WHAT is home without a mother?
Sure its holiest charm is fled;
There may be the *sister* — *brother*,
Yet it lacks its gentle head.

What is home without a mother?
When the evening hearth burns fair,
And a group who love each other,
Bound in peace — are gathered there.

Yet there's *one*, whose word controlling,
Ruled each scene of home-born joy;
She is *gone* — and nought consoling,
Can remove grief's dark alloy.

Hark! the sacred chime is tolling!
Sweetly falls its measured swell!
Memory o'er my heart is rolling—
Mother lov'd that Sabbath-bell.

See! the page of inspiration
Spreads its leaf divinely fair;
Breathing peace and resignation,
Mother's *name* is written *there*.

What is home without a mother?
While ascends the household prayer;
God is *there* — our grief we smother,
For her place is vacant there.

What is home without a mother?
When affliction o'er it breaks;
Friends are there — yet there's *another*
That the heart with longing seeks.

Turn my soul! to where bright mansions,
By thy God, are opened fair;
Thou shalt find — 'mid joys expansion,
Heaven — and Home — and Mother there.

RAMBLES IN JUDEA.

EXCURSION TO JERICHO.

BY PROF. LAWRENCE.

THE excursion from Jerusalem to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, is ordinarily attended with more peril than any other in Palestine. The interesting country and the plains of Jericho are still infested with wandering tribes, whose chief business is the care of their flocks and the plunder of travellers. It was formerly the custom to pay a certain sum of money to one of the sheiks of these tribes, for an armed escort in making the excursion. Five or six dollars for a party, no matter how large, with a little backshish, was considered a satisfactory remuneration. It was the peculiarity of this arrangement that the money was paid to the very tribes from whom alone there was any danger. Something like the following dialogue is not an unfair representation of the true state of the case.

An old sheik comes to the traveller, "You wish to go down to Jericho?"

"Yes."

"The road is infested with robbers, but for a hundred piastres, I, with two or three of my men, will attend your party as a guard."

"Who are the robbers?"

"The Bedouins."

"Where do they live?"

"On the way between here and the Jordan."

"Where do you live?"

"Over the hills, about half way to Jericho."

By this time the traveller perceives how the matter stands, and if he is willing to risk a skirmish with these wild men in the glens of the mountains, the negotiation ends here. If however, he regards discretion as the better part of valor, he pays over a little of his money as the price of liberty to keep the rest.

But the case is much worse now. The Governor of Jerusalem has entered into a conspiracy with these Arabs, in which the European consuls are supposed to participate, that each traveller of every party shall pay for an escort, a hundred piastres, that, is nearly five dollars. Of this tribute money, the Governor receives

the lion's share. Should any decline submitting to this extortionary arrangement, it operates as a governmental license of robbery, throwing them as lawful prey into the hands of whatever ruffians may be able to overcome them. The Greek and Armenian converts of the city are also required to pay to the Governor, twenty thousand piastres annually for a small company of soldiers to guard the way during the pilgrimage of Holy Week.

How different the course of Mohammed Ali in Egypt! When he came into power, it was dangerous to travel through the desert, and had been for centuries. He ordered as hostages to Cairo, a son of the chief of each tribe, or some prominent man to answer with his head for any injury done to those passing through the tribe. Even after, during his reign, there was almost as much security to travellers in Egypt as in England.

We had hardly been in Jerusalem forty-eight hours, before a hungry sheik was bartering with our drogaman to take us to the Dead Sea. But as it was our design to accompany the pilgrims, we declined his service.

PALM SUNDAY.

For several days, these pilgrims had been crowding into the city to be present at the festivities of Holy Week, commencing with Palm Sunday. From early dawn on that day, the streets were filled with multitudes, bearing in their hands, palm leaves, wrought into various shapes. At half past eight, I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was thronged with many women and children, who seemed to be doing their utmost to represent every possible variety of sound,—talking, laughing, shouting, whispering, whistling and powwowing. Meantime the Turks who acted as policemen, were swinging over the assembly their long cowhide whips, lashing one here and another there, and pushing aside priests without ceremony, being themselves the masters of ceremony; while this was going on, there was forming in the Greek chapel, a procession of ecclesiastics, designed to represent the triumphal entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem. A large palm-branch was borne in front, followed by ten priests carrying banners, richly wrought in gold and silver. To them succeeded a company of boys with palm-leaves in their hands. Patriarchs and bishops in gorgeous and priestly apparel closed the procession, which passed three times round the sepulchre, bearing the cross with

the image of the Saviour upon it. In about an hour there was a similar procession from the Armenian chapel.

From this scene of confused mummary, I went directly to the English church. What a contrast? How refreshing it was to listen to a plain evangelical discourse, after the type of our old-fashioned New England Theology, from the excellent Bishop Gobat.

EXIT OF THE PILGRIMS.

During the latter part of the following night, the whole city was in a stir of preparation for the pilgrimage to the Jordan, about twenty-five miles eastward. At seven o'clock, we took our way toward the gate of St. Stephen. A full tide was setting through in the same direction. Winding down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, across the dry bed of Kedron, and around the southern slope of Olivet, the road was lined on both sides with the multitudes who had come out to witness the departure. Some were Mohammedans, who looked on with sullen superciliousness, as if thankful to Allah that they were free from such bondage to form. Yet many of their own faith were taking this opportunity to make a pilgrimage to the reputed tomb of Moses, the place of which, says the sacred writer, "No man knoweth unto this day." Others were Christians, who were saluting their friends as they passed, waving their handkerchiefs, and ejaculating a brief prayer. As we were turning round the hill, toward Bethany, the scene behind for nearly a mile, was most peculiar. Pilgrims were still pouring out of the city in eager haste, while the sweeping train which filled up the intervening way, was slowly coiling and dragging itself along. Some were stopping to adjust themselves more comfortably to their saddles, and others were beating the obstinacy out of their mules, or the laziness out of their camels. Some were mounted on gay Arabian steeds, others on stupid Syrian donkies. Here, upon a huge camel in two large baskets or sacks, is piled a whole family, part on one side of the beast and part on the other. There, is another family, plodding their weary way on foot, the younger children sometimes being borne upon the shoulders of their parents. Occasionally were seen women of the higher class astride on nettlesome beasts, guiding them with the dexterity of accomplished horsemanship. In the motley crowd, were children from six weeks old and upward, and men from eighty years old

and downward. They were gathered from almost every nation under heaven, Russia, Germany, Greece, Italy, Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Ethiopia, and even India ;—and of all complexions, black, white, brunette, and yellow, some beautiful and some ugly, some in elegant attire, and some in rags, with shoes clouted on their feet. Here too, were representations of almost all religions, Protestant and Greek, Latin and Armenian, Abyssinian and Coptic, some Jews and many Mohammedans. The number was estimated at from six to eight thousand, which, with the two rows of spectators on either side, the women with their white veils and bright attire, and the men with their red tarboosh, and green and white turbans,—all together presented from the side of Mt. Olivet a view most picturesque and strikingly oriental.

BETHANY.

Passing round to the eastern slope of Olivet, and over a smaller hill, the little village of Bethany—House of Dates comes in sight, about fifteen furlongs or two miles from Jerusalem. Its present Arabic name is El Lazarich, from the tradition of the death and resurrection of Lazarus. It is situated on the declivity and surrounded by olive yards, pomegranates and fig trees. It is quite out of the busy life and turmoil, of the crowded city, and a delightful resort for the lovers of retirement and meditation. The village contains twenty or thirty families, some of them in the most squalid poverty. Hither it was that “the man of sorrow,” so often sought refuge from the envy and malice which haunted him through the streets of the doomed city, and here he found a respite from the wearying importunities of those who followed him “for the loaves and the fishes.”

“And fast beside the olive-bordered way
 Stands the blest home where Jesus deigned to stray,
 Where Martha loved to wait with reverence meet,
 And wiser Mary lingered at his sacred feet.”

Within the bosom of that family of congenial spirits, Jesus was wont to unburden his human heart and gather up the sweet solace of human sympathy. As we halted for an hour, I could but run back in my mind to the time when his divine feet so often trod these rocky paths. I saw him as the sun was sinking in the west, moving over the hill with mild but majestic mien, towards the humble dwelling. Mary is watching for his coming, and goes out

to meet him, while Martha is busy within. The one is intent on catching the words of life which fall from his lips. The other is anxious to provide a befitting entertainment for a guest so distinguished of heaven, and a friend so gentle and beloved. To Mary, he speaks of the deep things of God, and gives her the good part which can never be taken from her. Martha he mildly but decidedly rebukes, as careful and troubled about many things.

Again he comes over the same road. Lazarus is dead. At this time Mary sits still in the house, while Martha goes out to meet him. O what a consolatory conversation then took place on the power of Christ, the new life of the spirit, and the resurrection glory of the saints. As he stood by the grave of his friend he said, "Lazarus, come forth." "And he that was dead, came forth," demonstrating the literal truth of those sublime words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

A tomb called the grave of Lazarus still remains in Bethany. It is a deep, dark cavern cut in the rock, entered by a descent of twenty-six steps. There are two vaults, within the smaller of which the body was deposited. Whether or not this is the very sepulchre, it is certain that it was at this village the event occurred. And when this Divine man had himself passed through the grave, and completed his earthly mission, it was from this spot that he ascended. "And he led out his disciples as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven."

A place hallowed by such memories must be cherished as among the most sacred to Christian hearts. And to gaze upon these olive-crowned hills, and vine-clad vallies, and muse in this charming seclusion, is almost to receive the gift of a new sense,— the power of making past things live visibly in the present.

Half an hour from Bethany through groves of pomegranates and almonds, and over rocky, winding paths, brought us into a deep valley, and to the ancient well, called the well of the Apostles. Here the twelve with their Divine Teacher, were accustomed to refresh themselves on their way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Thence, for several miles, our course lay along a deep, zigzag ravine, and through narrow defiles and the beds of what in the rainy season are rapid torrents.

It was in these defiles, eighteen hundred years ago, that "a

certain man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves," in the simple narrative of which event, our Saviour beautifully illustrates the selfishness of Phariseism and the warm sympathy of true Christian love. The place is peculiarly suited to deeds of darkness,— narrow passes between overhanging rocks, deep, prison-like glens, and surrounding mountains, all favoring the assailants, but allowing no escape to the assailed. It is called the "bloody way," from the frequency of robberies and murders committed here.

PLAIN OF THE JORDAN.

On the top of the dividing ridge are the ruins of an old convent, upon the spot where the inn is supposed to have stood. From this summit, the mountains of Moab are visible in the distance, Nebo and Pisgah piercing the blue sky. In one hour more, the plains of Jordan lay smiling at our feet. The belt of green, marking the bed of the winding river, runs nearly through the centre, giving one half to Moab and the other to Judea. The rest is sandy and barren. But there is a beauty, even in the barrenness. From our elevated position, it seemed like a soft, earth-colored carpet. To the south, spreads out the shining expanse of that Dead Sea, wherein no living thing abideth, and which was now reflecting from its smooth surface the rays of the noonday sun. How many scenes of the deepest interest came rushing upon the mind! Yonder, from that towering peak, Moses surveyed the enchanting plain below, and the remote hills and valleys of the promised inheritance. And there the illustrious chief put off his armor, and laid him down to die. But although an hundred and twenty years old, "yet his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

From one of those hill-tops, the covetous Balaam surveyed the multitudes of the chosen people, and, despite his desire for the wages of iniquity, pronounced that rich blessing and uttered that beautiful prediction concerning the Messiah: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel? Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee." "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel, I shall see him but not now, I shall behold him but not nigh."

Across that rapid river, on dry ground, Joshua led the wander-

ing hosts into the land of promise. "What ailed thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" There in Gilgal, they kept the passover, on the fourteenth day of the month, at even, just forty years from the night of their freedom from bondage.

Toward the base of the mountain, stands the opulent city of Jericho, frowning upon the bannered throng. Within the crowded city, I see the stir of war, and the glitter of burnished pikes and spears, and listen to the defiant battle shout. Seven successive days, at the sound of the silver trumpet, breast-plated priests march round the doomed city, and on the seventh, the walls fell down flat to the ground. And this is the beginning of the conquest of the promised land.

Once this whole valley was rich in palm-trees, and in all manner of fruits, producing an aromatic balsam more precious than rubies, for which the kings of the earth eagerly sought. Now, there is no balm in Gilead. Once, it was studded with flourishing cities, — Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, sitting in physical beauty, but in moral pollution. The sun rose clear and bright. But the rain of fire descended, and the devoted cities were enveloped in one sheet of flame.

The descent from this point into the valley below, was steep and difficult, particularly the turn at the top, around the brow of a projecting rock. The chasm beneath is six or eight hundred feet deep, in the bed of which rushes the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan, where Elijah hid himself from the bloody Ahab. "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook." We arrived on the plain of Jericho at one o'clock. This was the place of encampment. Already the field was chequered over with tents of all sizes and shapes and colors, while the larger part of the cavalcade was still behind. From the encampment to the top of the mountain, the narrow and rocky path was crowded with the slow-moving throng.

The ground for our tent was selected in a remote and secluded spot, near a gently gliding brook which flows from "Elisha's Fountain." The men of Jericho once said unto Elisha, "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant as my Lord seeth, but the water is nought." "And he went forth unto the spring, and cast salt into it, so the waters are healed unto this day." This

fountain was about half an hour from our encampment, gushing out at the foot of Mt. Quaranterra. Anciently the water was distributed by canals to irrigate the plains, to which irrigation it was greatly indebted for its fertility.

On the banks of this delightful rivulet, where we had sought retirement, we soon found ourselves in the most neighborly proximity to a hundred other tents, the occupants of three of which were fellow-countrymen.



WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY V. W. M.

WOMAN'S influence is deeply, if not widely felt. She may be said to occupy a limited sphere, but within the circumference of that narrow circle her influence is felt for time and eternity. Much has been said of the mental superiority of man, and to him the pre-eminence is generally awarded. But while we admit that his intellect may have a wider scope and much more energetic action, it may be perverted to such an extent as to become the source of incalculable mischief and misery. The history of man is indeed associated with many great and noble deeds; but the records of woman's life are full of bright memorials of her love and devotion, her constancy and truth. It is her province to mould and cherish, to elevate and refine, by the influence of her life and character. Not in the halls of fame, with a voice which holds listening Senates wrapt in mute applause, nor yet in the sacred desk with the "Holy Book" before her, proclaiming the gospel, it may be in tones of eloquence and power, but nevertheless in open defiance of the plain, apostolic injunction, which forbids her transcending the limits of her sphere.

A portion of woman's mission is to spread the precious truths which have come to earth from Heaven, but it should be quietly, from lip to heart, by a pious walk and godly conversation. Woman's peculiar loveliness shines forth nowhere so pre-eminently as in the dark and cheerless abode of sorrow and suffering. Where can we find a nobler example than in the far-famed Florence Nightingale, the noble English lady, who left a home of luxury and ease to nurse the dying soldier on the field of battle. See her among the mutilated bodies of the heroes who had fallen victims by

the right hand of man. Could the voice of a syren have been sweeter to their ears than the soft and silvery tones which bade them hope and live? Could the lovely face of Beauty's daughter have charmed their longing eyes as did that plain, serene, benevolent countenance, lighted with the radiance of angelic goodness, which is worth far more than all the gold of Ophir, or the face and form of Venus. Not one foe had fallen by her hand, she had no share in the triumphant victory, but what a priceless victory has she won in the hearts of her countrymen, in the great heart of the world! We do not intend to institute comparisons between the noble and the fairer portion of creation. Each have their own appropriate sphere, their own respective duties, and the only danger is in our mistaking them. Both are alike capable of the highest attainments. Let no man, then, attempt to allure her from the desirable place she occupies at present. Look upon her as too pure to desire her name to be heralded abroad by the trumpet of fame, but as wishing to remain beloved and admired, and unobtrusively diffusing happiness on all within the limits of her own domestic sphere.

CHILDREN'S FACES.

BY M. M.

It is interesting to study human nature in children's faces — to see the effect of different modes of education upon diverse developments of mind and body. Many children look sour, wilful and ugly; some sad even — while others look sweet, pleasant and happy, as children should.

Much as perfect or diseased physical natures, proper or improper diet, may have to do in producing these appearances — home discipline and example, as a general thing, have more. Mothers do not realize that they fasten their own feelings, so far as expressed in their countenances, upon the faces of their offspring. She who scowls and frowns habitually, must not expect her child to look joyful, but gnarled or surly. Like mother, like child; only, she who "sows the wind" in the heart of her daughter, "may expect to see the whirlwind" gather and burst forth, as our harvests are generally more plentiful than the seed we scatter. Select a very pleasant looking child, and notice if it have not

a pleasant-looking mother — one who answers many of its “ thousand and one ” questions with a warm, loving smile, instead of turning away the inquiring mind, and fretting at its endless teasings.

Who of us amid continual irritation, would preserve the same benignity of countenance ! and can children be expected to do better than their seniors and teachers in this respect ? How I pity the half-dozen offspring of her in whose house there is no acknowledged ruler, save, perhaps, the youngest child. These youth do not look very happy — much less so than though they had been taught obedience to parental authority, for their mother neither feels nor looks very joyful.

But displeasing as is a surly-faced youth, a sad child is indeed a sorry sight. If its body has much vitality, a sensitive soul breathes an uncongenial atmosphere, probably in the very *heart of home*. Childhood should be laughing, rosy, sunny ! and when it is thus, how *attractive* ! I had almost said, how beautiful are they who represent it, though their features be very unsymmetrical. Many a mother is overburdened with care and sorrow ; whose is a continual struggle with the heavy artillery of life, it is true, when it is hard to wear smiles ; yet chaffing and fretting cannot lighten her burden. She must look to God, who will do all things desirable for her, — He, who loves to see his creatures happy.

We read that “ A merry heart maketh a glad countenance,” and, is it not as true, that a glad countenance maketh a merry heart ? Work your face into scowls and frowns and see how long before you will find fretfulness rising in your heart and to your lips and face. So guard well your outward self. Let neither lips nor countenance give expression to any but the good and noble feelings of your heart. Sing when you feel fretted and discouraged and thus drive away the tempter. Your children are observing and imitative ; then remember the old adage : “ Be what you wish your child to become,” and every effort you make towards perfection of character, God will accept and reward, and help you to make your happy home a type of heaven, and your children your crown of everlasting joy.

A fixed and steady aim and honorable purpose, dignify human nature and ensure success.

SUNSHINE.

BY H. A. T.

AH! those bright sunbeams! whose heart do they not gladden? To whom come they not as blessed messengers of love, from Him who said "Let there be light"? This golden tide by no miser hand is poured, but surrounds with equal pleasure, the dwelling of the peasant and the king.

It comes, a gift of rich and shining treasure, bringing rare blessing. Ah! yes; the cheering sun-light chases clouds away from a shaded brow, like the smile of a friend, and makes all things glow with new brightness. We see in the city street and lowly hamlet path, blithe forms of changeful childhood scattered like busy bees about the way. The prattling child and sturdy, romping boy go hurrying by, to sport on the grassy sward and play by the dusty road-side. What magic is it that lures them out, with hearts overflowed with gladness, like that of sunny April skies? They know and prize it well — it is the sweet, and merry sunshine, and much they love to "improve the shining hour."

The bloom is on the cherry tree, the dark green leaf hangs gracefully on the elm, and flowers, like unnumbered stars, cover the earth. The birds and butterflies are back to claim their fairy realm. What spirit wand hath awakened them. Few days ago the branch was bare, the world was desolate. But now the radiant sunshine has unfolded the leaf and flower, making all things gay and beautiful. Like a ministering spirit it goes about, shedding its genial rays on all around.

It shines warm and soothingly upon the aged poor, and their blood flows with a quickened thrill almost like that of youth. It falls upon the ripening fruit, till it hangs temptingly upon the boughs, waiting for youthful hands to pluck. Its softly shining beams make even the church-yard fair. The willows sweep, and the tomb-stone's white, mournful faces have a lessened shade of sadness when bathed in its cheerful light. "We half forget the yellow bones when yellow flowers are there," and tread with lingering footsteps, where we have laid our most beloved.

But there is a sunshine which imparts deeper joy, glows with brighter, warmer rays than even this. It is within the human soul — the sunshine of the heart. Loving always faithfully, deal-

ing kindly, it is a gentle sunlight that passes not away. It is the smiles that warmly greet us, in words mildly spoken, and cherished unto death.)

THANKS FOR YOUR FLOWERS.

FOR A CIRCLE OF TEACHERS TO THEIR PUPILS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

YOUR gifts of flow'rs, they 're treasured gifts,
Receiv'd with gladd'ning gratitnde,
And borne to choicest leaves within
The heart's herbarium.

Preserved

In this repository, all their charms,
And sweets condensed, shall be secure ;
Their perfumes not alone pervade
The present, but shall still exhale
Rich fragrance, through all future years.

We love these floral offerings, gems
Whose modest blushes soft as those
Of conscious innocence, and pure
As purity itself, our paths adorn
With fairest beauty ; yes, we love
Them all, as gentle Nature's own
Choice settings in her jewelled crown,
Far costlier than monarchs wear,
The op'ning buds, like angels' eyes,
Unclose, and beam on such smiles
As only can be smiled by flowers
And angels ; waking in the heart
A tranquil, deep, refining joy.
Love's language, on each petal traced,
Stands forth in brighter characters
As opes leaf after leaf ; entranced,
We read, till lost in reverie ;
And then the dallying breezes catch
The whispered notes, and waft them on
In such delicious strains, we feel
That earth ne'er wakened for our ear,
A music half so sweet.

Your flowers

In rich bouquets and balmy wreaths
So often proffered, ever come,
Surrounded by an atmosphere
Of love ; we feel it in our souls,
And deeply breathe an element
So life-inspiring and so pure.

E'en garlands such as Greece oft twined
 So proudly round the lofty brows
 Of victors in Olympic strife,
 In Pythean, Isthonian, Nemean games,
 Ye bring for us, but wove and borne
 As badges of an honor true,
 For yours are welcome gifts of love,
 In love received, by love preserved.

Accept our thanks, our warmest thanks
 For Flora's treasured gems ;
 They 're fitter tributes far of love,
 Than costliest diadems.

We feel your gentle, friendly strife,
 To scatter at our feet
 Fond tokens ; and at once they wake
 In us, affection meet.

As forth at every onward step
 We press their sweet perfume,
 Inhale the fragrance floating up
 From all their chalice'd bloom —
 We breathe out from our inmost soul
 A deep, an earnest prayer,
 To blend with incense heav'nward bound.

Float on, and linger there
 A prayer, that all along your path
 Be strewn unfading flowers,
 From social gardens, choicely culled,
 From truthful friendship's bower.
 And yet, that brighter flowers than these
 May lend their brightening bloom,
 To bless your life ; Religion's flowers,
 Exhaling Heav'n's perfume.

We ask that holy angels twine
 Celestial wreaths for each dear brow ;
 And be it yours, in courts divine,
 Before those shining ones to bow ;
 While on your heads be gently press'd
 The *Crown of Life*, a living *Crown*
 Of higher, holier renown
 Than chaplet here, that ever blessed
 A mortal's hopes.

Yours to wear

Thine fadeless wreath in glory there,
 We ask, we earnestly implore,
 And ours to meet you on that shore ;
 There roaming 'mid Elysian bowers
 We'll gather rich, perennial flowers

SEARCH FOR WIVES.

BY REV. H. DANIEL;

WHERE do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed, and the custom has invariably become of value to young lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair, but then there are important and governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other places of public gaiety, and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called "showing off" in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundred parts of all the finery with which women decorate or load their persons go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where, and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote:

A certain gentleman whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to try a change of climate as a means for recovering his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort. They therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to do this, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles—they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home, except to attend him either to take the air or drink the waters. In a word, they lived a recluse life in the midst of a town, then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father, procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at S——, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of B——, another to the Duke of H——, and afterwards to

the Marquis of E——, and a third to the Duke of N——; and it is justice to them to say that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

WATCH.

BY Y.

WATCH, Christian, watch ! if thou would'st make thy life
 The burden of an angel's song ;—
 If thou would'st be a conqueror in the strife
 With sin and its inglorious throng.
 Those foes by thousands ever crowd thy path,
 To turn thee from the living way,
 And if thou dost not watch, their fitful wrath
 Will lose thee Heaven's long summer day !

Watch, Christian, watch ! with all thine armor on,
 That naught may find thee off thy guard ;
 Lest ere the bustling, toil-worn day is gone,
 The wily Tempter press thee hard !
 But with the strength that comes by faith and prayer,
 By constant watching for thy foe,
 Thou shalt be able e'er, to break the snare
 His cunning o'er thy soul would throw !

Watch, Christian, watch ! there is a good to do,
 If heavenly graces shine in thee ;—
 A blessing to be sent the wide world through,
 As thy life-teaching legacy !
 Now is the time to let its dawning tell
 What good the willing heart can give ;
 That thou mayest win the praise of doing well,
 And learn by watching thou must live !

Watch, Christian, watch ! not for thyself alone,
 But also for undying souls,
 Who never yet the way of life have known,
 Nor seen Time's danger-brooding shoals,
 Watch, watch for them ! lest they be blindly driven
 By tempests, on the greedy sand,
 And shipwrecked, sigh to reach some quiet haven,
 But find, alas ! no helping hand !

Watch, Christian, watch ! the morning draweth near ;
 The day of rest is close at hand,
 When done with all the strife of battle here,
 Thou mayest enjoy the better land !
 A little longer watch, and hope and pray,
 A little longer still be brave,
 A little longer dare life's thorny way—
 And heaven shall open through the grave !



HARMONY.

THIS engraving presents a beautiful picture, and shows that animals of opposite natures may be taught to live on terms of peace with each other.

A young lady in England had a dove, a lark, and a red-breast, so tame, and on such intimate terms with her cat, that they would peck the crumbs from her plate, and often perch upon her back.

A man in London carried his efforts in this respect, to a still larger variety of animals. He has taught the owl, the pigeon, the rabbit, the cat, the mouse, the hawk, the starling, and the sparrow, to frolic together in the same cage. The owl and the sparrow eat from the same plate, while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws.

A traveller says, "I have seen in the streets of the British metropolis, living harmoniously in the same apartment, a cat, two mice, a rat, three sparrows, one linnet, one canary, one owl and two Guinea pigs."

Thus we see that animals, naturally hostile to each other may be trained to amicable intercourse. How desirable that men, whom God hath made of one blood, to dwell on the face of all the earth; men who have common interests and sympathies, should learn to live in love and peace! It is estimated that the bodies of those, who have already been slain in battle, would extend six hundred times around the globe!

THE KANGAROO.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Among these wondrous animals,
'Twill please the children, too,
To hear a word or two about
The famous Kangaroo.

The Kangaroo is five feet long,
His tail will measure three,—
His head is delicate and small,
His hind legs long you see.

He sits up just as you have seen
A squirrel with a nut.
And when he's lying down asleep,
His eyes are always shut.

In New South Wales the Kangaroo,
In innocence abides,

And when he moves he goes by leaps,
And never walks or rides.

We have no Yankee Kangaroos,
But in a caravan,
I've seen a Kangaroo as big
Almost as any man.

He eats whatever food he finds—
He drinks the running brook—
But cannot speak a single word,
Nor read a story-book.

He does not gamble, drink, or swear,
As rowdy young men do,
But lives and dies in innocence—
A simple Kangaroo.

HOW CAN CHILDREN DO GOOD?

BY MRS. CHICKERING.

It was a quiet Sabbath sunset. The last rays still lingered in loving radiance upon the spire of the village church, as if reluctant to leave that hallowed spot.

George Brewster laid aside his book and walked thoughtfully to the window. He gazed a few moments upon the scene of peaceful beauty before him, and his heart was softened and saddened. "I know it is all beautiful and good," said he, "and I wish I was good, and could do good! But this reminds me of our Sabbath School question for next Sunday. How can children do good? What shall I say? I'm sure I never did any good!"

He drew his chair toward his little sister, who was quietly rocking her kitten, and looked seriously into the fire, for some time, when his mother entered the room.

"Mother," said George, "there is a question proposed to be answered in the Sabbath School next Sabbath, and I do n't know what to say. It is, how can children do good? Now it seems to me children do n't do any good — all the good is done *to* them."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Brewster, "I would not depreciate children so much as that, George, and I should be truly grieved if my son had lived ten years in the world and had done *no good* in it. But what do you understand by doing good? Who do you think does good?"

"Oh, mother, I suppose ministers, and missionaries, and Members of Congress, and rich man who give their money to charitable societies, and to build railroads, and hospitals, and those who invent useful things, and write good books."

"Well, George, you have not made out a bad list, but if it includes *all* who do any good, the larger part of the world are by necessity, *useless*. Perhaps we might learn something upon this subject by considering the only model of usefulness ever given for our imitation. I mean our blessed Saviour, of whom it is said "He went about doing good."

"But, mother, you do n't mean to compare a child with the Saviour?"

"Why not? Did not he become a child, and is not he our example?"

"But, mother, he had all power, and wrought miracles, and told men of heavenly things, and prophesied of things to come, and died for sinners, and then went to heaven to intercede for us — surely you don't think we can be like him?"

"Not in all respects, dear George; but, one thing at a time, my son! Jesus became a child, and as a child was subject to his parents, loving, honoring and obeying them. You will not doubt, in this respect, you may imitate the gentle, holy Jesus. But," you say, "he wrought miracles; for what purpose?"

"Oh," said George, "I suppose to show forth his power and prove that he was the Christ."

"Had he not another object besides?"

"Perhaps to relieve the sufferings of the sick," said George.

"Yes," said his mother, "it was to relieve human suffering, and supply human want, that all his miracles were wrought except one."

"What one was that?" asked little Ellen, as she put her kitten down upon the floor, and came and leaned on her mother's lap, looking into her face.

"Can't you think, Ellen? Perhaps brother George will help you."

George waited a few minutes and then said, "The withering of the fig-tree, was it not, mother?"

"Yes; that one miracle, wrought upon an inanimate object, shadowed forth the power of Jesus to punish unprofitableness, and destroy all that is not conformed to his will. But to return. The *immediate* object of the Saviour's miracles was to relieve human suffering, can we in this respect, imitate him?"

"Why," said George. "we cannot work miracles!"

"True; but can we not, with a similar feeling of sympathy and tenderness, minister to the sick, and try to relieve human suffering?"

"Physicians and nurses can; but what can children do?"

"George," said Mrs. Brewster, "when your cousin Anna was sick last summer, was there nothing you could do for her?"

"Yes; I went to the apothecaries for medicine, and I went for watchers, and I took care of things at home to save you trouble, that you might have time to be with her, but that was nothing directly for her!"

"Well, George," said his mother, "you did what you could, and that was sufficient praise for her who ministered to the Saviour!"

"And I, too, mamma," said Ellen, "I gave her up my room to sleep in, and I slept in the third story, and I was careful not to make a noise to disturb her, and I bought two oranges for her, and she said they were nice; was not that doing good, mother?"

"Yes, my darling, it was right in itself, and if you did it to please the Saviour, he will accept it."

"But, mother," said George, "do you really mean that these little things are noticed by the Saviour and approved?"

"George, the Saviour says, Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to one of his disciples, as a disciple, he shall not lose his reward. But you said, my son, the Saviour preached the gospel. Is there no way in which, as a child, you can imitate him in this respect?"

"I suppose," said George, thoughtfully, "by giving money to support ministers and missionaries."

"Yes, the object of preaching is to make men acquainted with the truth. Is there no *other way* of doing this?"

"By sending Bibles, tracts, Sabbath school books, &c., to the destitute, or persuading others to do so."

"Then, mamma," said Ellen, "I helped to preach the gospel when I gave my bright ten cent piece to the collector, and when I put my cent into the Sabbath school contribution!"

"The widow's mite was accepted, Ellen dear, and so will yours be, if you gave it from love, as the widow did. What other miracles did Jesus perform?"

"He fed the hungry multitude," replied George, "and I understand how I

may imitate him in this ; by giving food and clothing to the poor, and helping charitable associations."

"And I, too, mamma," said Ellen, "when I carry poor blind Sarah her dinner, every day, and she lays her hand on my head and says, God sent me as he sent the ravens to Elijah."

"Mamma," said George, after a pause, "it seems to me this would be making everything we do *good* or *bad*!"

"It does so, my child,—no act of life is unimportant, for the spirit of our blessed Redeemer in our hearts would lead us constantly to be seeking to benefit others, and when we had no opportunity to do that, we might be honoring God in our thoughts and affections and actions, and so do good in that way George, what was the object of the parable of the Good Samaritan?"

"Oh! to teach us to be kind to all persons, as we have opportunity."

"Well; to whom have you opportunity to be kind?"

"Oh! to you, and Ellen, and Sarah, and James, and all the family."

"Is that all?"

"Charles and John Winthrop, with whom I play every day."

"And are there not besides, a hundred schoolmates with whom you have more or less intercourse? You can speak kindly to them as you have occasion—you can sometimes oblige some one of them, and if one of them is in trouble or unhappy, you can show him sympathy; and if they get angry with each other, you can, by a pleasant word or act, relieve them, or divert their attention till their anger has time to cool, and you can give an explanation to one who is puzzled about his lesson, and in all these things we may be imitating Christ in doing good to others."

"Indeed," said George, "I think I should have my hands full, to look after all these boys—it would take all my time."

"It would not be right, my son, to give up all your time—you are sent to school for another purpose, your own improvement; and you have no right to neglect it; but still you are to do good to all who come in your way, even if it costs you a little effort, or self-denial, for 'Christ pleased not himself.'"

"Mamma," said Ellen, "who can I be kind to? kitty?"

"It would be wrong, my dear, to be cruel to your kitten, therefore it is right to be kind and gentle to her; besides God made kitty, and he cares for all his creatures, and he says not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. We are to *use* them, not *abuse* them."

"But, my children, there is *one thing* you can do for everybody,"

"Oh, I know what that is," said Ellen, "for you tell me I must pray for all the world."

"Mother," said George, seriously, "does it do any good to say words of prayer, if one does not pray from the heart—if one is not a Christian?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Brewster, "your Father above never excuses you from one duty because you have neglected another. It is your duty to love your Saviour, to give him your affections and to obey his commands, and it is infinite peril for you to neglect one of them. The things of which we have been speaking are all good and right in themselves, but they must be

done from love to Christ, in order to render them pleasing to God, or available to salvation."

At this moment, the tea-bell rang, and the conversation closed.

THE BEST GIFT.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

You all know, my dear children, what gifts are. There are Christmas gifts New Year's gifts, birth-day gifts. How you prize them all? How you anticipate them weeks before their coming. How you love the friends who bestow them! Were I to ask you what you would like best for a Christmas gift, perhaps Susie would say, I would like a new doll, half as large as myself, with bright eyes and red cheeks. Charlie, perhaps, would choose a new pair of skates, or a knife.

But suppose you could have for a gift, instead of these toys, a new friend. Suppose this friend was one who would be more careful to ascertain and gratify your reasonable wishes than your own dear father; more loving and tender than your mother; more sympathizing than your brothers and sisters; more thoughtful of you than Uncle James or Aunt Sarah, who send you so many birthday and Christmas gifts. Would not such a friend be more precious, more highly prized, than any other gift you could receive?

Now, a friend who is all this, and a great deal more, is God's gift to man. There is a passage in the Bible which speaks of this gift of God; you will find it in the 4th chapter of John. Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners, is this gift. I cannot tell you how precious is this gift, for its value cannot be estimated. A gift is something free, something we do not purchase. You do not purchase your Christmas and New Year's gifts. They are free to you. Sometimes your friends may tell you their value in money, and sometimes they may not. But no one *can* tell you the value of this precious gift of which I am speaking. All the wealth of heaven and of earth could never purchase it; and yet it is freely offered to us all, as the gift of the great God, our Father in heaven. All gifts are the tokens of the love of our friends, so is this priceless gift the token of the great love of our Father in heaven. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

He so loves you and me that he offers Jesus Christ to us to be our friend now and forever. He will be to us more faithful than a father, more tender than a mother, more sympathizing than a brother. He will love us, wash away our sins in the blood he has shed for us, and sanctify us — that is, make us holy and good — by the Spirit he has purchased for us.

Suppose a dear friend should offer you a gift, and you should refuse it without any good reason, would that not be treating your friend very ill? Would you be willing so to grieve the heart of a true friend? You would not. Yet many grieve the heart of Infinite love by refusing its great gift, the blessed Saviour. Even children do this. Do you not feel that you cannot be so ungrateful and wicked; that you want this precious Saviour for your friend? Per-

haps you ask, How shall I receive or accept of him? To receive him, is to love him, to trust him, to obey him. You know how to love, how to trust, how to obey; then love, trust, obey this Saviour, and he will be yours, a gift beyond all price, that shall make you rich forever.



LITTLE EDDIE — A FACT.

EDDIE was a fine boy of two years old. He was a very intelligent and lively little fellow. At family prayers he would sit upon his mother's knee and listen to his father, as if he understood every word. We don't know how much even little children gather up, when we think that they are inattentive, or what we say is above their comprehension. Little Eddie, with a child's faith, rebuked, on one occasion, both his father and mother.

For, upon a time, this dear boy was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. He complained that he could not swallow, — that he could hardly breathe.

The poor little fellow well knew two things all this time, that he was in great pain, and every effort was making for his relief. He could see, also, perhaps, though so young, that his parents were much alarmed. He was their darling, and they were at their wits' end.

"Is it croup? Is it quinsy? What can it be?"

And still the little breast heaved more painfully, and the feeble breath was almost stopped.

They looked at each other in extreme perplexity and anxiety. The mother bursting into tears, dropped her head upon her husband's bosom, and cried,

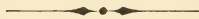
"Eddie will die! What shall we *do*? What *shall* we do?"

The father did not know what to reply, but tried to comfort her as well as he could. The doctor would come soon, and all might be well. But the little boy, struggling on the bed, between life and death, heard his mother's question. Raising himself from the pillow, and concentrating all his strength in the utterance, he said, suddenly —

"Pray Dod!"

Again the parents looked at each other, no longer doubtfully. Was it a voice from heaven, reminding them of the great Physician? They sank upon their knees by the bedside, and besought Jesus to heal his lamb.

Their prayer was heard — little Eddie was spared — he yet lives. Pray for him, that his infant faith may grow with him to the "stature of a perfect man in Christ."—*N. Y. Chronicle*.



KINDNESSES are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them.



How few adopt the good rule of Bishop Beveridge, not to speak in dispraise of one who is absent, or in praise of one who is present,



Never employ yourself to discover the faults of others—look to your own.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

WELL-TIMED SORROWS.

It is a modern discovery of horticulture, that the best time for pruning trees is when they are in blossom. Formerly it was thought necessary to prune them of superfluous branches in early spring, before a bud had scarcely started; but it has been found that the severed limbs will heal quickest, to take them off when the tree has blossomed. Judging from the law of analogy, we should say that the discovery is correct. For something akin to this we find in the moral world. In the life and experience of professed Christians we discover it. Let them be disappointed or afflicted when they are cold and worldly, barren as a leafless, blossomless tree in March, and it takes a long time for the wound to heal. For a season they repine and murmur, sit in darkness and discontent, and see not why God should afflict them so much more than he does others. Perhaps they become morose and fretful, so that the wound does not heal at all, and the whole Christian life suffers in consequence. Many professors of religion have been made worse by trials sent when they were lukewarm and earthy in their spiritual nature. They were disheartened, soured, or made rebellious. Unless the worldly-minded professor improves his afflictions at once, to bring him penitently to the cross, he will become worse.

On the other hand, let sorrows come upon the earnest, active, godly follower of Christ — one who is known for his lovely Christian spirit, as well as for his consistent and holy deeds, that adorn his character, as beautiful and fragrant blossoms — and the wound inflicted heals immediately. He is reconciled to the allotment, sees the hand of a kind and loving Father in it, and can say sincerely, "Thy will be done." Through the exercise of these higher and nobler graces, the healing process is speedily consummated, so that the character, instead of suffering injury, is improved thereby, and yields fairer and better fruit than before. Hence, they who would be most benefitted by the discipline of Providence, should always be blossoming with the graces of religion.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

It has no visible organization nor written constitution, and yet it exists. In almost every community such a society is found, with self-constituted members ambitious for the highest honors. They have no set badge, though they flaunt all sorts of badges. Indeed, it is not a rule of the society that the members thereof should imitate each other in any-

thing that is worn or possessed. They ape each other only in vying to elicit the greatest admiration. That is the point — to win the admiration of beholders. Spruce young men with mustache and fancy vests, gold-headed canes and champooed heads, walk the streets to make an impression upon those who see. Fair young ladies, in merciless corsets and balloonish hoops, flaunt silks and satins, and exhibit painted cheeks, that others' eyes may be fixed in pleasing wonder. A costly feather or plume, a new French hat or cloak, not to mention other articles of apparel, have often appeared in church, only to produce effect. Members of the Mutual Admiration Society are usually out on Sunday, at least a half day. It is a convenient season for displaying their badges, since there is plenty of time to dress, at least for those who use the sanctuary for the same purpose that shop-keepers do their front-windows. Then a minister is rather a necessary accompaniment, as a means of calling people together, where admiration can be mutually exchanged. It would be quite impossible for members of the Admiration Society to get along without him, since they must support some things for the sake of getting or enjoying some other things beyond.

The benefits of this Society are such as follows : It increases business, so that merchants find ready sale for their wares, (not tin nor iron ware, for the members of this Society long since voted that Bridget has control of these.) It makes work for mantuamakers, milliners and tailors, many of whom must earn their daily bread. It multiplies garments for dealers in second-hand clothing, whose traffic is no mean business now. It increases the demand for nurses and domestics, since Mutual Admiration members can find little time to rock crying babies, or wash and cook in the kitchen. Indeed, it would not be in accordance with their rules of winning admiration, to be caught with an infant in the arms, or a rolling-pin in the hand. Who would admire that? Only some superannuated grand-mother, who used to spin her own dresses, and cook her old mother's Indian pudding and beans. Admiration in the kitchen! That is the last place to look for this "spice of life," in these modern days — the very last. In the street or house of God, at the splendid party or ball, it is supposed to be found, and there alone.

There are some other benefits of this Admiration order, such as the legitimate development of human nature, showing to all what pride and vanity are ; the circulation of money, and furnishing another class of "all sorts of people," of which to make a world.

MORALITY.

SOME people think that evangelical Christians, who believe that morality cannot save them, make no account at all of good works. A more unjust and erroneous inference they could not draw. If I assert that the

blossoms are not the root of the tree, it does not follow that I consider them no part of the tree. Neither does it follow that those people who say that morality cannot save the soul, consider it no part of a religious life. The blossoms, branches, trunk and root of the tree, all belong to it, and are parts of it. At the same time, the root is that part which shoots down into the hard earth, thus giving support to the tree, against the blasts of the storm, and from which flow the juices upward and outward, into every branch and leaf, imparting life and vigor thereto. Without the root there could be no tree. So faith is the root of the Christian life. Without it there can be no true life in Christ. It is that which roots itself in Christ, and from which the vital element of a godly walk flows. Good works are only the blossoms on this fruitful tree, in the Lord's vineyard. They are beautiful and fragrant, but are by no means the root of the matter. They are part of the Christian life, as blossoms are a part of the tree. They always appear when the follower of Christ lives as he ought. He who lives habitually without producing them, cannot be a Christian. There may be morality without religion, but there can be no religion without morality.

A POOR MEMORY.

NOTHING is more vexatious at times than a treacherous memory. It has brought many a man into difficulty, and mortified many more. A few facts will suffice to illustrate this truth. Nor is it necessary to draw from another's experience and observation, for most men have experienced and seen enough in this line to convince the most skeptical.

One day we were destined for Boston. The chief object of our visit there related to a little package about as large as the hand, which was carefully tied and labelled according to our ideas of neatness. The morning was short, and car time nearly arrived before we were quite ready. But as time and the cars wait for no man, we started for the depot, one-fourth of a mile distant, where we arrived five minutes before the train. It popped into our head that the little package was left on the table. We looked into the market-basket but it was not there. Well satisfied that the missing article was at home on the table, we addressed an express agent who was standing by:

"Can you go to my house for a package, and get back in time for the cars, just four minutes?"

"Surely I can," said he.

"I will give you twenty-five cents to do it," and no quicker than the word was said, he started at full speed. He was back in four minutes, just as the train came up.

"Your wife says there is no package there," he exclaimed, as he rushed into the depot about as rapidly as the engine that followed.

It was too late for any words. We paid him the twenty-five cents, and just then it occurred that the package was *in our hat*. We were quite ashamed to say so, however, and made for the cars. When fairly seated, we doffed the hat, and sure enough, there the nice little package lay in the crown. The Express made twenty-five cents, and our expensive memory cost us one-quarter of a dollar on that day.

Another. A friend was invited to marry a couple in his parish on a certain evening. Of course he promised to do so. A few days, and many duties and cares, intervened, so that his mind was all the time occupied.

The parties assembled. It was a very stormy, blustering evening. About an hour after the appointed time for the wedding, one of the company said,

"Well, let us send for him. Perhaps he is sick, and there is time yet to send for Rev. Mr. ———, should this be the case."

It was not thought best by the majority to despatch a messenger for the minister until about nine o'clock. The to-be married parties began to fear that the nuptials would not be consummated, so the bride's father started on horseback. Not many minutes elapsed before he rang the clergyman's door-bell. No answer. The house was as dark as a pocket. He rang again. He heard a stir. Presently a chamber window opened, and a voice was heard, "Who's there?"

"Mr. ———, my daughter was to be married to-night, and we have been waiting for two hours."

"I declare! I entirely forgot it," shouted the minister, as he dropped the window and went for his pantaloons. In five minutes he was apparelled, and off he started on foot, with a stiff north-easter blowing in his face. In fifteen minutes more he entered the house where the bride and bridegroom waited. His advent was announced by a stunning roar of laughter. Every one who possessed any talent for laughing, improved it in the most commendable manner. The minister tried to laugh, too, but his mortification put some restraint upon his risible powers, so that there was little play to them.

What can be more trying to a sensitive person than such a memory? Dependent upon it every day and hour, yet sometimes cheated by it in this mortifying manner! A certain poet has written upon the "Pleasures of Memory,"—it remains for some one of the poets to sing of the *Jokes* of memory.

THE LIVING LOST.

It is often the case that we stand by the coffin and bier of one whom we fully believe is lost forever. Perhaps he has been a profligate, whose corrupt life is known and read of all men. He may have been a drunk-

ard, and goes down through the portals of death, over which is written, THE DRUNKARD CANNOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. Or, he may have been a mere worldling, who has loved to sport with solemn things, and turn the stern realities of religion into jesting and merriment. But he has gone — gone forever. The clods of the valley close over him, and we feel, as we turn away from the grave, that he is lost. We need no voice from the spirit-land to assure us of his certain doom; no uplifting of the veil that hides from our view the woes and wailings of the damned. If there be a hell, we know that the departed "son of perdition" has gone thither, since he is only fit for this place of outer darkness.

Do we not, also, look upon some living men as lost? Though in this world of hope, and still probationers here, such are their characters, such their painful distance from the way of life, that we feel them to be lost. They are to stand at the judgment-seat, it is true, but we have little hope of their repentance, and quite certain that they have already destroyed themselves, and that the judgment will be only a form of trial, to make certainty more certain. We expect to see them continue as they are, thoughtless, abandoned, God-defying, till death terminates their career. Perhaps we have too little faith in God's ability to save to the uttermost, nor are sufficiently hopeful in the use of human instrumentalities for the conversion of the worst men. But, as a great part of those who have been equally immoral, in former times, have died as wicked as they have lived, we are rather forced to the conviction that it will be so with others. Some of them have grown old and gray in sin, and their reformation now would be, comparatively, like changing the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots. We are not altogether inexcusable in regarding them as doomed already.

But how solemn and affecting is the thought that there are living men who are now virtually lost. The mark of perdition is upon them. They will change none when actually doomed to endless death. It will only be going to their own place. Where else could they go? They are fitted for destruction. Though in the land of the living, their names are already written among the lost. They walk with us, talk with us, traffic with us, and yet are doomed; for the reason that they will never, never repent and turn to God.

He who promises himself anything but what may properly arise from his own property or labors, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts of three, even in that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

HAVELOCK WRECKED.

Headley's Life of Gen. Havelock is a valuable work, and the following incident therefrom will be read with interest :—

"After the conclusion of the war in Persia, Havelock set sail for Bombay. On the passage from Persia to Calcutta, he narrowly escaped death by shipwreck. Mr. Headley thus describes the scene :

"Scarcely had the steamer swung to her moorings, when the stunning news of the sudden and fearful uprising in India was told to Havelock. The troops were immediately sent round to Calcutta, without disembarking. He himself wished to join Gen. Anson, then marching on Delhi, but ascertaining that the route through India was unsafe without a strong escort, which could not, at that time, be spared from Bombay, he, with his staff and several officers, embarked on board the *Erin*, for Point-de-Galle, in Ceylon, in order to intercept the Bengal steamer, on her way from Suez to Calcutta. Along the rocky coast of Malabar, and over a quiet sea, they passed day after day in safety, and on the fifth made the northern end of Ceylon,

"It was a bright, beautiful afternoon, and every one expected to be in port next morning. The moon rose bright and tranquil, and the steamer went dancing along at the rate of eleven knots an hour. Late in the evening, however, the wind began to freshen, the sea became turbulent, and a misty haze fell over the water, preventing the look-out from seeing far ahead. At midnight a heavy thunder-storm broke over the vessel. Havelock, awakened by the rain driving into the port hole of his cabin, rose and shut it. Before he had fallen asleep again he felt a shock as if the vessel had struck. Another followed, which made it certain. Still, confiding so entirely in the good management of the company and skill of the officers, he could not believe that anything very serious had happened. With his accustomed calmness, he was revolving the matter in his mind, when his son, who had been sleeping on deck, walked into his cabin, as calmly as if to call him to breakfast, and said — 'Sir, get up — the ship has struck !' But while this extraordinary scene was passing between father and son in the cabin, the wildest tumult and confusion reigned on deck. The captain, overwhelmed with the catastrophe, lost his head. The officers ran around without receiving or giving orders, except in incoherent exclamations. The tiller ropes had snapped with the first shock, for the ship was going eleven knots an hour when she struck, and she became at once unmanageable. After the first blow, the vessel slid off into deep water again, when the sea came pouring into the fore part in a perfect deluge. All expected to see her go down at once, head foremost, when she again gave a few heavy thumps, and then lifting with one terrific effort, flung herself bodily, nearly across the reef, falling on the rocks with a shock apparently heavy enough to crush her like an egg-shell. The passengers and crew were sent headlong over the deck. Every surge as it now came in, took up her massive frame only to dash it with still greater violence on the rocks as it receded. All were com-

pelled to hang on the sides and rigging for support. The ship was lost beyond hope or help, and the only question each anxiously asked himself was, how long could she hold together with such a sea pounding her on the rocks? Every one prepared for death, and, although the officers and crew were wild with excitement and alarm, the military officers aboard were calm. To render this awful scene more appalling, just then another black and heavy thunder-cloud rose over the wrathful sea. The gleaming lightning revealed the breakers cresting and foaming all around them, while the loud and rattling peals that followed, drowned even the roar of the waves. By the transient light, pale visages gleamed out for a moment over the wreck, and every spar and rope was distinctly seen; then all was blackness again. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as if in savage rejoicing over the ruin which it swept. Havelock, whose calmness no emergency, however sudden, no catastrophe, however unexpected or appalling, could for a moment disturb, at once assumed that authority which, from such a man, in such a calamity, is always acknowledged. Addressing the crew, in that quiet, decided tone, so peculiar to him, and which once heard in the hour of peril, was never forgotten, said,—‘Now, my men, if you will but obey my orders, and keep from the spirit flask, we shall all be saved.’ Blue lights were burned and guns were fired, which brought a crowd to the shore. But four long hours remained to daylight, and whether the ship would hold together till that time, depended on how much wood and iron could stand. But before the light had fairly dawned, one bold fellow on shore stepped out from the crowd, and stripping himself, plunged gallantly into the breakers. Now rising on the crest of the waves — and now sinking from sight, he struck steadily and strongly out, but the sea was wild and smote him back with such fury, that for a long time it seemed doubtful whether he could reach the ship. His strength was fast becoming exhausted, but he refused to turn back, and at last to the great joy of all on board, his dripping head was seen drifting alongside the vessel. A rope was thrown him, and he was drawn on deck amid the loud cheers of the crew. His strength was well nigh gone, and it took him some time to recover; but as soon as he got the full use of his limbs once more, he took a line in his hand, and again plunged overboard and swam to the shore. A hawser was thus pulled to the beach and made fast, along which, in the early dawn, boats passed to the wreck and took the passengers and crew, a part at a time, safely to land. When the last man reached the shore in safety, Havelock addressed them, and asked them to acknowledge the hand of God in their deliverance. They listened attentively while he poured out his thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies.

“The cold, gray light of early dawn, the dark storm-cloud over the dim yet angry sea, the heaving, spray-covered wreck, with her spars still standing amid the breakers, that group of officers, in drenched uniforms, the rough fishermen looking in astonishment on the scene, and that aged veteran — his white locks uncovered, lifting his calm voice of prayer and thanksgiving over the roar of the deep — combined to form a picture worthy of a painter. In a few hours the mainmast went overboard, and soon after the noble vessel fell apart, and her cargo came drifting ashore. Havelock said — ‘The madness of man drove us on shore, the mercy of God found us a soft place near Culture.’”

FEEDING INFANTS.

FROM the Journal of *Materia Medica* we extract the two following articles, which relate to an important subject, and by which mothers may be made wiser:—

“Great mortality prevails among children from injudicious feeding. Some persons attempt to support them upon articles of food which contain little else than starch or gum, neither of which are capable of themselves, of sustaining animal life. Others confine them principally to the milk of the cow, the excess of casein in which, they are unable to digest; and, to these, other articles are added, which are either indigestible or in-nutritious. Hence the large amount of sickness and mortality from dis-ordered stomach and bowels, and which are generally attributed to teething, to worms, and to any and every other cause but the true one, errors in diet, producing indigestion.

“In the last July number of the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, there is a clever article on ‘Natural and Artificial Lactation,’ by Dr. Cumming, a brief extract of the concluding portion of which I am tempted to publish, for the information of young and doubting mothers. He says, and sufficiently proves by physiological and chemical argument, that nothing but milk can with propriety be used as the food for infants; and even this is apt to fail, and to give rise to fatal maladies, unless it be made to correspond very closely in its constituent elements with human milk.

“Cow’s milk differs from human milk in some important particulars, as has been accurately ascertained by chemical analysis. It contains nearly three times as much casein as human milk, but somewhat less than twice as much butter: while human milk contains nearly one-third more sugar, and a little more water than cow’s milk. Merely diluting cow’s milk by adding water, with the addition of sugar, therefore, as is commonly done, will not fit it for easy digestion by the infant stomach. There will, in this case, always be an excess of casein, and a deficiency of butter. But the proportions are materially changed by permitting the cow’s milk to rest undisturbed until the lighter particles rise toward the surface; and nearly the same results are obtained by using only the milk last taken from the cow.

“Dr. Cumming proposes, therefore, to have cow’s milk at rest for four or five hours, and then to remove the upper third part for use: or to take only the latter half as furnished by the cow. He then advises us to add, for a child not more than ten days old, two and a half parts of water, and one-fourth of sugar. This combination gives almost the exact proportions of human milk at that early period of lactation. The exact proportions given, are — milk 1000 — water 2643 — sugar 243. The sugar and water are decreased as the child grows older, until, at five months, the proportions are: milk 1000 — water 1000 — sugar 104. And at eighteen months, the proportions are: milk 1000 — Water 500 — sugar 63. The child should take this food at a temperature of 100 to 104 degrees, and by suction. An eight ounce phial, with a quill rolled in a long strip of Swiss muslin for a stopper, is the best arrangement for cleanliness and convenience. Tubes having narrow passages cannot be readily cleansed.

"A child ten years old will take about thirty-two ounces daily, in eight meals of four ounces each; and the meals should increase in quantity and diminish in number, as the child grows older, so that at three months, seven meals of eight ounces each, may be taken. The milk should be given at regular intervals, except that the child should be early accustomed to pass six or eight hours at night without feeding. This regularity of feeding, with proper intervals, is in accordance with a physiological law of digestion applicable to all persons, namely, that the stomach should have time fully to digest its food before other food is taken into it."

MUSIC AMONG BIRDS.

It is generally supposed that birds sing as a matter of course, just because God made them to sing, without any labor or practice. Perhaps, too, most people think that birds sing no tunes—but pour forth their notes just as it happens. To all such, we commend the following paragraphs, from a practical ornithologist:—

"Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The cat bird is a mocker. The golden robin has a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song sparrow has the most remarkable characteristic of song of any bird that sings. Every male song sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same. Six years ago this spring I made the first discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden, attracted my attention by the sweet variations of his song, as I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering his songs, which are to this day as fresh in my memory as any of the common airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal, six years back. No. 1, sung 27 times; No. 2, 36 times; No. 3, 24 times; No. 4, 19 times; No. 5, 21 times; No. 6, 32 times; No. 7, 18 times. Perhaps he would sing No. 2, then, perhaps, No. 4 or 5, and so on.

"Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times. But as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience and a good ear to come to the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes more.

"The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs, always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual. Another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting-grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old age claimed him as a victim. In other cases I

have known a singer to return to the same place two, three or four years, but frequently not more than once. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe."

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

An Exchange has the touching incident below :—

"Will you please learn me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother. "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L—— was very ill; indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath—her lips were white—her eye was growing dull and glazed, and the purple blood was settling at the ends of her cold, attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only, her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into his mother's room, and sitting upon her lap or kneeling by her side, while she repeated to him passages from God's Holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to learn little Roger his verse, and hear his prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady, who was watching beside her couch; "your dear mamma is too ill to hear you say your prayers to-night. I will put you in bed," and as she said this, she came forward and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as though she would have led him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed, I cannot!"

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to everything transpiring around her, the sound of her darling's sobs aroused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend she desired her to bring him to her couch and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then, the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it—'*When my father and mother forsake me the Lord shall take me up.*'" The child repeated it distinctly, and said his little prayer. He then kissed the cold, almost rigid lips before him, and went quietly to his little couch.

When he arose in the morning, he sought, as usual, his mother's room, but he found her cold and still!—wrapped in her winding-sheet! That was her last lesson! He has never forgotten it—he probably never will! He has grown to be a man—a *good* man—and now occupies a post of much honor and distinction in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced. The Lord has taken her darling up.

My little reader, if you have *God* for your friend, you need *never* fear; father and mother may forsake you—the world may seem to you like a

dreary waste, full of pitfalls and thorns — but He can bring you safely through trials, and give you at last a golden harp and snowy robe, like those the purified wear in heaven. He can even surround your death-bed by angel-visitors. He is all-powerful — an ever-present help in time of trouble. Will you not, then, seek His friendship and keep His commandments?

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

M. ALEX. DUMAS in his Letters from St. Petersburg, thus describes a Russian wolf-hunt :—

“Wolf-hunting and bear-hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double-barreled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of a carriage, drawn by three horses — its name being derived from its team and not its form. The middle horse trots always; the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the snow-eater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop, their heads free, — they are called the furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain, (for greater security,) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves — all posting as hard as they can go after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go. The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load — there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals — the horses neigh — the wolves howl — the guns rattle; it is a concert to make *Mephistophiles* jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them, if they baulk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

“Last winter Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends, to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver, a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double-barrelled guns and a hun-

dred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe; that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full and shone brilliantly; its beams, refracted by the snow, gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight. The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long ways off. Their number gradually increased, and as their numbers augmented they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley. But the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock but a vast herd of wolves in thick, serried columns, which gave chase to the sleigh. The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly, not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their number increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh — his squeal increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and had but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelop the party. If one of the horses should have given out the fate of the whole party was sealed. 'What do you think of this, Ivan?' said Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. 'I had rather be at home, Prince.' 'Are you afraid of any evil consequences?' 'The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire, the more wolves you'll have.' 'What do you think is the best thing to be done?' 'Make the horses go faster.' 'Are you sure of the horses?' 'Yes, Prince.' 'Are you sure of our safety?' The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses and turned their heads toward home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass. The Prince raised his gun to his shoulder. 'For God sake! don't fire!' exclaimed the driver, 'we are dead men if you do!' He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished at this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute, the troika was a verst from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of more than two hundred wolves."

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

SELECTED.

NICE GINGERBREAD.—Three pounds of flour, six ounces of butter, one ounce of the best powdered sugar, one ounce of caraway seeds, ground, half an ounce of sweet pepper, two pounds of treacle, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a large tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, mixed in boiling water. Butter and treacle both melted. Bake in a slow oven, two and a half hours.

SCOTCH BREAD.—One pound and a quarter of flour, three-quarters of sugar, three-quarters of butter, essence of lemon to taste. Bake twenty minutes, in rather a slow oven.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one half cup of cream, and two eggs. (excellent.)

LEMON CAKE.—Three cups of loaf sugar, one of butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, then stir in the yolks of five eggs, well beaten; dissolve a tea-spoonful of saleratus in a cup of milk; add the milk; beat the whites of the eggs to froth; add them; sift in four cups of flour, as lightly as possible; and lastly, add the juice and peel of one lemon, the peel grated. A cake made from the above receipt, took the premium at a Western State Fair.

A DELICATE RICE PUDDING.—Boil half a pound of rice in three-pints of milk until the milk is absorbed by the rice; turn it out of the sauce-pan, and, when cold, add to it three well-beaten eggs, with a little nutmeg and sugar; put it into a buttered basin and boil an hour. This made in smaller proportions, is a light and pleasant pudding for an invalid.

HOW TO OBTAIN ESSENCE OF LEMON.—Cut off, very thin, the rinds of any number of lemons; put the pieces of peel in a phial, and cover them with spirits of wine. After a day or two, this will have taken up all the oil of the lemon peel, and become far better in quality, than that usually sold.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—Sponge the parts with very hot water for a quarter of an hour, every morning; then take a rough but soft towel, and press deeply while rubbing the surface, so as to press out the hardened contents of the follicles, which cause the pimples. By perseverance, in this plan, although those pimples, already existing, will be made worse from the irritation of the rubbing, yet fresh ones will cease to appear; and in time the eruption will be nearly or quite cured. It always ceases after thirty or thirty-five years of age.

HOW TO MAKE SPRUCE BEER.—As the season is at hand when pleasant summer drinks, free from undue alcoholic influence, are frequently brewed by the housewife, or the well-brought-up-daughters, who are taught a little of everything in the way of household duties—we append the following receipts, which are claimed to be excellent:—

Prepare a five or ten gallon keg, in proportion to the size of the family—draw a piece of coarse bobinet, or very coarse book-muslin over the end of the

faucet that is inserted into the keg, to prevent it choking, a good tight bung, and near to that a gimlet hole with a peg to fit it tight.

RECIPE FOR FIVE GALLONS. — One quart of sound corn put into the keg, with half a gallon of molasses; then fill with cold water to within two inches of the bung. Shake well, and in two or three days it will be fit for use. Bung tight.

If you want spruce flavor, add one tea spoonful of essence of spruce — lemon if lemon is preferred — ginger, or any flavor you prefer.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK for Public, Social and Private Worship. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. The Hymn Book which Mr. Nason prepared, and Mr. Jewett issued more than a year ago, is well known. It was noticed favorably in our columns, and time has only served to confirm what we then said. We have long known Mr. Nason, and can say from personal acquaintance that his musical and poetical talents eminently qualify him to issue such a series of Hymn Books. We have had an opportunity to know something of the great amount of labor which he has bestowed upon his hymn books, and many would be surprised at the sum total of time expended. But Mr. N. will be paid for his labors. It is no ephemeral thing that he has produced. It is labor for which the Church will be grateful many years hence.

This Hymn and Tune Book appears in the very best style of the book-making art. It is neat and beautiful, doing credit to the well-earned fame of the publishers. It is well supplied with indexes, a very important matter in such a work. First, is the "Index of First Lines," then a "Metrical Index," and last, though not least, an "Index of Particular Subjects." Here are found many of the choicest and sweetest hymns, familiar to both old and young, while a good collection of new ones are inserted, such as are adapted to the spirit and demands of the present age. The author says, "They have been chosen with great care, from our best sacred lyric poets, and will be found adapted to every phase of Christian life and experience, and to every place where man comes to worship God, whether it be the private chamber, the domestic altar, the Sabbath School room, the deck of the vessel, the vestry, the chapel or the church."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED. — "The Child's Robe." — "The Flower Fadeth." — "The Influence of Mothers." — "My Grandmother." — "Lines on the Death of a Little Girl." — "Christian Happy Home." — "Lines on the Death of an Infant."

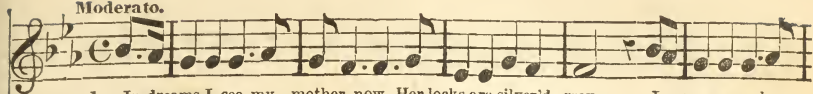
Fashion, embroidery and crochet engravings are unavoidably omitted in this number.



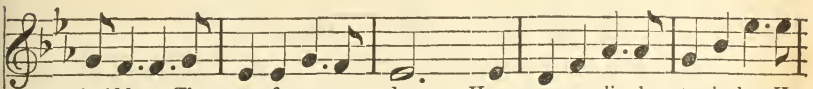
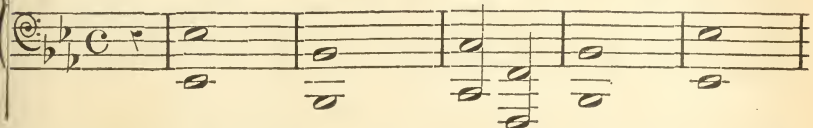
IN DREAMS I SEE MY MOTHER.

Composed by E. A. PERKINS.

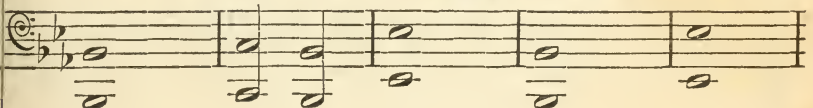
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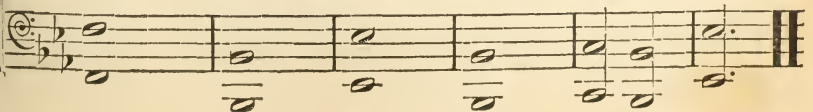
1. In dreams I see my mother now, Her locks are silver'd grey, I see up-on her
2. We knelt in childhood by her side, To say our evening prayer, Her gentle voice was ;
3. If then you have a mother dear, O love her while you may, She will not always



placid brow The cares of many a day, Her eye grows dim, her step is slow, Her
then our guide, It soothed each little care, But as at night the weary dove Flies
linger here, Too soon she'll pass a - way, Her love we know not how to prize, 'Till



strength is failing fast, Her voice is tremulous and low, For youth's bright day is past.
to her mountain nest, She winged her way to heav'n above, With angels there to rest.
from us she is riven, And like an angel from the skies, Points us the way to heav'n.



IN DREAMS I SEE MY MOTHER.

CHORUS.

O moth-er dear, O moth-er dear, Our fond hearts turn to thee, For -

- ev - er warm and true, For-ev-er warm and true, Where e'er our lot may be.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE*

NO. XX.

DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

EDITORIAL.

THE following Scripture incident is very touching. "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon and then died." How many children have breathed out their lives in the laps of their mothers! Maternal affection yearns over them more than ever when the spirit is pluming its wings for flight, and the mother's lap is a dear place for them to expire in. "And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. . . . So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi, his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunamite; Run on, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well. . . . "And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro; and went up and stretched himself upon him; and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunamite. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out." The engraving illustrates the closing part of this touching family scene. It is one that is enacted over and over in

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by CYRUS STONE, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

every neighborhood, save that no living prophet comes to restore the dead ones to life. Yet, as we shall see, in this latter act of restoration, there is a pointing to a glorious truth, that serves to alleviate the sorrows of bereaved parents.

The death of little children is a frequent occurrence. The families from which these youngest members are taken, are equal in number to those to which they are spared. It is said that half the human family die in the tender years of childhood. This estimate is not extravagant, especially when we take into view the large number that are sacrificed every year in heathen lands. For some reason, God sees fit to call home this interesting class more frequently than any other. It is the order of his wise government. Many parents have wondered and murmured over the mysterious providence. It has been to them incomprehensible; and, on that account, more afflictive to some. They are tried because they see "through a glass darkly." They would have all things clear as noon-day light. It would be well for them to remember what the Scripture saith, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." It is enough to realize that the explanation will come hereafter. For the present, we must be satisfied with what we know of the Divine character, so just and good.

"Oh, let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in tears and mystery.
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee.

"Thus, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,
Why should my spirit then complain?"

Some believe that children are annihilated at death. But this view is scarcely consistent with the restoration to life of the Shunamite's son, by the prophet Elijah. That child was dead beyond a question. The mother wept over it as a departed, lost treasure. Yet the prophet brought it back to life. Now, if children are an-

ihilated at death, the powers of that child would have been destroyed at the moment life was extinct. But they were not destroyed, otherwise the prophet could not have awaked them into life again. The body only died — the powers of the soul survived the shock of death.

Nor is this all. Was not the resuscitation of the child designed to point to a higher and more glorious reality to come — its immortal life in a future state of existence? It is this comforting truth that sheds down light upon the myriads of little graves that dot the earth. We can plant flowers on them when we feel and know that the sleeping tenants will one day rise in immortal beauty. The rose and lily are bright symbols of their life hereafter, when we are assured they will live again. Their graves are not all darkness now. They descend not thereto in a starless night. A delightful thrill of hope swells our bosoms as the infant spirit spreads its tiny wings for the skies. We feel that among the "many mansions," God has one for it — that its undeveloped powers will yet appear in the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb. This alleviates our view of the wide-spread death of children. We can scarcely conceive a scene more deplorable than that of half the race born just to draw around their hearts the endearing ties of love, and then descend to darkness and oblivion. Such a thought haunts the mind, and fills it with tormenting visions. We turn away from the dreary picture to the truth, that makes the departed child a ransomed spirit, to which is given the riches of the upper temple. We hail it as one of the best boons that God can bestow in this world of sin, where infants pass the gates of death almost as rapidly as number the pulsations of the heart. A father who buried the youngest of three boys, was cheered and comforted by this truth, and exclaimed —

"I cannot tell what form is his,
What look he weareth now ;
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph-brow.

"The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
The bliss that he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things
Which God doth not reveal.

“But I know — for God hath told me this —
That now he is at rest,
Where other blessed infants are,
On their loving Saviour’s breast.

“Whate’er befalls his brethren twain,
His bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and pain,
But his is perfect peace.

“It may be the tempter’s wiles
Their souls from bliss can sever ;
But if our own poor faith fail not,
He must be ours forever.

“When we think of what our darling is,
And what he still must be ;
When we think on that world’s perfect bliss,
And this world’s misery ;

“When we groan beneath this load of sin,
And feel this grief and pain ;
Oh ! we’d rather lose our other two,
Than have him back again.”

The loss of children, however young, is a severe affliction. With the birth of a child, new ties seem to be created, and love displays itself in new and fresher forms. The little one is the centre of a great many plans and hopes. The parents scarcely know how strong a hold the child has upon their hearts. They are unconsciously drawn by the power of the love they bear for the gift. It occupies a prominent place in their thoughts. It fills a large, deep place in their hearts. It is sunshine in their habitation — a bright, morning beam that lights up every window and room with gold. It is the sweet bird that hails the rising sun with its simple carols, more congenial to the parental heart than the nightingale’s song. It is the solace and joy of their evening hours, having beauty and gaiety in its wordless prattle, and loveliness in its peaceful slumbers. Its innocent smile, and even the dew of its warm breath, are worth more to the fond mother than the courtesies and flatteries of the gay assembly. To the weary father, returning from his daily toil, the glance of its laughing eye and its outstretched arms, are more inviting than velvet couches and decorated parlors. Its little life now constitutes most of theirs. It not only lives in them, but they live in it. What a place it fills at the fireside !

Now extinguish this light of the dwelling, silence this merry singer, remove this charm of the family, and what a breach it occasions ! How dark and desolate the home becomes ! The child has been eyes and ears to the parents—it has been joy, and peace, and hope to them — and now it inevitably becomes overwhelming sorrow to their hearts. There is but one testimony here. The hardest man is often completely overcome by the death of the beloved babe. Though others saw no tender place in his rigid nature, that child found a soft one there, where it nestled many a happy hour. If the stern father had love for no other one, he loved his child. The careful observer could trace the workings of affection, as the coarse, rough man glanced upon his babe in the cradle. He could see beams of light dart through his fierce eye, and his stern countenance relax. When the dear one died, it could be no longer doubted — he loved, greatly loved his child. His grief was inconsolable. His hardy frame shook with the convulsive throes of his sorrow, deep down in his soul, and he wept like a child. Some thought he was too hard-hearted to shed a tear, but they rained fast from his eyes, over the dead infant that had taken his heart captive. It was sorrow, indeed, to part with one so dear. Its tender years and helplessness made it all the more precious. Even so stern and rough a father could but acknowledge the power of such loveliness and innocence. That he mourned and wept, and walked solitary and sad, when his child was no more, is not strange.

There are two or three thoughts, however, that should always serve to moderate parental grief.

The first is, that God may have taken the child away from great trials and sufferings on earth. It is frequently true that parents see their children live to suffer what is exceedingly trying to behold. How often we hear fathers and mothers say of the sufferings of a sick son or daughter, “ Oh ! it is worse to witness than death ! ” or, “ What a relief it would be to have death terminate the scene ! ” Not unfrequently it is a severer trial to see our offspring suffer than to see them die ; and no parent knows that his children will be exempted from such bitter experience if spared. The future is uncertain in respect to this allotment and others. We know not what an aggregate of trial the morrow may bring to us and to our families. The child that is taken might live to be-

come the victim of wasting disease, year after year experiencing an almost incredible amount of distress, rendering his life a burden to himself and a sore spectacle to others. Bereaved parents should think of this, when their little ones are removed by death.

Another thought is, that the child may be taken from an evil and wicked life. If allowed to live he might become a vicious, heartless, profligate son. It is hard for parents to think that such a result is possible with their children; but look around and see. How many parents, even among the excellent and sainted ones of earth, are mourning to-day, over the vicious and abandoned career of sons! In every neighborhood one or more of this wretched class may be found, causing more unhappiness and anguish in their homes, than death could occasion. Had the guilty authors of this affliction been taken to heaven in infancy, what a blessing to the weeping parents! Then they could have buried them without a stain upon their characters; but now, if death summons them hence, they go down to dishonored graves, and a hopeless hell. Many a mother and father, too, would now gladly make an exchange with the great destroyer. They would rejoicingly give up the reckless son to die, if death could only return to them the innocence of childhood. Once a devoted mother murmured at the loss of one of her lovely twins. She complained that God was a "hard master," and could not feel reconciled that her twin-babe should die. Sad and forlorn she lived, regardless of the fact that God had left unnumbered mercies to her. The other infant lived — a fair, promising, beautiful boy. But he began to stray in youth. In early manhood, he was an unnatural, ruined son. Now the mother had a "living sorrow." It preyed upon her by night and by day. She had no peace. She lived to follow her once lovely boy to a drunkard's grave. Was not this a far greater trial than his death in childhood would have been? Better, far better, that he had died with his twin, before vice had consigned his character to disgrace, and his soul to perdition. The late Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter, (England,) said that he knew a case where a minister went to see the mother of a sick child, lying at the point of death. When he prayed over the sick one, he said, "If it be thy will, O Lord, spare," &c. The unsubmissive mother interrupting him, exclaimed, "It *must* be his will. I cannot bear *ifs*." The minister stopped praying. To the surprise of all

the child recovered ; but he was hanged for a criminal offence before he was twenty-two years of age. Let mourning parents think of these things and be wise. It is best to be able to say, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

But the thought which more than all others should impart consolation, is that to which reference has been made — the child is taken to a brighter and better world. Sin will never defile its ransomed soul, but it will live and shine a pure and spotless spirit in the presence of God. It is where pain will no more pierce its sensitive body, and after it has been there ten thousand years its heart will still be unoppressed by trial. It has made a glorious exchange — this world of sin and woe, for that of purity and bliss — this life of toil and trial, for one of everlasting rest and peace. Could anything be better and more congenial than this ?

ROGER ASCHAM wrote to his wife, after the death of their child, "You well remember we did talk how to bring up our child in learning and virtue ; we had care to provide for it, so as honest fortune should favor and follow it. And see how mercifully God hath dealt with us in all these points ; for, what wish could desire, what prayer could crave, what nature could perform, what virtue could deserve, what fortune could offer, we have received, and our child doth enjoy already."

"When Nature had performed that she could, Grace stepped forth, and took our child from Nature, and gave it such gifts over and above the powers of Nature, as, where it could not creep on earth by nature, it was made straightway well able to go to heaven by grace. It could not then speak by nature, and now it doth praise God by grace. And now, Margaret, go to ; I pray you tell me, and tell me as you think ; — do you love your sweet babe so little, do you envy his happy state so much, yea, as once to wish that nature should rather have followed your pleasure in keeping your child in this miserable world, than grace should have purchased such profit for your child, in bringing him to such felicity in heaven ?"

There is much good sense in this extract from that quaint writer. Murmuring over the early transfer of children to Paradise, is not very consistent with our Christian ideas about their heavenly state. God has permitted them to take the celestial prize, without the race — to receive the burnished crown without the con-

test. They have entered the desired haven without the perils of a stormy voyage — taken the final and eternal rest without the weary pilgrimage. Can a parent object to this? Not so favorably has he dealt with you who are struggling with the ills of life. The land of promise lies far beyond this outstretching wilderness. Yours is a long and toilsome journey before you reach the golden city. Suns may rise and set upon your joys and sorrows, your struggles and your travels, ere you can pluck fruit from the Tree of Life. There is a prize to be had, but the goal must first be reached. You must enter upon the race with unfaltering heart, and press on, on, on, possibly through care-worn years, ere it will be yours. There is a crown which the Righteous Judge will give you at last; but the armor must be buckled on, — the warfare waged, and relentless foes encountered before it will adorn your brow. You have in view the haven of rest that lies like an island of light, on the bosom of eternity. But your bark may toss and toss upon a sea that is swept by dark storms of sorrow, ere you are safely anchored there.

Not so with the departed child. He enjoys the rewards of virtue above, before he can even think what virtue is. He becomes a companion of angels, before he knows that angels live. He is ushered into heaven before he has learned of such a “happy land.” He calls its untold treasures his, before he asks them of his God. He becomes a harper in the celestial orchestra, before he can lisp a note of earthly music. Again, we ask, can a parent object to this?

“What though the rude tempest assail!
The blast of adversity blow?
The haven, though distant, he hails,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe.

“When safe on the beautiful strand,
He smiles at the billows that foam;
Kind angels to hail him to land,
And Jesus to welcome him home.”



INDUSTRY.—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

THE CHILD'S ROBE.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

'Tis a tiny robe, yet it speaks of the past,
As nothing on earth can do,
Of a fairy form, with a childish grace,
Of a roguish smile on a dimpled face,
And ringlets of golden hue.

It speaks of an hour with anguish fraught,
A sorrow in words untold,
When the sparkling eye, with its changeful light,
And the coral lips, with their smile too bright
For earth, grew still and cold.

It speaks of a robe more pure and white
Than any our eyes behold,
That an angel wears, which once on earth,
Brought joy to our hearts, of a priceless worth,
A joy that never is told.

And our tears are dried, as this brighter robe
With its dazzling hue appears,
And within its folds, with a rapturous smile,
Our darling is seen to beckon the while,
And bid us calm our fears.

EDUCATING BY THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

EDITORIAL.

LONG before the child can understand the meaning of words, he is governed by the intonations of the voice. These indicate to him the parent's will. Approbation, reproof, anger, authority, severity, lenity, all are forcibly expressed by the tones of the voice. The child perceives it as readily as the man. Joy, sorrow, fear, confidence, alarm, are awakened in his heart, at times, according to the sound of the voice upon his ear. The expression of the countenance, accompanying the utterance, may have somewhat to do with the influence upon the child; but the tone itself is the chief agent in awakening these emotions. It is of very little consequence what is the meaning of the words expressed, the child observes only the *manner* of saying them. Indeed, children at the age of ten or fifteen years are more impressed with the

manner of the utterance than with its meaning. This is especially true when anger, or other malevolent feelings, impart emphasis to the tone. They infer that parents are angry, or otherwise, according as they speak in a boisterous or soothing way.

Two lads were playing in the street, when the mother of one of them called to him from the window, and bade him come in. He merely looked up and turned back to his sports. A second time the mother called but with no better success. "Charlie," said his companion, "you will get a whipping if you don't mind." Charlie responded, "*She will speak louder than that* before she will whip me." The mother had so educated him by the intonations of her voice that he knew exactly what sort of a tone would precede a flogging. Probably she had been wont to administer corporeal punishment only when her anger was roused, and then loud and violent expressions heralded the application of the rod. Hence the child knew just when to obey, and when it was safe to disobey.

This fact shows that sometimes the tones of the voice exert more influence over a child than the lessons imparted. It illustrates, also, the ease with which a parent will form a habit that will prove injurious to his children. That mother had no idea that her peculiar tones of voice were counteracting the influence of her counsels. Yet it was even so. While she was seeking to educate her son in one direction by precept, the very tones which conveyed them educated him in another. She nullified her positive instructions by a habit to which she attached no importance whatever.

If there be any truth in the principle, "Like produces like," then tone is nearly as important as the precept which it conveys. The habit of incessant scolding will beget a similar mode of utterance in the child. When every correction or reproof is administered in this way, the power of reproof is not only sacrificed, but the child readily imitates the unpleasant mode of address. He employs it in speaking to his parents and his playmates. A fretful, harsh, turbulent speech characterizes him generally, so that amiable qualities are seldom, if ever, exhibited. So thoroughly injurious may be the education of the voice!

A little girl, not six years of age, screamed out to her little brother, who was playing in the mud, "Bub, you good-for-nothing

little scamp, come right into the house this minute, or I will beat you till the skin comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? where do you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend.

Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children:

"Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him just as you did me this morning; that's all."

Here tone and matter corresponded, as they usually do. Fretting and scolding must necessarily have a different dialect from their opposites. The influence upon the daughter was unmistakable. Yet the mother never supposed that like was producing like in the child, until she was thus keenly rebuked.

Rev. John A. Gere says, in his little work on the "Government of Children." "The constitution of government is a chapter, not of passions, but of principles, which should be applied with an abiding conviction of moral responsibility, with justice towards all, and with compassion towards the offending. Those who apply even correct principles, under the control of excited and angry passions, by the severity into which they are very likely to fall, may often be as guilty, perhaps more so, than the criminal himself. This remark is especially applicable to the government of little children, over whom, from the nature of the case, an authority comparatively absolute and irresponsible is exercised. From their incapacity intentionally and maliciously to disobey or offend, they never can be deservedly, the objects of anger; and in such a case, it would be so utterly fiend-like, *parents*, above all others, should shudder to indulge it. Yet there is ground to fear, in the midst of many exceptions, that this ruinous element enters extensively into their administration.

"The intonations of voice, then, proper to this service, are not the loud, boisterous and passionate, but the soothing and the *authoritative*, which, judiciously employed, are efficient and powerful instruments in subduing the excitable and fitful inclinations of infancy to the parent's will. The power of this agency in effecting the purposes of government, without a resort to severity, must be universally felt and acknowledged. In every department of

society, it is more the manner of saying, than what is said, that impresses. The keenest reproach and the sternest threat may be so uttered as to excite neither timidity nor shame ; and the most honied praise may be pronounced as a biting sarcasm, and a promise of protection as the beacon of terror."

If the reader supposes that the foregoing remarks attach too much importance to the intonations of the voice, let him consider what a deep impression has sometimes been made upon himself by the voice of a speaker or a friend. We remember a peculiarly pleasant utterance nearly as long as we do a sterling virtue. We have listened to orators whose impressive tones live long upon the soul. Whenever we recall their names, we think of the pleasant voice. It is often upon our thoughts. The anecdote of an aged woman, who spoke of a certain sermon, illustrates this point. She had listened to a discourse in which she became deeply interested. She was expressing her desire that the sermon might be repeated, when the friend with whom she was speaking suggested that it would be printed. "Ah," responded the excellent woman, "he cannot print *that holy tone*." This is what we mean by the impression made by the voice. Why, then, may it not exert a moulding influence upon childhood? What is it that lulls the infant to sleep in its mother's arms? Not the thoughts uttered, nor the rocking motion alone, but the pleasing sound that falls upon its ear. The charm is in the voice.

You have a pious mother at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and love-lit countenance are still fresh in recollection. Equally so are the tones of her voice. You remember exactly how she spoke, especially those bewitching sounds of kindness and love, which often fell as music on the ear. They linger in the soul as the notes of a lyre at the going down of a summer's sun.

It is not strange, then, that here is found a source of incidental education. It may be that here is one of the important designs of God in bestowing upon mankind the wonderful organ of speech, with its exquisite modulations, and pleasing variety. Listen to a mother's nursery song ; notice its remarkable influence upon the child, and say if God did not intend the voice to aid her in educating her offspring.

READING.

BY MISS C. DOWNING,

CHRISTIAN MOTHER! have you not read, what is so plainly written in the Book of Books, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever* ye do, do all to the glory of God?" And think you that any command, recorded by the pen of inspiration, is superfluous, that the time has come when certain rules of life taught by Christ and his apostles, and strictly followed by the primitive church, have ceased to be binding upon individual members of His church? Is the present age one in which the *world* has so conformed to *holiness*, that Christians may, with safety to themselves or with honor to their Divine Master, conform to the *world*? If the gospel of Jesus Christ was the standard of Christian life and action eighteen hundred years ago, is it less so in this our own time? If this gospel, so *pure*, so *holy*, is the *true* standard by which we are to be governed, comparing our lives with it, *where* are we, and *what* are we, and for *what* are we living? Are we, like Mary of old, sitting at the feet of Jesus, *learning* of Him, how to discharge the duties of life, and that in *all* things we may glorify God? Surely, if Jesus had not *meant* that *all*, whom God by his Holy Spirit had called to enter into the great and glorious family of the redeemed, should *obey* and *honor* him, while in the world, that they may praise Him in heaven; if he had not *meant* that in *all* things his children should honor Him, would the Holy Spirit — *one* as He is with Jesus Christ and the Father — have directed to be written in the Sacred Book, this command: "Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, or *whatsoever* ye do, do *all* to the glory of God?" And if the body, frail and perishable as it is, that must so soon mingle with the dust of the earth — if the *mortal* tenement of the *immortal* soul should be fed, and nourished, and strengthened for His glory, who created it, shall not the mind, formed in the image of its Maker, and existing evermore — be likewise so fed, so nourished and strengthened, that in eternity it may glorify God in its *fitness* for the enjoyment of his *pure* and *holy* presence? Christian Mother, wherein consists this *fitness* for heaven, and what contributes to *produce* it? With what *reading* are you strengthening and elevating your own minds and hearts, and causing the grace of the Christian life to abound in

your own heart and life? This question truly answered, will answer the question whether you are preparing your own and your children's hearts for the enjoyment of the purity and holiness of heaven. Could the mothers of this age of books and papers innumerable, see how much influence the *reading* placed within the reach of their children has, in forming the character of those whom God has given them to mould into *perfect* men and women—to so shade and color with all good, and prune of all evil, that they shall be fitted for usefulness here, and for a *home* in the skies. *Could* they see this, would they not be more careful what books fill their libraries, what magazines and papers come into their dwellings? How many books of “light literature,” and how many of a moral and religious character are there in our Christian homes? One would suppose that religious literature would preponderate in such families, that light, trashy books, periodicals and papers would be few in comparison with those of the opposite character. But is it so? Look first at your own book-shelves and tables, then in other homes, and if it be true, that the *reading* in our Christian homes is “to the glory of God,” please make a statement to that effect in the next number of the Happy Home.

SORROW.

Then in life's goblet freely press,
 The leaves that give it bitterness,
 Nor prize the colored waters less,
 For in thy darkness and distress
 New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know,
 How false its sparkling bubbles flow,
 How bitter are the drops of woe
 With which its brim may overflow,
 He has not learned to live.

LONGFELLOW.

“Virtue's like gold:—the ore's alloyed by earth,
 Trouble, like fire, refines the mass to birth,
 Tortured the more, the metal purer grows,
 And seven times tried, with new effulgence glows!
 Exults superior to the searching flame,
 And rises from affliction into fame!”

BOYSE.

CHILDREN KEEPING THE SABBATH.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

"Oh! I know something," said Emma Warren, as she ran along home from school, Saturday noon, swinging her satchel as she went.

"I guess I know what it is; you are going to see Katy Wellman or Hattie Jackson, this afternoon," said one of her school-mates.

"No, indeed I am not; mother says Saturday afternoon is not a good time to go visiting; and now I'll just tell you what I am pleased about — and it is because to-morrow is Sunday."

"*Pleased because to-morrow is Sunday!*" repeated Mary, in astonishment. "I am sure I wish there was no such day in all the week."

"Then you do not have as good a time as I do, for I like it best of all. Now, you tell me what you do Sundays, and I will tell you what I do."

"Well, then, the first thing we do after breakfast, is to have a fuss; for Bridget wants to do her work up before she gets dinner, and mother says she shall help dress us to go to church. So she gets cross and then we get cross, and then it is 'Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!' all the time; and then father scolds because he says he can't read his newspaper. Then I do not dare to move for fear I should spoil my best clothes — and then the minister preaches so that I cannot understand only when he says *of* and *but* and *the*, and a few such words."

"But do not your father or mother sit down and talk with you about the sermon, after you come home from meeting?" interrupted Emma.

"No; I never heard of such a thing. I go right up stairs and take off my best things and sit down and learn hymns and read my library book until supper is ready. After supper father reads in the Bible and prays; mother asks him sometimes to read in the morning, but he says there is 'too much confusion,' and he will not. Then I have to read, or *make believe* read, until it is time to go to bed. Father and mother go to meeting in the evening. I cannot laugh or talk a loud word before they go, for mother says

it is wicked, and if I do not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, I cannot go to heaven ; for *there* it is Sabbath day all the time. But I don't know as I care much about going ; I should not like to stay *forever* where I could n't laugh nor hardly breathe. Now, tell what you do. I suppose you play if you want to."

"*Play!* no indeed ; and I think my father and mother are as good as anybody, and we do have a *good time*, too. Mother has not any girl now, because Ellen is thirteen years old, and she wants her to learn how to work. Every Saturday mother cooks something good for Sunday — she wants to *rest* on that day, she says. In the afternoon Ellen takes out our clean clothes ready for us to put on in the morning, and we are washed before we go to bed. We say our lessons for the Sabbath School, and mother sings us to sleep almost. In the morning father sees to 'sissy' while mother and I get breakfast — I can set the table, you know. Then breakfast comes, and we all read in the Bible afterwards ; Ellen plays for us and we all sing before father prays. When we get home at night we read and sing, and then go out in the garden and walk around. Mother says she knows we get tired keeping so much *stiller* than we do other days. Sometimes father goes to the third meeting, and if he does, mother tells us about the sermon or some pleasant story, and we do have a good time, now certain. We *ain't* any soberer than any other day, and you know father is always smiling."

May not the well meaning but mistaken parent here receive a hint with regard to the observance of holy time ? Feeling as every Christian should, how much is depending, both for time and eternity, upon keeping the Sabbath aright, ought the little ones to be overlooked, to whom the day becomes a weariness, because no effort is made to have it otherwise ? The young child can neither join in the praises or prayers which ascend from the temple of Jehovah ; nor can it be profited directly by the instructions there given. Is it not then a duty for the *father* and mother to practice self-denial, if need be, to surround the hallowed day with pleasant and profitable associations ? Is it not a fact, that in many families, professedly Christian, there is an absence of everything that approaches to cheerful intercourse, and the buoyant heart of childhood seeks in vain for the manifestation of that spir-

it of peace and rest and joy which it has been taught are its attendant blessings.

The story is not a new one which Mr. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, used to repeat years ago, about the pious Scotchman. The Sabbath was to him a delight, the holy of the Lord and honorable. On that sacred day his soul arising on the wings of prayer and praise, seemed to enter into that upper sanctuary,

“Where congregations ne’er break up,
Where Sabbaths have no end.”

This good man had one son—a fine little boy of six years, and that he might not go out upon the lawn or in any other way wickedly break the Sabbath, his father used to tie him to the bed-post in the morning, and keep him there through the day. Then when the sun had gone down and the father had been up to the third heavens, he would release the little fellow, and, taking him on his knee, tell him of that blessed, eternal state, of which the day of rest is but a foretaste,—all the while the son thought but of one eternal—*leg-tied*.

Who has not heard of the little girl that knew only of Sabbaths of restraint and gloom, and when asked by her fond, but mistaken mother, “If she would not like to go to heaven when she died, for there it would be just like Sunday all the time,” replied hesitatingly, she should, “*If God would let her go to hell Saturday afternoons, to play.*”

The heart of the child is but true to its nature in both these cases, and if they provoke a smile, they should cause tears to fall—tears of repentance for the past, with high and holy resolves for the time to come. There surely is a great failing somewhere, for parental influence and instruction are not hastening forward, as they ought, that blessed day when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest, when all shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy children.



He whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF AN INTERESTING LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

The music-patter of those feet,
Those tiny feet no more we hear ;
The silv'ry laugh and little voice
No longer greet our raptured ear ;
We wait to catch those sounds again,
Yet wait and listen all in vain.

We miss her quiet, witching smile,
The gentle lovelight of her eye,
Her sweetly pensive, winning brow,
Her heaving breast and low, soft sigh ;
The place she filled is vacant now,
And stricken we in sorrow bow.

She loved the songs of joyous birds,
The bloom and breath of fragrant flow'rs ;
To-day she twines celestial wreaths
Of richest buds in fadeless bow'rs,
With angels joins in sweetest strains,
That echo o'er the heavenly plains.

'Twas Jesus called our darling hence,
He took her in his arms of love,
And folded closely to his breast,
Conveyed her to the realms above ;
Adorned with charms divinely fair,
She flits, a bright-winged cherub there.

Yes, tend'rest mercy bore away
Our Florence from earth's chilling breath ;
Too delicate her slender form
To meet the scenes of pain and death ;
In climes like ours, one ruder gale
Would sweep to dust a life so frail.

Now in the land of genial clime,
With softest skies forever fair,
A land of bright, perennial bloom,
And purest balmy-laden air,
A land no ills can ever blight,
Our darling's safe, a form of light.

SABBATH IN QUARANTINE.

BY PROF. E. A. LAWRENCE.

OUR second Sabbath at Messina was the Virgin Mary's day, — a great festival in all Roman Catholic countries. Its occurrence on the Sabbath gave additional sacredness to the day. On other Sundays, the people might continue or suspend their labor as they chose, but to work on this feast day was a crime to be punished by the judges. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the citadel, at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, in honor of the mother of Jesus, as if she were some Joan of Arc. Cannon booming, drums beating, bells ringing, flags flying, candles burning, priests chanting, soldiers tramping, — these were the expressive symbols of worship which marked the superior homage paid to the birth-day of the human mother, above that rendered to the resurrection-day of the Divine Son.

As we were not permitted to go into the city, being in quarantine, we attended religious service at the Lazaretto. The assembly occupied the central court or yard. The chapel was at one end, the altar projecting out, so that the priest could be seen by all. As I witnessed the variety and richness of the apparel, the long black tunic, the white robes, the gildings and fringes, and shining jewels, and the various changes which took place during the service, I could not help inquiring of myself, "Is this a minister of Christ? What will he do to instruct his sin-beclouded auditors, and to lead them to the Saviour? What words of rebuke will he administer to the hardened transgressor, or of consolation to the spiritual mourner? He rang a little bell, fell upon one knee, and rose up, crossed himself, turned to the picture of the Virgin, bowed, rang the bell, and muttered something in an unknown tongue, so indistinctly, that it could not have been understood had it been in our own. Then he rang the little bell again, crossed himself, bowed to the Virgin, turned his back to the people, chanted a little, consecrated and elevated the wafer, drank three cups of wine, wiped the chalice, closed the book, rang the large bell, and thus ended the service.

Meanwhile, the scene outside among the auditors, or I should say spectators, for there was little to *hear*, was almost grotesque.

People from many nations, and in diverse costumes, were assembled, some kneeling on one knee, some on both, and some standing. Some were counting their beads, others had none to count, and others still did not believe that counting beads was worship. A few appeared devout, of whom I trust some were really so. But with most it was an evident task-work, or form, to which they submitted because of the indulgence which it procured them in their courses of sin. Still the scene had an interest which forbade ridicule or levity. When this—I cannot help calling it a farce,—commenced, I instinctively uncovered my head, for here were fellow-pilgrims bowed in professed adoration. The humanity in them commanded my respect, their ignorance and superstition awakened my pity, and the deep gloom overhanging their immortality, elicited my earnest sympathy. I longed to give them the open Bible, and lead them directly to the Saviour,—to tear away the bandages with which a selfish and darkening priesthood have blindfolded them, and let the sweet light of a pure gospel shine into their minds,—to throw away those indigestible stones, and to bring to them, from our Father's table, the simple bread of life.

“THE MOTHER OF ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN.”

BY REV. LEWIS H. REID.

NO. I.

AN ambitious mother she was, who supposing that Christ was about to establish a temporal kingdom, desired that her two sons should be his chief ministers. But it is to the form of expression here used that I would call your attention. I have often been struck with it — “*The mother of Zebedee's children.*” It is not meant that she was their step-mother, for the occasion and the words of her petition indicate that they were her own sons. The same form of expression is used in another place. Among the “many women” present at the crucifixion, “was Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Joses, and *the mother of Zebedee's children.*” It has been suggested that possibly Zebedee, at this time, was dead, or that he was not so constant a follower of Christ as his wife was, and that this may account for the expression. On the other hand, we may suppose him to have been a

man of piety and influence, so that his own name served better to describe his wife and children. He must have been a faithful father or he would not have had such sons — sons, whom Christ saw fit to call into the apostleship, and to make his intimate friends — one of them the “beloved disciple” — the two with Peter witnessing the transfiguration ; and both, after Christ’s ascension, spoken of, with Peter, as “*pillars*” in the church. They were brought up to habits of industry, and had a due regard for their parents. It is a pleasing fact that, when called by Christ, they were “in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets.”

What an identity of interest runs through the entire household ! The father’s uprightness honors the child — the child’s integrity brings credit to the parents. How frequently are parent’s names mentioned in the Scriptures in connection with the honorable or dishonorable acts of children. The faith of Moses’ parents, the piety of Naomi, mother-in-law of Ruth, the devotedness of Hannah, enter into and form a chief part of their children’s history. Nor in the record of the kings of Israel and Judah are the parents’ names omitted. To tell whose child a king was, especially who his *mother* was, seems as important as to tell what were the chief events of his reign. In the New Testament similar examples are furnished. Poor old Simon had to share in the ignominy of his son’s betrayal. Much as he might have wished to conceal whose child he was, it was in vain. Faithful history, again and again points him out as “Judas Iscariot, *the son of Simon*.” Thus are father and son’s name linked in lasting shame. On the other hand, look at Timothy. His unfeigned faith is commended, dwelling first in his grand-mother Lois and his mother Eunice. From a child he had known the holy Scriptures ; and now that he is chosen to the sacred ministry, his piety reflects honorably upon his parents, and theirs reflects honorably upon him. I have no doubt Salome took more pleasure in being called “the mother of Zebedee’s children,” than by any other name. Like a Spartan mother she could say, “These are my jewels.”

And does not the same law of common or reflected honor or disgrace between parents and children, prevail at the present day ? Nay, does it not belong to the family relation ? What can raise one’s pretensions higher, or give better ground for boasting, than to be “The son of parents passed into the skies ?” And what

can impart more comfort to parents than to see their children occupying honorable and useful spheres in life?

One of the most remarkable advertisements that I remember to have met with, is that of the proprietors of the famous bell-foundry in West Troy, N. Y. — “*Andrew Meneely’s Sons!*” The father some years since passed from the scenes of time, but his name and reputation are the best advertisements his sons can have. He was a man, too, so eminent for piety, that a memoir of his life has been published. There is no need, therefore, for the sons’ names to appear. It is enough and better to advertise as they do.

Said a distinguished speaker: “A few years ago I stood where the Potomac in silence rolls its waters. Upon its banks I saw not the stately mausoleum, but, in simple elegance, the humble sepulchre of one whom the world delights to honor. In a sarcophagus of white marble — pure as the character of him whom it commemorates — repose the ashes of him whose memory is immortal. No labored epitaph extols the virtues of him whose dust is there preserved; but a single word inscribed upon that stone tells a tale of fame and glory. It is the name of WASHINGTON. In an humble grave-yard some miles distant from that tomb, rest the ashes of a mother — an American mother — a Christian mother. On the marble above her remains is an inscription simple but eloquent — language that thrills the heart — none other need be uttered — women of America, hear it! — “*Mary, the mother of Washington!*”

Within a short time, two fathers have gone from New York city to visit their children, but with feelings and in circumstances widely different! One had the satisfaction of seeing his son elected to the Chief Magistracy of the State, and upon coming to the Capital, was received with gratification and honor into the Executive mansion. The other was summoned away to the Capital of the Nation, to see with shame and agony, his son in a prison, his hands stained with the life blood of his fellow-man! Oh! how truly may children be a joy or a grief to those who gave them being!

“See to it, ye fathers or mothers, that the curse of Eli and of David, and of other unfaithful parents comes not upon you. Sow no thorns, by neglect of duty, in your own pillow. God utters it, and it is as true to-day as it ever was, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

MY BIRD OF MORNING.

BY META LANDER.

Long months have passed, since thou, my bird of morning,
Went up the shining way,
Too soon did melt thy brilliant, golden dawning
Into effulgent day.

And still my heart is deep in anguish dwelling,
On what hath quickly fled ;
From sorrow's fount the tears are ever welling
For thee, my early dead.

But hast thou sped thine upward way forever,
To Eden-fields of light ?
And wilt thou, then, return to us, O never,
To cheer our dreary night ?

And do the starry skies display no guidings,
To thy bright path, my bird ?
From that far shore will come no welcome tidings,
No spirit voice be heard ?

Speak, dearest one, and still this quick heart-beating,
These waves that o'er me roll ;
Speak but one gentle word of angel-greeting,
To soothe this yearning soul.

But, list ! sure it must be illusive seeming —
That voice upon mine ear !
Yet, list again ! and am I not then dreaming ?
"Sweet mother ! I am here :

"O, grieve not then ; cease thou thy bitter weeping ;
Thy darling is not dead ;
Descending oft, I'm vigils o'er thee keeping,
Hovering around thy head.

"Look up ! for soon will end thy days of mourning,
And thou shalt quiet sleep ;
Forever stilled will be thy heart's deep yearning,
Thou ne'er again shalt weep.

"Look up in faith ! There's light above thee dawning,
Beyond the clouded sky ;
Ere long will break Eternity's clear morning,
Upon thy dazzled eye.

And rapturous then will be thy bright awaking,
In the blest spirit land ;
There, never more will be a bitter breaking
Of Love's encircling bands."

THE FLOWER FADETH.

BY M.

THE other day, there bloomed upon my plant-table, a beautiful lily, pure and white, filling the whole room with its fragrance. The next morning I sought it but it hung its head and drooped, and in another night it was withered and gone.

So a few short months ago I saw one in the morning of life, surrounded with every comfort this world can afford, with a loving husband by her side, and kind and affectionate friends around her, yet these could, none of them, secure to her life. Frail as the lily, she drooped and died; the fond caress of her husband — the love of other friends — the attractive scenes of earth — the pleasures of life — none of these could detain her, and she fled to the spirit world.

She was yet, as it were, a *bride*, fair and beautiful. The symmetry of her form, the beauty of her features, the loveliness of her smile, all seemed to entitle her to a place among the fairest flowers in the garden of earth. Yet disease laid his iron hand upon her, and she has been, thus early, taken from us. Her place in that loved circle of friends and acquaintances is now vacant, and we are left sadly to lament our loss. Of our young friend, it can now only be said, she *has* been, but *is not*. How true is it, that the grass withereth and the flower fadeth.

“So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.”

In-silence mighty things are wrought —
Silently builded thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subserviant powers,
Is strengthened silently.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

EDITORIAL.

SOME people are very curious about the Future. They want to know what is to be, and hence, they consult fortune-tellers, and believe in notable signs, dreams, lucky days, and kindred vagaries. They are the descendants of the ancient astrologers and necromancers. They may be quite happy in the superstitious view which they take of time to come, but their happiness does not arise from proper ideas of life. There is a class, however, who seldom look forward with any degree of satisfaction. They are almost sure to behold portentous evils. They may not trust in dreams, or consult fortune-tellers, but *imaginary* evils exert a wonderful influence over them. There is always some bitter experience in reserve for them. They see it as a reality. At home, some ill is yet to befall themselves or families — they will be sick, or poor, or experience some other unknown something that is grievous. Abroad, the cars will meet with some serious accident, or the steamboat sink or burn. And when a painful experience actually comes, they say, “It is just what I have been expecting for a long time. My mind was made up for it.” They really appear to derive a kind of satisfaction from sad events when they are *nothing more than they have long anticipated*. Even some professing Christians are found among this class. Forgetting the Divine injunction, “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” they create imaginary troubles, that darken their minds and sadden their hearts. Though professing to believe that God governs the world in infinite love and wisdom, they behave as if all things were subject to blind chance alone. Contentment! that sweet, angelic grace, that converts the human heart as by magic, into a paradise of peace, so that even great clouds of darkness become light, and arrows of pain are sharpened with love — they scarcely know or care what it means. They never were content like Paul, and they never expect to be. That apostolic character presents a singular contrast with themselves, and perhaps they view it with a kind of distrust thinking, after all, that it is one thing to preach and another to practice contentment. At any rate, if their conduct is not, strange for professing Christians, then Paul must have been an odd man, content as he was with even stripes and imprisonments

Trial after trial came to him, day after day, until it seemed as if the Future had nothing but evil in store for him, and yet he was content — a cheerful, happy man.

There are some followers of Christ now who resemble Paul. They are content because they "commit their ways to the Lord." They have faith, and therefore they never yield to despondency, by creating imaginary evils. They have made up their minds to take things just as God sends them, so that they have no reason to imagine evil. They leave trouble to the Lord's disposal, well satisfied that "All things work together for good to them that love him." They feel that he has governed the world very well in the Past, and have confidence that he will in the Future; therefore, as they look forward, cheerfulness comes into their hearts, as an angel of peace. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe;" they know it from happy experience, they feel it clear down in their heart of hearts. The sceptic may press them with arguments which they cannot answer, but it does not shake them from this strong hold. They have tried the promise, and found it true in letter and spirit, and ten thousand sceptics cannot darken their minds at this point. They are very much like the simple, good woman, who "did n't know what anybody wanted of a God if it was n't to trust in." So they trust in him, and look forward with a glad heart.

A cheerful view of the Future is alone consistent with a true Christian life. "What," says one, "do you mean that the widow, in her abode of want and woe, with a brood of little ones to care for, should take this cheerful view? May she not be excused, though a Christian, in cherishing some doubts about the future?" No doubt some sad thoughts will obtrude themselves upon her mind, but if true faith in God triumphs over her adversity, she will love to anticipate to-morrow, and next week, and next year, just because He who "doeth all things well," will be there to rule. Her heart rejoices in the view, and if she be poor, with many dependent ones around her, it is about all the cheerful view she can have in this dark world. So that we say, yes; the poor widow, however hard her lot, must trust in the widow's God, and be very thankful and happy, too, that there is a widow's God for her. What else can she do? Will she be any better or happier, have any more bread for hungry mouths, or grope in lesser

darkness, by foreboding evil? Certainly not. Then wisdom, not to say Christianity, bids her take this cheerful view of time to come. And the same is true of every probationer, though nothing but clouds and storm meet his anxious gaze.

The believer can but see that such a view of the Future, alone, is honorable to God. He is the sovereign Ruler and Disposer of events. All things are ordered by him. He doeth his pleasure in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. His wisdom and goodness are concerned in whatsoever comes to pass. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Even the very hairs of our heads are all numbered by him. He "careth" for us. This is the believer's creed. Can he forbode evil, and live in sadness, because he beholds no light in his path, without dishonoring God? Whether designed or not, his doubts and forebodings imply that God will order or allow something that will not be for the best — that all things will not work together for good to the faithful. Here is the sin of distrust.

The saint should ever keep in view, that sublime and cheering truth — "JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER." However sad the vicissitudes of his life, or frowning the Future, there is one direction in which he may turn, and behold no change. While earthly thrones and governments may be overthrown by the revolutions of time or the assaults of contending armies, the throne and reign of his Master and King are eternal. Revolutions will not jostle it; time will not remove its foundations; it will stand from everlasting to everlasting. His fellow-men may be "unstable as water," blown about by every wind of doctrine, betraying his confidence as often as it is reposed in them, and causing him to feel that human nature is a cheat and a lie. But the Master whom he serves is the same through every age. His word is sure as law, his promise certain as destiny, his character changeless as his throne — "The SAME yesterday, to-day, and FOREVER!" How satisfactory, to contemplate the unwavering career of even a mortal man! one who is never moved from right by the wiles and treacheries, the allurements and threats of a wicked world; who pursues the even tenor of his way, turning neither to the right hand nor left, true to himself, his race and his God! He stands a pillar of strength amid the shifting, changing crowds of humanity around him. He inspires confidence and

hope in desponding breasts, and clusters thousands of hopeful hearts around himself. And then, how sadly disappointed when relentless death strikes him to the dust! Yet that fatal blow may fall at any moment, and this pillar of society be tottled down. Think, then, of Him who is the same "yesterday, to-day and forever." Come joy or sorrow, health or sickness, life or death, He is the same, ever-present, ever-living, ever-faithful Friend and Ruler. Love once bestowed upon him is never disappointed by a blow from the Destroyer. Faith once reposed in him is never cheated by fitful purposes. This is abundant cause for looking cheerfully into the Future. "The Lord is my strength, I will not fear though the earth be removed, and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea."

COMING YEARS.

BY REV. W. C. JACKSON.

I love to range in thought
 Along through coming years,
 When many a pleasure shall have fled
 And many a tear of grief been shed,
 And many an hour have been forgot,
 Of dreams, and hopes and fears.

The good things of the earth
 Will then have tried their power,
 And shown their impotence to bless,
 Of Mammon the deceitfulness,
 Some grief in every hour of mirth,
 A thorn to every flower.

And there the Christian may,
 By long experience, know
 How safe doth Israel's Shepherd keep,
 And o'er green pastures lead his sheep,
 Where righteousness adorns the way
 And living waters flow.

Then, as in future days,
 I shall review the road
 I've travelled, — while my prayers ascend, —
 That God would bless me to the end, —
 Yet with the prayers will mingle praise
 For blessings *now* bestowed.

A U N T R A C H E L ,

BY MARY IDE TORREY.

RACHEL PIKE, or, Aunt Rachel, as she was generally called, lived in M——. One stormy day, about thirty years ago, she was carried to her grave. The day was a very tedious one for people to be out of doors,—the storm of sleet coming down so constantly, blinding the eyes, and giving a frosty appearance to every one who encountered it.

A very sad day was that in which Aunt Rachel was buried. Few persons in town had more friends than this aged single woman. Parents and children equally mourned her departure. She was not rich—in the possession of gold, but she had those desirable blessings which money will not buy, and without which we cannot live happily. I mean, she was rich in the love and respect of all who knew her. She was not in a high station, nor had she what the world calls a good education, or a cultivated mind. Her condition in life was humble. She was a faithful domestic in the family of her pastor, many years.

I said she was not well educated ; she was thoroughly educated in her calling. She understood the important but now much neglected art of keeping house, in a judicious, economical and comfortable manner. I wish I may be forgiven for calling her position humble ; I wrote after the manner of the world. This housekeeping, this home-making is an art, science and virtue, which has scope enough in itself, to call out all the energies, tact, wisdom, faith and patience of woman, and no one who exercises all these faculties which God has given her, can help honoring her station—magnifying her office—and securing the respect of all with whom she comes in contact.

This was pre-eminently the case with Aunt Rachel. She was not an eye-servant. She felt that the labors and trusts assigned her by others, were committed to her by God, and in serving her employers faithfully, she served Him. She esteemed nothing trivial however small, if it were a duty. The consequence was, she grew with her duties. She felt for the interests of her pastor's family, and attended to them wisely. She felt for the interests of the church, and prayed and labored and gave of her

substance to promote the cause of Christ, till she came to be regarded as one of the most efficient members of the church with which she was connected, and almost essential to its prosperity. People never thought to say of her, "She lives out and does house-work;" but she was "Aunt Rachel," one whom they felt they could not do without — one who was above her calling in the only true sense in which any can be above their duties; she was mistress of them; they did not degrade her, but by their faithful performance she was elevated.

Virtue, in Aunt Rachel's case, was not simply its own reward. Her good name and many excellences proved "cash in hand," in her old age. When too old to "live out" any longer, she took a room, and kept house for herself, braiding straw to eke out her income, so that it might be sufficient for her support. And now people showed their love and respect for this aged saint, by carrying her supplies, every one feeling that it would be a sin for Aunt Rachel to want anything, and that any one, to whom they were all so much indebted, ought not to be obliged to *ask* for anything. Thus she lived very happily and comfortably for many years, her earnings added to the voluntary gifts of the people, making her feel almost independent.

During this time, Aunt Rachel always gave her "mites" into the treasury of the Lord. At length her strength began to fail with her advanced age, her earnings of course, were very much diminished, and she began to doubt if she could continue her annual subscription to a society of which she had long been a member. She did not see how she could give as formerly, and she could not feel happy to refrain from giving. So she spent some time in prayer upon the question, whether she could, without presumption, renew her subscription for another year. While Aunt Rachel was praying, the plan was suggested to her, of devoting one hour every week to this cause, in which time she should braid as diligently as possible, and at the end of the year give to this object, all the avails. This plan she adopted, and as a result, her labors amounted to exactly three times her usual subscription. This she gave with a joyful heart, and from that time forward she never failed to braid one hour every week, and devote the proceeds to the Lord.

While Aunt Rachel was giving three times the amount she had

given when younger and stronger, she did not grow poorer or enjoy less of the comforts of life. God took care of her in a way which seemed to *her* very mysterious, but, to those who looked on, very natural. One day, when she carried her contribution to the treasurer, she was asked, if she did not feel afraid she should suffer by giving so much? She replied, that "If she should ever find any inconvenience from it, she could never work for herself again in God's time, for He had so blessed it, that she had sometimes been tempted, when she looked at her diminishing wood-pile and her low funds, to think she had better not try to give more than she used to do formerly, and to work more for herself, but O!" said she, "it was such a wicked thought; I knew it was in a moment; for I reflected that God, who could help me to earn so much in the time I devoted to Him, could help me do more in my own time. He has always provided as well, or better for me, since I have labored this hour for Him, than He did before, and I shall never distrust Him, for He, I know, put it into my mind, to devote the hour to him. So take this money, and never say anything to me about its being too much, again!"

The next Sabbath, the lady in whose house Aunt Rachel lived, came home from church, bringing with her an anonymous letter, to Aunt Rachel, containing a dollar to buy her some wood. Aunt Rachel, like many other aged people, was very forgetful. She could not remember that she had ever mentioned to any one the possibility of her needing wood. She was quite positive she had not, and wondered how any one could have found it out. She thought at first that the lady who brought her the note had told some one of her wants, but Mrs. P. assured her she had not.

Aunt Rachel then asked her who gave her the letter? Mrs. P. could not tell. She said, that as she was coming out of church, while she was in a crowd, some one handed it to her over her shoulder, and walked off immediately — that if she had not been busily engaged in conversation she should have seen who it was, but before she had time to turn, the person was not to be distinguished from the crowd.

This was quite a riddle to Aunt Rachel, and she busied herself in trying to think who could have sent her the money. At last, she thought of a wealthy lady who probably was the donor, and so confident was she of being right in her surmise, that she went

to the lady and thanked her for sending her such a seasonable gift, and asked how she knew that she was out of wood? The lady replied that she did not know it, and that she did not send her the money. Aunt Rachel then went to another lady with her thanks, but this woman also declared she did not send her the money, and knew nothing of her peculiar necessity. Aunt Rachel then said, she did not know whom to thank, for she had been to Mrs. S——, and she did not give it. Mrs. M—— told her to thank God, for he had put it into the heart of some one to provide for her wants, and she had no doubt that she would be supplied with fuel while she lived. Mrs. M—— then went to Mrs. S—— and said, “Aunt Rachel has given us both the credit of providing her with wood, when we did not, now my husband will carry her as large a load of wood as yours will, and you may make it as large as you please.”

The challenge was accepted; Aunt Rachel was gladdened and surprised by two loads of wood, in size and quality worthy of the donors, and from that time till the day of her death, she never wanted for fuel, or any other of the comforts and necessities of life. Her desire that her last sickness might be short, was also granted, and though the day of her burial was stormy, and but few friends could follow the bier, Aunt Rachel was not forgotten. Her deeds still live — her example is still felt, and her name revered, while many who thought themselves more honorable and wealthy, but who lived in pleasure and sin, have gone to their graves unlamented, and are now forgotten.

“Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh,
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day.”

JANE DUDLEY.

“The mother in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her caress, a Christian man!
Then crown her queen of the world.”

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER

AT SEA, EAST OF THE AZORES.

Oh! it is well sick men should go
Unto the royal sea;
For on their souls, as on a glass,
From its bright fields the breath doth pass
Of its infinity.

So sings one of the Thalatta bards; but the first few days off the coast, pitching and tumbling on a rough, head-sea, might make the voyager begin to suspect that the poetry of ocean-life has been mostly written by landsmen, who have drawn more upon their imaginations than upon the facts in the case. He might very gravely question the sentiment—

“I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below;—

to which he could perhaps add with equal pertinency,

And the blue within.

The first acquaintance with old Neptune is not apt to be particularly pleasant.

The waters of the bay did not long detain our good ship—the Armenia. A strong west wind soon sunk the coast behind us a hundred miles, then left us becalmed a day; then came out dead ahead, putting us on a north-east tack, which sent us into the neighborhood of Nova Scotia, and into the midst of a snow-storm—rather a cooler to our visions of summer latitudes, but curiously, like not a few of our journeys in this world of ours. Instead of being across the Gulf Stream and fanning away to the “Western Islands,” in a day or two, we battled it nearly a week inside that belt of warmer water, shivering in a fireless cabin, then huddling into the galley to warm up by the cook-stove, bracing, against the lurch of the ship to leeward, and in spite of all our care, catching a plate of soup or a cup of tea in our coat sleeve, which was started for a higher port. The sailors say that the beauty of this ocean life is “sometimes to see a ship, and sometimes to ship a sea.” Our fortune has run decidedly in the latter channel. Laden deeply and sailing fast, the waves have played

over our decks in torrents. One night a tremendous wave broke over us, and, our cabin-door being open, came rushing in, awaking me from a sound sleep, by the splash of water underneath my bed. Boots, slippers, books and private stores were all afloat in a minnte, and a sorry yet laughable figure we cut in *deshabille*, clearing the wreck and saving our drift. Of course *one* mishap of this sort pays its way by its novelty ; but *one* will answer.

The second officer of our ship is quite a character. In physical build he is of the "Long Tom" model. A half hour on board satisfied me that he had a history, and its outline is this: Sprung of a good family, he was entered in one of our colleges, but, seduced by novel-reading and a roving turn of mind, ran away on a South Sea whaling cruise ; and since, for twenty-five years, has been a wanderer of the deep. He quotes history and poetry freely, of which he has a good collection, and is familiar with classic antiquities, especially those of the Mediterranean countries. But there is about him that irrepressible air of disappointed hope which cankers so many hearts, telling that life neither has fulfilled their expectations, nor their sense of capacity. In his storm-suit of oil-cloth, up to his boot-tops in water, on deck, shouting orders to the crew, he is evidently a happier man than in a calm sunshine.

After a week of head winds and waves, a fresh south-wester has been spinning us on our eastern course in splendid style for several days, bringing us close up with the Azores, for whose rocky shores we are watching with much impatience. We have got on our sea-legs, and have caught

"The exulting sense, the pulses' maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer on his trackless way."

Shall I expatiate a little on

THE ASPECTS OF THE OCEAN?

Its colors vary under different states of the atmosphere, from a leaden, metallic lustre, through shades of green and blue to the intensest sapphire, in the full sun-light. These finer tints, when flecked with foam or tinged with the warmer gleams of sunset, are surpassingly beautiful. No skill of human art can approach their delicacy and richness: —

"A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck;
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor."

Shelley's *unreposing* sea is as true as it is poetic. It never is still. Its surface in storm or calm is always changing its level, ridging itself in every variety of hill-shaped elevations, settling away in great wide valleys, assuming the appearance of enormous humped-backed creatures, or towering in threatening surges across your track. Even when it glasses itself in a breathless calm, it is continually vibrating with the pulsations of its own mighty heart. It is the remorseless, devouring, fascinating sea — treacherous, hungry — ever suggesting the need of a watchful eye upon its waywardness. Alas! what treasured hopes and loves it holds buried in its mysterious caverns. It is a strange thing to be sailing so safely over its solitary wastes, and yet to know that whole navies could not live an hour upon its boiling floods if it should but arouse, as it might, its awful strength. Just now on this bright morning, the *almost* gale of the last night has rolled up its billows into a wild magnificence. They chase us in furious din, leaping around us in a grand tumult, huge hills of foam :—

"Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted, and lifted, and then let go,
A great, white avalanche of thunder."

But it is God's wide sea, for he made it ; and his breath hushes it to peace. Christ still walks along its pathless leagues in trust-inspiring serenity.

Every object in a life like this becomes interesting. Here flies in our ship's wake, the Stormy Petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, gliding about like a large swallow. It never alights, if it should the men would be in great trouble, for they are superstitious about it, and say that these restless little wanderers are drowned sailor's souls. Where or how it sleeps its Maker knows. A shore sparrow that flew on board of us three hundred miles from land, died in a day or two from exhaustion. Yet that poor fugitive, so far from home, did not fall into this, to it, shoreless ocean, without our Father's notice. And there goes a "Portuguese man-of-war," with all sails set to his nautilus bark ; six

inches long, evidently not alarmed at being so far off soundings. It is safe to be where we were made to be.

We are up with the Azores, thirteen days from port, and on a bright morning, with a brisk west wind, are running by the port of Fayal. This harbor (Ville de Horte) lies in a snug bay scooped out of a dark, volcanic coast. The houses are of whitened stone, scattered about with little apparent regularity, and gleamed prettily upon us from a back-ground of gardens and vine-clad hills, in the early sun. These islands are of volcanic origin and structure, jagged, sharply outlined, treeless, except fruit orchards, rising boldly from the deep sea, which washes their shores. We sailed through the picturesque channel which divides Fayal and San George from Pico, with its sugar-loaf peak, piercing the clouds 7000 feet high. Through our ship's glass, we could make out the gardens, vineyards, lemon and orange-groves, climbing up and over the steep acclivities, all draped in a verdure which no winter frosts destroy.

These islands are populous, and everywhere the white-walled cottages are peering out from among the lava-like rocks. The Portuguese are industrious, frugal, of simple habits; in good seasons they make an easy living from this rich, warm soil. But the crops often fail and much suffering ensues. Wine is a staple product. They lead a slumbrous, oyster-like life, not annoyed with morning papers or telegraphic despatches. Portugal governs their bodies and Popery their souls. A few ships touch at Fayal, for a small commerce and repairs. An American house with Boston partners, owns much of the property in this group, and monopolizes most of their trade. A hundred miles to the south-east lies the large island of San Miguel, (St. Michael) famous for its oranges. We caught but a distant glimpse of it as we hurried onward to the shores of Europe. In seven days more we hope to be inside the Pillars of Hercules; and in another twenty, to drop our anchor in the Golden Horn.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA; OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN.

In six days from Fayal we are making land again, near the city of Cadiz, the ancient Tartesus, which is glistening across its fine harbor, with its tall, cathedral tower rising high over its white buildings. Jonah was on a long vacation from profession-

al cares if this was the Tarshish which he started for from Joppa. They are 2000 miles apart now, and quite as far then.

Both the European and African coasts are bold and darkly frowning, with an outline of promontories and mountain ranges which look as though old classic eyes had gazed upon their rugged features. Cape Spartel looms up with a decidedly Ethiop aspect, over against Cape Trafalgar — twenty-four miles apart. Here begin the “Straits.” How strange it seems thus to be studying localities whose names have been floating in memory and fancy since boyhood, with an indefinable silent music!

We are passing the waters whence Columbus sailed to find a new world, and where Nelson conquered and died. Both events, so great in history, appear to us, on this calm day, like some pageant of tradition, some fiction of Eastern story. The true monuments of heroic deeds are those that are reared in the hearts of mankind. No signal gun or booming broadside breaks the stillness around us, to recall the spectacles which this coast has witnessed; they need no such remembrancers. Their echoes float, the world over, on every morning and evening breeze—

“—— fama præclara et sempiterna.”

Tarifa, a small town on the Spanish side, named of the old Moorish chieftain, and which has given its name oddly enough, to the *tariff* of modern commerce, marks the narrowest point of the Straits — twelve miles to the opposite shore. We easily command both coasts as we sail between. Hence to the “Rock” is fifteen miles, the land rising in pleasant slopes, or here and there lifting itself in lofty eminences. On the European side it is generally under cultivation, with the dwellings of a rural population scattered over its surface. But the rock itself — Gibel al Tarif — (the cliff of Tarif) is the object of chief attraction.

This ranges north and south in length, three miles, in breadth, three-fourths of a mile at its widest axis, narrowing up to its wedge-like summit, fifteen hundred feet high. Its eastern side is so perpendicularly steep that one could leap from it into the sea at almost any point. The fortifications are on the three other ascents. The south declines to the water at Europa point. The west descends steeply in natural or artificial terraces, or esplanades, to the Bay of Gibraltar, having the town of G. at its base

This side of the rock is manned with heavy batteries seaward, and covering also the noble bay, which indents the shore eight miles. How impossible it is to storm this fortress from the water-side, the last combined effort of the allied enemies of Great Britain clearly demonstrated, when 30,000 Spaniards, and French (1779), undertook the more than Herculean labor.

But the northern acclivity of Gibraltar is both the highest and most carefully defended. Here it is connected with the Spanish peninsula by a flat, sandy isthmus, 1000 yards wide, and only a few feet above the neighboring sea. Across this causeway lies the only possible approach to an invader. It was on this side that the British sat down to that long siege, in the last century, which wrested from Spain this invaluable stronghold. She seems determined that no other power shall ever attempt what she accomplished by such prodigies of vigorous assault and beleaguement. For the Rock, on this face of it, is completely honey-combed with subterranean passages, stored with all conceivable munitions of war. The whole is a wonder of military genius and, as if to make assurance doubly sure, every year the work of defence is going forward. The annual expense of keeping up this fortress, is forty thousand pounds sterling. It is a marvellous old sentinel of the sea, which has owned for masters, the Roman, Saracen, Spanish, and British powers, and has rung with their songs of defiance and victory through the last 2000 years.

The Bay of Gibraltar is prettily environed, with its busy town of all races, from the four quarters of the globe — a most motley set. Above it to the north, the village of San Roque looks down; opposite G——, across the harbor, is the town of Algesiras. The harbor is excellent, and is frequented by Mediterranean traders and ships-of-war. Outward bound vessels are often obliged to lay at anchor here, as the current and tide always run strongly into the sea, and when the wind is westerly, it is impossible to get into the Atlantic. Port dues are exacted from all who stop, which bring the English government a considerable revenue. All sail running within three miles of Europa point, must hoist their national ensign, or be fired upon from the batteries.

The African coast is not without its features of interest. Over against old Calpe, as the ancients called the Rock, stands the yet taller twin pillar of Hercules—the Sierra Bullónes, or Apes' hill,

once a great resort of this facetious animal. This lofty peak — a conical formation — well maintains its continental dignities, in the face of its more famous European rival. It is not fortified. At its eastern base lies the Spanish town of Ceuta, on a spacious bay eleven miles long, and three in depth, commanded by strong military works, on a neighboring eminence. The entire projection of these sceneries is on a scale of grand beauty, in fine keeping with the nuptials of two such bodies of water as these outer and middle seas.

I wonder not that the proud Saracens, who had overrun Africa, were tempted by the bright Andalusian hills, to attempt their subjugation. It was a prize worthy their chivalrous daring. As we hovered about this enchanted spot, after the night had fallen, I could almost fancy that I heard the galley-oars of the old Moorish chieftain, Tarif, cutting the swift stream, as they carried their crescent banner to the foot of yonder dusky cliff, already bargained to their hands by Spanish treason. But if it had not been thus acquired, it is doubtful if the demoralized Christian kingdom of Spain could much longer have withstood the Moorish arms then in the flush of their renown. It is interesting to note the Martello towers, still standing on the headlands of this Spanish coast, which they erected for its protection, who added the south of Spain to the Mohammedan sway some 700 years after Christ.

Our last sunset, as we left the Atlantic and swept into the Straits, was much the finest since leaving port. The ocean seemed to bid us a pleasant good-bye, after shaking us about so unmercifully, and to wish us a good morrow for our voyage over this sea of seas. And splendidly did our first morning upon these enchanting waters break over us with a sunrise-suit of clouds, so softly, purely beautiful, against the warm sky ; while the massy summits of the snow-specked Sierra Nevada, skirting the Spanish coast, 13,000 feet high, looked down on us in venerable benignity. I thought, as I paced the deck in that early sunlight, of the upturned faces which have gazed on those towering forms and on these blue waves, through the long historic and fabulous ages — the nations which have come and gone, whose might and whose splendor have rode this sea in pride and joy. Where are they and what ? But those grey peaks lie as calmly against the sky as when Carthaginian, Roman, Arab, Greek, sailed their fleets by

these landmarks. And nestling yonder, amid its mountains, is old Grenada with its Alhambra, and fertile Vega, and tombs of Isabella and Ferdinand — names to fire the imagination with truest fervor.

It is hard to say whether such chronicles as these are more the romance of history or the history of romance. This Moorish kingdom still gleams out of the past with a dreamlike fascination. Its capital, the city of the pomegranate, in the fourteenth century, was strong with 1030 towers and seven gates, while within a circuit of two hundred leagues, two million people acknowledged its control, who could send an army of fifty thousand chosen warriors into the field. Grenada was praised, in the sensuous poetry of the Saracens, as “the enamelled vase sparkling with hyacinths and emeralds.” They were a pleasure-loving race, artistic, luxurious; brave but cruel; with the most gallant cavalry in the world, but lacking in discipline as soldiers. At length, become degenerate through a voluptuous refinement, and unable to protect the land which their warlike sires had subdued, (the old story of the past,) the Moorish kingdom fell before a younger and more vigorous political organization, after it had held these mountain fastnesses and sea-side cities seven hundred and forty-one years. When, at the end of a ten years’ war, Ferdinand and Isabella entered Grenada, seven hundred Christian captives were found in its dungeons. I can almost believe that one of those softly-clouded mountain-passes is just the spot where the fugitive, crushed monarch, Abdallah, paused, and looking back from the Alpuxaras range, uttered that pathetic and despairing “last sigh of the Moor” — *ay Altama! ay Altama!*

“Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.”

POPE.

The world is good enough, if those who inhabit it would make the best of it.

The pen in the hand that knows how to use it is the most powerful weapon known.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE INVALID.

'Oh, come with me,' the Ruler said,
'And my fair child shall live,
Yea, tho' her deathless soul hath fled,
Thou canst the soul re-give.'

When Jesus to his princely home,
With eager footstep hied,
Where on a fair and snow-white couch
Was laid the father's pride.

She was a lovely child o'er whom
Twelve summer suns had passed,
And each had dawned with promise bright,
Which seemed too fair to last.

And now the pale destroyer came,
In one sad, mournful hour,
And marked the bud to beautify
His own dim, shadowy bower.

Like a white rose, whose slender stalk
The wind has snapt in twain,
So lay the fair and gentle child,
Upon her bed of pain.

But while her sire for Jesus sought,
Death's angel nearer drew,
He stole the bud from off the bush,
Then far away he flew.

But *Jesus* came, and tenderly,
He to the maiden spake ;
" Arise, and stand upon thy feet ;
I bid thy slumbers break !"

She heard his voice — again returned
Life's flowing tide of health,
And left its beauty on her brow,
And on her cheek its wealth !

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

BY REV. F. DAVIS.

THE Great Teacher, after he had miraculously fed the multitude, said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." The pen of inspiration has recorded these words for our instruction. A practical truth is here taught which we may have occasion to apply almost daily.

Ours is an age of too little thought and care. It is too true, though in no good sense, that we allow "the morrow to take thought for the things of itself." There is a carelessness manifested here, that is almost unaccountable. Our time is dealt out to us in fragments, but we are not always careful to gather up these fragments. It is not given us in centuries, or scores, or even decades of years; but rather in moments, and only one moment at a time. Sixty of these wasted, and an hour is misspent. Hours make up the day, each of which is set with sparkling diamonds — twenty-four in number. But these are often taken and scattered with a lavish hand, as though the supply would never fail. And when they are all gone, a life is gone — a life-time wasted, which was made up of moments — of fragments.

"O, time, how few thy value weigh!"

How few are careful to lose none of its fragments! Few consider how much may be gained by saving them. Some, like the "learned blacksmith," have thus been able to acquire a knowledge of many languages. Others, like "the printer boy," have astonished the world by the productions of their pen. Many, by gaining an hour in the morning by early rising, by improving the hour of leisure at noon, and by saving another at the close of the day, have thus saved fragments of time, which are too often wasted, and by so doing have laid the foundation for future honor and influence.

Fragments of thought, too, may be gathered. These are often worth saving, and the industrious thinker will do it, that nothing be wasted. The busy bee gathers honey in fragments, sipping a little from this flower and a little from that. It is thus the hive is filled. But who does not know that drones are found among honey-makers? But among thinkers they are even more numer-

ous. It is truly astonishing that people who have brains to think with, should employ them so little. As one *thinketh* so is he. If he is an industrious, vigorous thinker, he is no drone. But if his mind is a vacuum, or his thoughts, "without any order," are floating idly on the surface, drifting hither and thither without object or aim, he deserves to be treated in some measure as drones, — to be turned out of the hive, and to be stung till his mind is stimulated to action, and he learns to think to some purpose. If there is no activity in the mind, little can be expected in the body. If indolence and disorder exist in the head, they will exhibit themselves in the whole man and in all that he does. Laziness may sometimes conduce to bodily greatness, but never to intellectual. The men who have been distinguished in the world for usefulness and true greatness, have been those that were not afraid of the labor of thinking — that were ever industriously gathering up the fragments of thought for future service. The Hon. John Quincy Adams was such a man. He has been called 'a living record,' and "a book of reference." Dr. Franklin was pre-eminently such a man. And so was the great Newton, who, seizing upon a single fragment, the falling of an apple, added knowledge to knowledge, and fragment to fragment, each growing and extending until he was able to explain the laws which govern the worlds, and to calculate their orbits and motions with precision.

Many fragments of useful thought may be gathered from lectures and books. We may not be ready to endorse all the sentiments of any one speaker or writer, nor is memory often so faithful as to retain all; yet we may glean something from every respectable author. Indeed, however great the intellectual feast of which we are permitted to partake, we generally carry away with us only a few fragments. But, by this process, with care and industry, a large amount of knowledge may at length be gained. One should read or listen, if he would be profitted by either, not to pass away the time; not for mere amusement or pleasure; not that he may be able to say of a book, "I have read it," or of a speaker, "I have heard him," but to store the mind with truth, to gather fragments which shall be of future use.

Not unfrequently may precious fragments be gathered from conversation, or from words accidentally dropped in our hearing.

We are seldom in company with those of intelligence, even for a short time, without an opportunity to learn something — to gather up some fragments of valuable thought, if we have an inclination to do it. “Strive for the things that make for peace,” said a pious lady. A friend heard it who had not been remarkable for keeping the peace in the neighborhood. Ever afterwards these words seemed to be sounding in his ears and became his rule of life. “Do it to-day, if you would not have it to think of,” said a mother to her negligent boy. Not only was he profited by these words, but another also heard the words, which were the occasion of a resolve on his part, never to put off till to-morrow the duties of to-day. Said a lady of experience, “Good housekeepers are rarely found.” A young lady who was not long afterwards installed in her new home, caught the fragment, and improved it, and, in consequence, hers became not only a neat and orderly house, but a “happy home.” “Those marks on the map indicate missionary stations,” remarked the teacher, to a class in geography. And one by one she proceeded to point out places where good men were laboring as missionaries among the heathen. A small pupil stood at the desk by her side unobserved, but with eyes and ears open, imbibing every word. By this simple incident that young mind gained the first idea of foreign missions and the dying heathen, but it was an idea never lost, and the individual is now in Asia, engaged in the missionary work. “Christ was happy with the Father before the creation of the world,” read a student aloud. The words fell on the ears of a little girl who was passing under the open window. A new thought entered her mind. She cherished it as she became older. She was deeply impressed with the kindness and love of the Saviour who was willing to leave his happy home above, that he might bless our race. “I love this Saviour,” she said, and became his follower. Said an eloquent preacher, “God knew when he created the world that you would be here to-day listening to me.” The mind of one in the audience, too young to remember the text, bore away this fragment of the discourse. It grew with advancing years, ripening into a full belief, not only of the doctrine of Divine foreknowledge, but also, of the kindred doctrine of grace as preached by the great apostle.

“I’ll drop my burden at his feet,”

broke in song, from the lips of a laughing, happy, but thoughtless young person. The words fell with the power of a charm on a heart burdened with grief. That heart was moved, submitted to the Saviour and literally "bore a song away."

"And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died,"

floated sweetly on the evening breeze. A poor, desponding lunatic, sitting by the grated window, through which the free air was playing, heard the charming sound. The powers of the mind rallied, full consciousness was restored, the words "no sting" were repeated aloud, and then, "the Saviour hath died," after a short pause. "No sting." "The sting of death is sin," the individual added, "but the Saviour hath died,—hath died for *me*," was emphatically spoken. From that hour reason triumphed, and he that was a lunatic was now no longer such, but he went forth 'clothed and in his right mind.' "Do you never regret the sacrifice you have made, in giving up your only son to be a missionary?" asked a benevolent stranger of the father. The reply of the venerable man was, "'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish; but have everlasting life.' And shall I withhold my only son from obeying the command of the ascended Saviour, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?'" That son and missionary was Dr. King, of Athens. A young man present heard the reply of the father. He too became a missionary, went to Ceylon, was murdered in 1834, by the cruel Battas, of Sumatra. His name was Henry Lyman, with whom the devoted Munson also perished.

But I will add no more fragments. I will only say in closing, these fragments must not be lost. They are too valuable to be neglected, and scattered and wasted. Save them, prize them, profit by them. You may gather them, if you will, every day, and everywhere. Gather them up, garner them for future use, let the store-house be filled.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

SHAKSPEARE.

DANGERS OF THE THEATRE.

BY REV. H. DANIEL.

AMONG the numerous temptations which everywhere beset the path of the young and inexperienced, those of the theatre are prominent. It is recorded that "At a place of confinement for juvenile offenders, in one of our American cities, it was found, on examination, that a large portion of the boys began their course of crime by stealing money that they might buy tickets for the theatre!" Of fifteen young men from the country, who had been in the employment of a printer, in one of our large cities, for a few years, thirteen of them were ruined by going to the theatre! A distinguished attorney in the same city has been known to affirm, that of the young men from the country who have studied law in his office, a very few only, escaped the general contagion. Ah! who can tell how many hearts have been wrung with unutterable anguish, by the wreck of their brightest hopes respecting their children, seduced by the theatre, from their allegiance to piety and virtue! Yes! of that alluring place,

"Such a tale we could tell,
As would chill the warm heart."

We might depict the simple, warm-hearted boy, the pride of his father, the hope of his mother, drawn gradually and insensibly into the vortex of gay and fashionable amusement, then engulfed, and finally cast out, a hideous wreck, upon the desert shore of poverty and shame. We might represent him with a broken constitution, and perhaps a broken heart, returning to his miserable parents to give them the melancholy satisfaction of closing his dying eyes, and following his body, with slow and mournful steps, to the grave. Or we might represent him, debased and desperate, wandering in poverty and shame, far away from the home of his early days, and at last lying down to die in the presence of strangers. Is this fancy? Would to God it were nothing more! But no! stern and too frequently recurring facts, prove it a melancholy reality. We cite a single one.

In his youth he was the gayest of the gay—the idolized child of favored parents, he was indulged to a fault; his every desire was gratified. He grew a handsome boy, polite and easy in his manners, gentle and amiable in his disposition; at school, all loved him, and in the innocent sports of the play-ground he was

leader—always the chosen one. When the time came for his leaving school and engaging in mercantile business, he mingled with new associates. Early in life he centred his affections upon a lovely girl of his own age. They were united in matrimony, and, for a time, never was there a happier couple. But, alas! the allurements of company, the theatre, the ball-room, and the tavern, provided temptations too powerful for his unsuspecting heart. Driven from his business, excluded from virtuous society, divorced from his heart-broken wife, deserted by all his friends, he became an outcast and a beggar. Had he, in his last moments, the ability to speak, and the inclination to communicate, methinks he would have addressed those surrounding his dying couch in some such language as this:

“Beware of the theatre! it first led me in youth, and I was easily led, into immoral indulgences. It is no difficult task to trace the primary step of my destruction, to the lobbies of the theatre, and its infatuating connections, the bar and the coffee-room. There I spent my evenings; works of a demoralizing tendency became my only reading, actors and actresses my only associates. The tavern, the oyster-house and haunts of pleasure, finally drew me into their destructive labyrinths. I strove to avoid the fathomless gulf of misery into which I saw myself plunging, but, like a prisoner of despair, I strove in vain. I attempted to plead with myself the innocency of my indulged pleasures. It was the gratification of a harmless desire that induced me for the first time to cross the threshold of the theatre. It would not do. I could not allay the pangs of an already wounded conscience. Well do I remember when the curtain rose for the first time to my astonished view, how my heart bounded for joy as I viewed the rich and dazzling scenery, and drank in the deceitful representations of the actors. The play was the ‘Road to Ruin,’ a true semblance of my future destiny; but little did I then think that I had taken the first step towards consequences fraught with my eternal destruction. The glittering attractions of the stage soon drew me there again, and too soon did I become infatuated with its seductive charms. One fatal step led on to another, until I found myself sliding rapidly down the steep abyss of ruin.”

A little restorative procured from the distant nurse of the ward, aroused for a moment, in the struggling effort to swallow, the dy-

ing man, from what appeared to be his sleep of death. Called by his own familiar name, he again, and for the last time in this world, looked at the attending physician; but, O! it was a fearful look. Heaving a deep-drawn, deathly sigh, he put out his emaciated and cold hand, and attempted to speak: his voice failed him; he recovered himself and made a second effort; it was a desperate one. "O, W——," calling the physician by name, — "the theatre, the first fruits of my transgression, is sending my poor, lost soul, to hell; O! admonish the, the, the" — young, he would have said, but his utterance and his breath were simultaneously interrupted by the death gurgle. After several ineffectual attempts to breathe freely, during which he firmly yet insensibly grasped the physician's hand, he gave one long gasp, and was no more — his unfettered spirit had forsaken its clay tabernacle, and winged its flight into the eternal world.

Late hours, which prevent all evening devotion, expose to strong temptations, and shroud in darkness "deeds without a name," seem intimately connected with the amusements of the stage. Every theatre has a splendid and well-furnished bar, or saloon, as it is called, where the friends of the drama quench their thirst and inflame their passions. Almost every establishment of this kind is flanked by taverns, recesses and houses of ill-fame, which, from their nearness to the theatre, bring enormous rents to their mercenary proprietors. That habits of intemperance are often acquired as a consequence of attending the theatre, is a fact but too well attested in the melancholy history of thousands. Thus late hours, intemperance and licentiousness, dark and melancholy trio! appear naturally and necessarily to associate themselves with the amusements of the theatre. And why is it, we may well inquire, that this institution comes so directly into competition with the claims of religion, temperance, and chastity? Why should not the great and good of every age and sex declaim against its numberless influences of immoral tendency? Why should not every effort be put forth to prevent the blood of the ruined, being found any longer upon its walls? "Hearken unto me, now, therefore, O ye sons of men! Let not your heart decline to her ways; go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.



THE TIGER.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

O, what a dreadful beast is here,
Which we the tiger call,
He's strong and fierce, he prowls about
The forests of Bengal.

You would not like, I think, to meet
A tiger in the dark;
But Noah did not fear to take
A tiger in the ark.

When God was pleased to call the beasts,
To Noah's ark they came:
The fiercest beast was gentle then —
The tiger's heart was tame.

But now to meet a tiger's eyes,
Alone, and in the night
Would be, to even the bravest man,
A most distressing sight.

How thankful, children, you should be
There are no tigers here, —
That you may run, and jump and play,
And tigers never fear.

If wicked little boys or girls
Should e'er like tigers fight,
Dear children you must not do so,
Because it is not right.

God never made your little hands
In fighting to engage, —
He would not have your precious souls
To burn with tiger rage.

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH HIS YOUNG READERS.

"I DIDN'T THINK.

"OSCAR! what are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was brandish ing his knife at the table as he had done before.

"*I didn't think*, father," replied Oscar, as if he had just come to his senses.

"Didn't think?" added Mr. A. — "the same old story again! When will you learn to think? It was only yesterday that you threw a stone and excused yourself by this same "*Didn't think*."

"Yes," said his mother, "and it is not two hours since he said "By Jupiter," because he '*didn't think*.' There must be some trouble back of this "didn't think" that needs looking after."

Now, Oscar was not the only thoughtless boy. There are a great many just like him, and girls, too, who do wrong things for the want of thinking. "Think before you leap," is an old adage; but Oscar was one of the boys who leap first. By so doing, they get into difficulty. They seem to believe that it is some excuse for their evil deeds, that they "Didn't think." But this is not true. How very thoughtless a boy must be to do so many evil things without thinking. Something ought to be done to jog his memory every day. I wonder why he thinks to go to bed and get up, to eat breakfast and dinner, to play ball, fly his kite, and do a hundred other things that he never forgets. If I were one of the Oscars I should fear that I wouldn't think to eat, and so starve to death, or forget to play and thereby lose the use of my limbs for the want of exercise.

How is it, Billy, Jemmie, Harry, Lizzie, Katie? Why do not the 'didn't think' boys and girls forget to do wrong as often as they forget to do right? What queer memories some of the children have now-a-days, to forget the good and remember the bad! They must have wicked hearts, which are very apt to make short memories.

THE KIND LITTLE GIRL.

A very poor man had a very good little girl. She had a fat, chubby, sweet face, and her cheeks looked like peaches when they are ripe. Her hair hung in ringlets all over her head, and some rich fathers would have made her look like a fairy with nice dresses and costly trinkets. But Lulu's father was poor, and her clothes were only decent; but she, sweet girl, was kind and good, which is better than to be rich. Riches have spoiled a great many little girls, but Lulu had no chance to be spoiled in this way.

One day she saw a lame old man going by, wretchedly clad, with a pack on his back. Lulu thought he must be cold or hungry, or need something to make him more comfortable, so out she ran, without saying anything to her mother, and soon overtook the stranger.

"Man!" said she, "My father always gives poor folks something to eat: wont you come back and get some bread."

The old man turned about as if he were surprised. Perhaps he thought a bird of paradise had just dropped down there and was singing. He was

unused to such soft, sweet voices as that; and then her message was so kind and good!

Lulu thought the old man did not understand her because he stood and gazed upon her in silence. So she said again,

"My father always gives poor folks something to eat. Won't you go back with me and get some bread."

The old man smiled — he could not help it. If he had felt cross, we doubt if the cross could have kept down that smile. He turned about, and Lulu took his hand and led him back to the house.

What do you suppose her mother thought when she saw her little daughter leading in that ragged stranger?

"Here mother," said Lulu, "is a poor lame man who is hungry, won't you give him some bread?"

Her mother looked pleased, and hastened to feed the stranger, while Lulu set him a chair close by the fire, and viewed him from head to foot, as if she thought he were Lazarus, as poor and good.

We need not tell you how long he stayed, nor what he said about Lulu when he went away. We are more concerned to know what our young readers will think and say about this kind little girl. Was it not a beautiful spirit that caused her to think of the beggar's wants? Ought not every boy and girl to be as thoughtful and kind? Remember the charming hymn,

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

"Little Seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in distant lands."

EXCURSION ON LAKE WINNIPISAUKEE, OR WINNIPISEOGEE.

BY REV. R. M. SARGENT.

"HURRAH for a ride in the steam boat on the lake! O, Clarence, run get your hat; Pa says we may have a ride," cried out my boy of five to his brother of three.

"O, good! good! Ma, get my hat and coat, quick."

Soon the kind horse Nellie is harnessed to the carriage, and the minister escapes for a day of vacation, and his laboring wife leaves her toils, while the boys are in high glee, and kind friends in other carriages accompany us. The few clouds of the morning break away, and the sun comes out clear and beautiful. We reach Alton at the extreme South East corner of lake Winnipisaukee, before the arrival of the first train from Dover, on the Cochecho Rail Road, and leave our teams at a hotel which looks out upon the shore, the wharf, and the quiet waters of the bay. Soon the boys are delighted with the arrival of the puffing engine and noisy train, and we go on board the pleasant Steamer Dover. "Now, boys, be quiet and keep out of the way."

"See pa, see them draw back that bridge, and pull in those ropes. O, hear the engine, and now we go." The great wheels roll round, the paddles break

the still surface, the waters dash up by the sides, and, turning, we start on the voyage. We see the beautiful little Merrymeeting river, as it empties into the bay often called by the same name, though now more known as Alton bay, and we glide along that narrow and romantic strip of water between high, rough wooded hills on either side, with occasional views of the farms and the houses of the farmers. After a few miles we pass through a narrow gate into the more open waters of the Lake itself.

"O, Papa, just look away off there very far and see the beautiful water." It gleams among the islands, it glances out in distant reaches, blue and quivering in the gentle breeze or sparkling in the sun. The name of this lake has been spelt in many different ways, but it is now becoming common to conform the spelling to the pronunciation, Winnipisaukee, with the accents on the first and fourth syllables. The meaning of the word is disputed. A poetical idea is that it means "The smile of the Great Spirit," as Whittier several times suggests, but no such meaning can be got out of these sounds, if they represent Indian words. It more probably is a compound of Indian words meaning "The beautiful water of the high lands." And all around it are hills and mountains, and it is itself far elevated above the sea.

"O, papa, what is that white village close to the water?" "That is Wolfboro', my son. You see the large hotel, a fine summer retreat from the noise and dust of the city, and a healthy location overlooking the lake. You also distinguish the Academy and two churches, one Congregational and the other Christian Baptist. We touch at the wharf and stop a few moments at Wolfboro', having gone up into a small bay for that purpose, and as we go out we notice on one side the charming, secluded cove, called "Winter Harbor," lined with maple forests, and before us on the other side, the peculiar opening between two islands named the "Barn door," where the fisherman in his boat is seen drawing the shining trout from the water.

We turn now to the West, into the broad portion of the lake. That island which rises so high on our left and to the south of our present course, forming a peculiar land mark, is Rattlesnake island, and several of those reptiles have within a few years been killed there. It looks craggy and uninviting.

"Papa, papa, see those birds? see them swim, and now they fly." "Those are wild ducks, my son, and the hunters have shot so many that they are not so thick now as they used to be on this lake."

On the south are the Belknap Mountains, with three high peaks together, sometimes seeming one, and sometimes three, like the Trinity in the Godhead, and then a long range of lower ridges, stretching off through Gilford and Gilmanton. On the the east are several hills and mountains, two of which are peculiarly marked.

"O, pa, that one looks like our old crower's head." "Yes, my son, and so it is called 'Cripple Crown,' and the other one near it, that drops off steep on one side, is called 'Tumble down Dick,' and if Dick should fall there, he would have a long tumble." That long mountain, dark with forests, rising to the north beyond those pleasant farms, is Ossipee Mountain, and to the west of it and far beyond we see a lofty mountain, furrowed by a vast gorge, and showing its white rocks on its bold and noble front, that is appropriately named "White-

face." One beautiful autumn day your papa, my boys, climbed up its rugged sides, following the channel of that roaring brook which pours down through the ravine and the woods, and from its top he had a splendid view of the mountains, hills, towns, villages, farms lakes, ponds, and varied scenery of this most romantic portion of country. "Were there any bears, papa?"

"I did not see any on the mountain, though I saw their tracks, and the path where they broke through the woods."

"But O, see that white summit, between Whiteface and Ossipee, that is Chocorna Peak, where an old Indian cursed the land, and then threw himself over the precipice to escape the cruel white man's gun. And beyond Chocorna, rising high, white, pearly in the distance, tinged a little with the blue of the air, yet not so dark as some of the other mountains, looking some like a cloud, yet distinctly marked in the clear sky of this summer day, behold Mount Washington, grand old summit, strong and firm, looking like a throne among the other mountains. We can see it only for a short distance from this lake, for the nearer and lower hills hide its majesty," as a good lady says, "Just as the little affairs of this life hide the glories of heaven, and the thoughts of eternity from our minds."

West of Whiteface, are seen Black Mountain covered with dark hemlock forests, and others of the Sandwich range, with those which stretch off toward Franconia. And we see part of those wild, romantic, peaked summits cutting the sky like saw teeth, from which resemblance the Spaniards name such ranges "Sierra."

But look at the lake, and see what brief glimpses we get between islands and points of land, of long arms of water reaching up among the farms and reflecting so beautifully all the many objects on the shores. How we should love to take a boat and have leisure to explore those romantic bays, and coves, and quiet places where the ripple plays along the shore. That large island is Cow Island, and near by, under its protection, and sheltered by it from the west wind which in winter sweep over the lake with great force, is little Calf Island.

"Is not that funny to have a cow and a calf among the islands?"

Then there is Long Island, noted for its fertility and for the origin of an early kind of corn.

"Is that a light-house standing up so high, and looking so strange?"

"No, it is a farmer's corn-barn, built on a prominent point on the island and overlooking the lake."

"But see before us that beautiful village at the western point of the lake." "That is Centre Harbor, with its excellent hotel and two meeting houses. The Congregational is the one to the left, on higher ground than the other. To the north west of the village you see Red Hill, with its double summits overlooking the lake, a place of noted resort in summer for its fine and romantic views. Indeed almost all these mountain and hill summits present beautiful or magnificent prospects, varied according to their positions and heights. Over the lower hills you see the Prospect Mountain, near Plymouth, and the Squam range, circling that smaller lake studded with islands.

"Hurrah, hurrah," exclaimed both the boys, "see that other steamboat,"

and the "Lady of the Lake" leaves Centre Harbor, just as we come to the wharf. It soon turns south and winds among the islands to the Weirs, a station on the Montreal Rail Road, at the outlet of the lake, a place formerly noted for its fisheries, as the name implies.

"O, see those noble fish swimming in the clear water, papa, cannot we catch some? And O, papa, there is a butterfly, flying from the garden which comes down toward the shore, it is white and yellow and black all the colors that God could think! O, how beautiful He has made it."

After a brief stopping at the wharf and exchange of passengers, except those who, like ourselves, are on an excursion for the day, and intending to return, the boat cleaves again the smooth surface, and we go back to Alton, having another view of the many objects of interest seen on our former passage, and delighted with this whose excursion, we drive home from Alton, as the sun is bending to its golden setting in the west, and our quiet village gleams white among the hills.

CULLED FLOWERS.

THE PRAYING CHILD.

"My children," said a poor widow to her five little ones, "I have no food for you this morning, as all the bread in the house is gone, and I have no money to buy more. Pray to the good God to supply our need, for he has said "Call upon me in the time of trouble."

Little Christian, one of the widow's children who was not more than six years of age, went on his way to school sad and hungry.

But as he passed the door of the Church he saw that it was open and determined to enter in and pray there; for his mother's dwelling was so small and crowded that he was never able to say his prayers quite alone. So he went into the Church, not knowing that any one was there, he knelt down in the middle aisle and said the following prayer:—

"Dear father in heaven, we children have nothing left to eat. Our mother has no food in the house for us, and without thy help we must all starve. O Lord help us. Thou art rich and powerful, and to thee it is an easy thing to help us. Thou hast promised to do so therefore now fulfil thy word."

So prayed Christian with childlike simplicity, and then went to school. On his return home he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and bread, meat and eggs and rice, temptingly spread upon the table.

"Thank God," said little Christian, when he saw it. He has heard my prayer. Mother, did a beautiful angel bring these things for us?"

"No," replied the widow, "but God has sent them in answer to your prayers. When you were in the church you thought no one saw you but God; but there was a lady sitting in one of the pews, and she heard you pray, and saw you through the lattice work on the side of the pew. She sent us our feast; she is the angel whom God raised up to help us. Now let us ask his blessing on our meal, and never forget my children, those sweet lines:

"Trust the Lord, and wait his hour
He will aid in love and power."

SINGING AN IMPORTANT PART OF FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY REV. S. HUNT.

“They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee’s wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive martyrs worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia’s holy lays,
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt rapture raise
No unison have they with our Creator’s praise.”

THE recent ovation to the memory of Burns, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of his birth-day, has turned the attention of the public mind to his poetry. Of this, no purer specimen, or one that has a stronger hold upon the popular feeling, than the “Cotter’s Saturday Night.” And the cause of this is found not more in its poetic merit than in the touching and truthful picture it gives of domestic piety, especially as exhibited in the act of family worship. The painter’s brush, or the sculptor’s chisel cannot present more vividly the scene described than has been done by the poet’s pen. In this description, however, none can fail to see how necessary is the *song of praise* to the completeness of the picture sketched. That omitted, will leave it essentially defective and incomplete. But if, in this imaginary sketch, the voice of singing seem necessary to give it completeness and finish, is it not equally true, that in the actual service rendered or engaged in by Christian families, this feature should be introduced? To suggest some of the more obvious reasons, that give countenance to such an idea, is the design of this paper.

I. Singing the praises of God is clearly recognized in the Scriptures as an appropriate part of religious worship. Praise, equally with prayer and the reading of the Word, is insisted by the sacred writers. “It is a good thing,” says the Psalmist, “to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name.” Christ and his disciples sung a song as they sat, an holy family, around the table of the Last Supper. Paul and Silas sang praises in the prison at Philippi. To the Colossians, the apostle says, “Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and ad-

monishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord." Nothing can be plainer than the fact, that singing "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" is a divinely recognized form of religious worship. If so, then by parity of reasoning, should it find a place, if there be the requisite ability, in the domestic worship of the family circle.

II. Singing presents an appropriate mode of utterance to many of the sentiments and feelings which this service requires, and is calculated to secure. Without entering into the philosophy of music, either as a vehicle of thought and emotion, or a *power* to move the heart or kindle the sensibilities of the soul, the facts are obvious. From the lullaby of the nursery, to the mingled voices of the great congregation, from the fascinating strains of the drawing-room to the stirring notes of the battle-field, through all the grades of human life, age, character and condition, music not only meets a common want, but becomes the legitimate expression of the feelings and sentiments of our common nature. How peculiarly appropriate, therefore, must it be, as a vehicle of those exercises of the heart and mind, which result from the combined domestic and religious history of the family circle. The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, both of the secular and sacred experience of its members, cannot find utterance so appropriate and satisfactory as in the words and tones of the sacred song of praise, penitence and prayer. How fitting, therefore, must it be, as a part of that morning and evening sacrifice, which ascends from the domestic altar of the Christian household.

III. Singing should be a part of family worship because of its tending to break up the monotony and formality into which this service is too liable to degenerate. When, as is too often the case, the worship of the morning consists simply of *prayer*, the danger is by no means inconsiderable, that it will be too summarily dispatched — that, it will be interjected, as a kind of profunc-tory ceremony between words and employments, not to say entertainments, very foreign to its spirit and proper observance. Almost literally as "the horse rusheth into the battle," there is danger that we shall *rush* into the Divine presence. Permit, however, the more solemn act of kneeling before "a common mercy-seat" to be introduced by singing a song of praise for blessings

received, of penitence for sins committed and duties neglected, of prayer for pardon and grace needed, and there will be not only *time* for the feelings to be turned in the right direction, but a strong tendency in the service itself, to lead them there. Every one can see in the scene described by the poet, that in "chanting their artless notes," "they tune their hearts," and thus secure a delightful preparation for that service where

"Kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

Do not they who omit the sacred song in their family worship "put asunder what God hath joined together?"

IV. Singing at family worship will afford essential aid to the musical culture of the people. If "practice makes perfect," then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that singing a hymn, if only once daily, will afford such exercise of their musical gifts to the members of a family, as not only to retain what they have secured by the more formal tuition of the singing school or the private teacher, but also to improve the range and power of their execution. There are great and well-grounded complaints, oftentimes, that attainments made at great cost of time, labor and money, are lost for the simple lack of practice. The plan proposed, if adopted, would remove all occasion for such complaints; and there are special occasions for the wish that such a plan should be adopted, and for such a purpose, in the newly awakened and growing desire to introduce and sustain "congregational singing." Many are skeptical or faint-hearted about success in this movement, because of the general disuse of the habit of singing, into which our people have fallen. Having for years and generations even, permitted a choir, made up of a few volunteer singers, to perform this part of social and public worship, it follows, as a matter of course, that the majority would cease to cultivate or use their musical powers. Consequently particular and persistent effort will be found necessary to regain what has been lost, and revive what has been permitted to die. It surely then, can be no unfounded claim we urge when we say, "that the general practice of singing at family worship will greatly promote the design and increase the numbers to engage in "congregational singing."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

WAYSIDE flowers have few attractions for us, who never studied their beauties. Daisies and butter-cups are so common, and lift up their tiny heads so thickly by the roadside, and on every little patch of grass around the garden, that we pass them by almost unnoticed. Perhaps, at length, however, some observing botanist comes along, and calls our attention to them in such a manner as to make us feel that even violets and butter-cups are beautiful. He takes one up, and shows us how God has displayed his wisdom in the structure and color of each petal, and how very far it excels the most perfect work of art. He talks, expatiates, grows enthusiastic and eloquent, until we catch some of the admiration spirit that pervades his soul. Sure enough, we feel now that God has left his impress upon even the wayside flowers, and they become more radiant with his glory, just because they are wayside. We see what we never saw before, because our eyes have been opened. We have learned something.

It is thus with many passages of the Bible. We have read them over and over without perceiving anything particularly marked in their significance. They have been to us, rather indifferent passages. But a Christian, whose experience in Christ, is rich and deep, drops a word about one of these texts which gives entirely new ideas of its meaning. His remark opens a mine of wealth in it, richer than California's, of which we never dreamed before. Perhaps at a prayer-meeting, a brother says, "As I was musing, this text came to my mind with peculiar force, and it has been to me meat and drink." It is a new thought, too. It brings that passage to bear upon some point of Christian experience to which we had never applied it, and it becomes beautiful indeed. It blossoms right out into a flower. It was nothing but a butter-cup before. It is now fragrant and glorious with the wisdom and truth of God. Sometimes a minister, in his pastoral visits, hears casual remarks, by pious souls, which reflect light upon a text, so that he perceives a point and ring in it which he never saw before, and he goes home and writes one of his best sermons on the text.

It is well to look after these wayside beauties of the Bible. Each passage has a living truth in it, if we can only reach it. The languages in which it was originally penned are dead, it is true, but the truths therein contained, were always alive. The mind must be spiritually discerned to

get at the real gist of all these texts, and then they must be searched for as for hid treasure. A botanist may tell us in five minutes of things that he was years in finding out; so a Christian may proclaim, in a single off-hand sentence what, he did not discover until he had been ten years on the Lord's side.

SET MEN,

THERE are at least two classes of men in every community — men of positive and negative qualities. The former know what they believe, and *why* they believe it; always show their colors and generally stand by them. The latter are not so decided, and neighbors cannot tell so well where to find them on this, that, and the other question. Frequently an enterprise is projected, or a question mooted, with reference to which it is asked, "how does Mr. So-and-so stand?" One guesses that he thinks well of it, "though he is a man that does n't say much;" another is rather doubtful about his co-operation; while a third concludes that it will do no hurt to sound him. So this negative man is looked at and studied, and discussed twenty, thirty, forty years, and even then is no more positive. But his neighbor was always positive. He was born so and he, will die so. When he believes anything, he believes it. What he knows he knows. There is no half-way about him. He never sits on the fence. He does n't wait to see which way the wind blows. And you will observe this trait of his character in everything he does. If he is a blacksmith, his hammer strikes the anvil square and hard, and he makes the iron ring as the negative man cannot. If he is a farmer, he is what the neighbors call "a driver." "Early to bed and early to rise," is his motto, and there are no drones in his hive. See him hoe, shovel, rake — he does hoe, shovel, and rake indeed. Is he a statesman? He speaks and legislates right to the point. Men say of him, "he has backbone," and they say truly. His speeches come down pat upon the subject, and there is a bite and nip to them which opponents always feel.

We have noticed that people call these positive men, at least those of them who have this quality developed in the highest degree, SET MEN. They are *set*. Move them if you can. Try to frighten them out of their convictions. Offer them bribes. Flatter them into a cringing policy. No! you can accomplish nothing by these experiments. They are *set* — immovable, firm, substantial men. One of them is worth a whole dozen of your negative fellows who cannot be said to be exactly anywhere on important questions. It is no objection to a man that he is set, if he is only set in the right direction. Then the more firmly set he is the better. The set men are those who have pushed the world forward in civilization. True, the negative men have gone along with them, but they have been little more than passengers.

POWER IN GROWTH.

It is said that a ponderous mill-stone fell from its position and sunk down into the mire. Soon after, an acorn dropped into the hole in its centre, and was buried in the earth. In due time it rooted, sprang up, and rapidly assumed the form of a tree. Years rolled by, and the acorn became the majestic oak, in whose branches the birds of the air lodged, and beneath whose shade weary men sat down to be refreshed. The mill-stone, we are told, is now raised a foot or more, from the top of the ground, by the growth of the oak. What levers and cattle could not accomplish, has been done by the growth of the acorn that we tread beneath our feet. This is power.

It is an illustration of the power there is in moral growth. Drop a single truth of the gospel into good soil, and though it be buried under corrupt forms and customs, and the unchristian governments and institutions of ages, it will lift them all off by its silent but certain growth. It has done this many times, and will do it many times more, ere He whose right it is shall reign. The mill-stone of corrupt power in the earth is yet to be lifted from the nations in darkness, by this growth of the gospel. Wars will not do it. Legislation will not do it. Learning will not do it. Nothing but the gospel that advances silently, and strong as the oak grows, can bring this to pass.

MUST NOTS.

SOME parents are continually dealing out "*must not*s." Every mistake, error and disobedience of their children is met with one of these harmless and easily said "*must not*s." There is no force in them — no authority — they are too common to possess either. One of them uttered quarterly is worth more than a thousand of them all spoken in a hundred days. Webster says that *must* means "to be obliged," which is quite imperative, certainly. But spoken in the way indicated, it is rather exparte advice, which children heed or not, as they please. Of course it is better not to say it at all, unless it is better said. If, when a mother says *must*, she does not mean *must*, but only "I advise you," she better not speak at all. Children need to know what words mean, and generally they want to know. If they see that *must not* signifies only "I think you had better not," they care no more for a *must* than they do for any other unauthoritative word. It is just the way to weaken and spoil family government. It does not require some great sledge hammer of command, like "knock your brains out," or, "lick you within an inch of your life," to destroy authority. This will do it effectually, but it is not absolutely necessary that the ruin come in this way. A *must* that means little or nothing is about as good as one of these sledge hammers to break the arm of authority.

WASTEFUL HABITS.

THE reader has observed, doubtless, that nearly all men who have become wealthy by their own exertions, were from the beginning very economical. He must have noticed, also, that those who have enjoyed good opportunities to acquire property and failed, have been wasteful. The operation of these two principles may be observed at all times, in every community, to some extent. Some men and women use no more of anything than what is absolutely required to meet necessities. They strike only one match at a time, burn only the necessary number of sticks of wood at once, purchase just the quantity of meat to go round, and yet never seem to come short. On the other hand, some hesitate not to light a whole card of matches at a time, and burn out twice the quantity of wood necessary to cook a dinner or heat a room. Some housekeepers use far more soap, butter, tea, &c., than others for the same number of persons, and the same amount of labor. A cup full of soap goes in where two tea-spoons full would answer, and tea enough for a dozen is made, when there are only four or five to serve. Here is the secret of one person's failure, while another succeeds. For this reason, some men who earn a great deal never appear to get along very well. They are always behind hand. It is probable that wasteful habits may have considerable to do with such cases. The individuals may not be aware that such habits are theirs. They can hardly see how better economy than they observe could be instituted without being niggardly and small. It is because such habits insinuate themselves into one's life, through the daily practices of a series of years. It is not necessary to be penurious in trying to be economical, nor to be wasteful in aiming to be generous. There is an economy that goes hand in hand with benevolence, as there is a generosity that runs into a censurable wastefulness.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE GIPSIES.

THE *Literary Journal* has an excellent article upon the Gipsies, from the pen of Rev. E. E. Adams, which we copy below :—

“Our subject is, ‘*The Gipsies.*’ We turn to it from no especial predisposition, from no feelings early awakened about this mysterious and wandering people, much less from the cause which they themselves assert for the early and continued interest felt in them by Borrow, the chronicler of their Spanish tribes, namely, that his soul once tenanted the body of a gipsy.

“This is a race of human beings but little known among us. Indeed,

the impression is not a rare one, that they are a kind of semi-human, semi-supernatural beings, that they are wizards and witches — can fly over the sea, enter the crack of a door, and hover about mortals unseen.

“You are probably aware that the singular people of whom we speak, are wandering tribes, securing a precarious living, without the advantages of fixed laws, and social organizations. They were first known in Germany, in 1409. Nine years later they were seen in Switzerland, and twenty-four years after, in Italy, whence, in the course of five years, they found their way into France, Spain and Great Britain. At the present day their numbers are few in France. In England there are about 18,000; in Spain, 70,000; in Hungary, 50,000; in Turkey, as many more, Constantinople being thronged with them. Great numbers are met in Russia. There are not less than 700,000 in the world. In whatever country they are found, they preserve their peculiar habits and language, and are distinct from all other people in their features and personal manners. In Turkey they are distinguishable by their dark eyes, brows, complexion, and black hair, and by aversion to labor, and a propensity to petty thefts. And these are their characteristics in all lands. There are great numbers of gipsies in Persia. Many speculations have been indulged with regard to their origin. It has been a prevalent notion that they were of Egyptian descent — their name being considered as indicating the same. But those who suppose them to be of Hindostanee or Sudar extraction, have much the best proof on their side. A real gipsy has an eye, countenance, mouth, hand, ankle, and quickness of manners, strongly indicative of Hindoo origin.

“The testimony of the most intelligent travellers, many of whom have long resided in India, fully confirms this opinion. And, indeed, persons who have not visited the Asiatic continent, but have seen natives of Hindostan, have noticed the marked similarity of manners and features existing between them and the gipsies.

“The Hindoo Sudar delights in horses, tinkering, music and fortune-telling; so does the gipsy. In Moscow, the gipsies have, by their skill in music, realized an amount of wealth and secured such a reputation, as to have married into distinguished Russian families. They adopt the Greek religion, but only to please the Emperor, and secure to themselves, in consequence, a more permanent footing in the country.

“They resemble the Sudar tribes of India, in their wandering habits, in their light tents and blankets. The Sudars eat the flesh of nearly every unclean creature, nor are they careful that the flesh of such creatures should be fresh. The gipsies imitate them in this disgusting choice of food. Dogs and cats are eaten by them, and even carrion. It is a common saying among them, *‘That which God kills, is better than that killed by man.’* In this respect, however, they are improving.

“The strongest evidence of their Hindoo origin, is found in the great resemblance their own language bears to the Hindostanee. Grellman, a distinguished student of languages, states that twelve words of every thirty in their vocabulary, are either pure Hindostanee or intimately related to it.

“This language they call gibberish, and believe it to have been invented by their forefathers, for secret purposes. It is not peculiar to one, or a few of their tribes, but common to all in Europe and Asia.

"Bishop Heber records in his journal, an account of an encampment of wretched tents of mats with baskets, ponies, goats, &c., so like gipsies he had seen in England, that, on asking who they were, he was not surprised to hear his guide give them that very name.

"A well-known nobleman of England, who had resided many years in India, taking shelter under a tree during a storm, near a camp of gipsies, was surprised to hear them use several words which he well knew to be Hindostanee, and going up to them, he found them able to converse with him in that language.

"A returned missionary met a gipsy at the house of Father Crabb, the gipsy's friend, in Southampton, England, and having conversed with her a long time, in the language of Hindostan, declared that her people must have once known that language well.

"Lord Teignmouth, who knew the Indian language, once said to a gipsy — 'Tue burra tsetur,' that is, 'Thou art a thief.' She immediately replied, 'No; I am not a thief. I live by fortune-telling' Wandering tribes have been found in Nubia, who have for centuries conversed in the same dialect. The name of this people has induced many to suppose, that they had an Egyptian origin; but there is nothing in their habits, or language, or reminiscence, that indicates such a fact. And yet they may have derived their name from the fact of having passed through Egypt into the European nations.

"It is believed by those who have had the best opportunity to study the matter, that in the earliest years of the 14th century, there was a general migration of the Sudars, a caste among the Asiatic Indians, occasioned by the ravages of Timur Beg, who, having become a Mahomedan, took up arms for the purpose of making proselytes to that idolatry. These Sudars, being of the lowest caste, and unable to find sympathy or shelter among the other castes, fled, and having escaped the armies of Timur found their way into the neighboring countries. They were a degraded people; considered as the lowest of the human race, and with an army seeking their destruction, they had every motive to leave, and none to remain in their native land. Perhaps the most natural course for them on their way to Europe, was over the Persian deserts, along the Persian Gulf to the mouth of the Euphrates, thence to Bossara, into the deserts of Arabia, and thence into Egypt by the Isthmus of Suez.

"But a few years from this period, they were spread into all the European nations. They never visit the Norman Islands, and but few visit Ireland. They consider the name '*Gipsies*' as disgraceful, probably because it seems to be synonymous with crime and vagrancy. Their Indian name is Zingaree, or Cincari. Along the Ganges they are called Noth, or Beania — the former signifying a *rogue*, the latter, *dancer* or *tumbler*.

"Having escaped sword in their own country, they were obliged to live by plunder in other lands. Indeed, in the 15th century they became dangerous and burdensome in the nations which they visited. They came by thousands over the Pyrenees into Spain, swept along the shores of its rivers, and plundered the husbandmen, who were without defence.

"Throughout Hungary, France and England, they were like so many locusts. Laws were enacted against them. They were at length not only resisted and brought somewhat under legal regulations, but measures were carried to the extreme, and they were persecuted. Every crime in

the land, whose perpetrator was not discovered, was charged upon the gipsies. They were executed for the smallest offence, and even on suspicion, or on the most flimsy and even false testimony, until at length they were *obliged* to live by cunning and plunder. Within a few years the English and Prussian laws have been more lenient, and the result is that the gipsies are more submissive and less troublesome. In England, they have come under the influence of Christianity, and many have shown a truly religious spirit. We hope for them, at length, a Christian civilization, and the blessings of refined nationality.

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A CLERGYMAN.

DR. SPRAGUE'S "Annals" furnish the following romantic history of a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, Rev. Leonard Cutting, who was born at Great Yarmouth, (England,) in 1724. Of the circumstances which led Mr. C. to seek a home in this country, the following is furnished by Bishop Onderdonk, of New York :

"Mr. Cutting had, as an intimate college-mate and friend, a young gentleman belonging to a wealthy, and, I believe, noble family. Young Cutting himself had little pecuniary means left, after meeting the expenses of his university education. Without due reflection on the expenses of such a tour, he entered into an agreement with his friend that they should travel extensively on the continent of Europe. Before they had proceeded far, Cutting's funds were becoming reduced, and he found it necessary to return to England. He was a young man of excellent character and very independent feelings, with something of a love of adventure. Soon after his return, he was in a London coffee-house standing by himself, and ruminating on the best mode of turning his talents and education to useful account in after life, when a Virginian captain, who was about to sail, came in, exclaiming, with a loud voice — '*Who's for America?*'

"The idea immediately flashed upon Cutting's mind that he would go and seek his fortune in the new world. He accordingly responded to the captain that *he was*. No time was to be lost, as the vessel was just ready to quit her moorings in the Thames. Cutting's wardrobe was soon in portable condition, and he on board. The payment of passage money being demanded, he was obliged to acknowledge that he had nothing to pay. In this emergency, agreeably to a usage then very common with immigrants to this country, he became what was called a 'redemption-er;' that is, he bound himself to the captain, so that, on his arrival in Virginia, his time, for a certain period, was to be at the captain's disposal, for employment in his (the captain's) behalf, the latter having the privilege of selling this claim to another party. An arrangement of this sort it was understood was not considered at all degrading or even disreputable. Mr. Cutting had commended himself during the voyage to the captain's regard and esteem as a very exemplary young man, intelligent, honorable and trust-worthy, and entitled to the fullest confidence. He therefore desired so to dispose of his claim on his passenger's time and services, as might be most for the interest and comfort of the latter.

"Soon after his arrival in Virginia he had an opportunity of conversing on this subject with a lady who wished to secure the services of an

intelligent white man on her plantation, in the capacity of superintendent and confidential man of business. The post was in due time filled by Mr. Cutting, to the lady's entire satisfaction. The climate, however, did not agree with him, a circumstance which rendered a change highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. About this time Mr. Cutting's employer received a visit from a lady friend who owned a large farm in New Jersey. She, too, wished the services in the business of her farm, of a suitable person, in somewhat the capacity filled by Mr. Cutting for her Virginia friend. The latter, though regretting to part with him, recommended him so highly that the New Jersey lady became the purchaser of the remainder of the time and services in consideration of which he had had his passage to America.

"What was exactly the line in which these services were rendered, in his new home, I do not know. The cutting down of a tree was probably an extra piece of labor. In this, however, he was on one occasion engaged, the tree standing near the road. While he was thus at work, a gentleman passed by on horseback. It was the Rev. Mr. Cooke, missionary from the Society for Propagating the gospel in Foreign Parts. The back of the wood-cutter was turned toward him, and he saw that he had placed himself in such a position that the tree in falling would inevitably crush him. He stopped his horse and said, 'My friend, I fear you do not know much about cutting down trees.' He immediately turned and told Mr. Cooke that indeed he did not, as it was the first time he had ever attempted such a feat. On seeing his face, Mr. Cooke exclaimed with much surprise, 'Why, Cutting, is that you?' The answer was, 'Cooke, is that you?' They had known each other at the University, and Mr. Cooke was entirely ignorant of his quondam friend's being in this country. Highly interesting interviews of course followed, the result of which was Mr. Cooke's coming to New York, and laying his case before the President of King's (now Columbia) College, and the rector of Trinity Church. The former wished to have an additional tutor in the college, and ample satisfaction being given of Mr. Cutting's fitness for the station, a purse was raised for purchasing the remainder of his time, and he was installed as a college tutor. This, according to the college catalogue, took place in 1796."

A NEW WAY OF PAYING SUBSCRIBERS.

AN *Exchange* has the following very instructive incident which thousands might read to their profit:—

A correspondent gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men we "wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course. Well, I will send you my paper one year for the proceeds of a single hen for one season, merely the proceeds. It seems preposterous to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't — but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B——; "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness to the fact.

The farmer went away apparently much elated with the conquest, and the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun

moved in its orbit just as it formerly did, the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own country, but became conversant upon the leading topics of the day, and the political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted, too, in perusing the contents of their weekly visitor. In short, he said, "he was surprised at the progress in himself and family, in general information."

Sometime in the month of Septtmbcr, I happened up again in the office, when who should enter but our old friend farmer B——.

"How do you do, Mr. B——?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," answered the farmer, shaking the proffered "paw" of the editor, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B—— hitched his chair backward and forward, twirling his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor—

"Mr. D——, I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which, on being counted, amounted to eighteen pullets, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, \$2 50, one dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper and paying for it, too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription, and a dollar over. All folly, sir; there is no man but can take a paper; it's charity, sir; charity, you know, commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay you for—"

"Not a bit of it, sir, a bargain is a bargain, and I am already repaid, sir—doubly paid, sir; and whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."

EVERETT'S MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

IN No. 5, of his "Mount Vernon Papers" published in the New York Ledger, Mr. Everett makes the following beautiful apostrophe to the Donati Comet, which recently attracted the admiring gaze of the world:—

"Return, then, mysterious traveller, in the depths of the heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now living! Thou hast truly run thy race with glory, millions of eyes have gazed upon thee with wonder; but they shall never look upon thee again. Since thy last appearance in these lower skies, empires, languages and races of men have passed away; the Macedonian, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the Parthian, the Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties, sunk or

sinking into the gulf of ages. Since thy last appearance, old continents have relapsed into ignorance and new worlds have come out from behind the veil of waters. The Magian fires are quenched on the hill-tops of Asia; the Egyptian hierogrammatist has lost his cunning; the oracles are dumb. Wisdom now dwells in furthest Thule, or in newly discovered worlds beyond the sea. Haply, when wheeling up again from the celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers on the earth, the languages we speak shall also be forgotten, and science shall have fled to the uttermost corners of the earth. But even then, His hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course; and then, as now, Hesper will smile at thy approach, and Arcturus, with his sons, rejoice at thy coming."

HOW TO RENDER COW'S MILK MORE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN,

DR. GUMPRECHT prefaces his observations by remarking upon the fact that milk often disagrees with children, producing indigestion, acidity, flatulence, cholera, diarrhoea, &c., &c. In consequence of this, it has been proposed to improve it by the addition of water and sugar of milk, which experience has proved to have imperfectly attained the object in view. Reflecting on the effect of salt in rendering the food for adults not only more palatable, but also more digestible, increasing the activity of the glands of digestion, and rendering the albuminous substance and fat soluble in the fluids of the stomach, Dr. Gumprecht was led to the idea of adding salt to milk, both for weaned and older children, with the result of not only preventing the derangement of digestion, but moreover of removing them in cases where they previously existed. No author who has written on the nutriment of weaned children, has spoken of this most useful addition to milk; but a Dutch physician mentioned to Dr. Gumprecht, in conversation, that in his practice in Holland, he had frequently added a little salt to milk for weaned children, with most satisfactory consequences.

In the rural districts of Holland, salt is frequently added to the fodder, for pigs and cattle, for the purpose of preventing diarrhoea, which so often exists in consequence of imperfect digestion, and this suggested the adding salt to milk, not merely for healthy children, but for strumous children and such as are affected with worms. Dr. Gumprecht quotes a passage from L. Nussdorff's "*Lehrbuch der Gesundheitspflege*," 1856, on the importance of salt in the nutriment of men and animals.

With regard to the quantity of salt which should be added to the milk, it must depend on the age of the child. To render cow's milk like human milk, it should be boiled and skimmed, and a little sugar of milk and salt added.

A GOOD brine is made for butter by dissolving a quart of fine salt, a pound of loaf sugar, and a tea-spoonful of saltpetre in two quarts of water, and then strain it on the butter. Packed butter is most perfectly preserved sweet by setting the firkin into a larger firkin, and filling in with good brine and covering it. Butter will keep sweet a year thus.

Buttermilk kept in potter's ware dissolves the glazing, and becomes poisonous.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

BY THE INVALID.

A RECIPE FOR GRAHAM CAKE.

I THINK the readers of "The Home,"
Would like a "Gaaham Cake,"
So here I send the recipe,
Which I so often make.

First, take one cup of sugar white,
And butter one-half cup,
Together mix, and add one egg,
And lightly beat it up.

Then take one cup of good, sweet milk,
And well dissolve within,
One tea-spoonful of soda, so
Its trace can ne'er be seen.

Then scatter in a little salt,
And flavor it with spice,

A little nutmeg, if you please,
Or lemon peel is nice.

And many would put currants in,
And some the caraway;
I think it's quite as good without;
'Tis just as you 'd fancy.

And then of flour, you may put in
Three even tea-cups full,
And when you've stirred it well around,
Then quickly pour the whole

Into your buttered pan, my dear,
Which ready stands the while,
Then if you give it a good bake,
'Twill be so nice you'll smile.

I do not wish to rival the author of the recipe for "Pork Cake," in a former number, but as I know from experience the following to be among the best, and more economical withal, I venture to send it, feeling that those who use it will not regret the omission of milk and eggs.

PORK CAKE.—One pound of salt pork, chopped fine, one tea-cup of sugar, one tea-cup of molasses, one tea-cup of warm water, one tea-spoon of soda, flour enough to make it *very stiff*; spice and fruit as in other loaf cake.

If the fair readers of "The Home," wish to please their husbands, by giving them a good breakfast cake, they cannot do better than to make them

A GOOD CORN-CAKE.—One quart of Indian meal, one pint of flour, two eggs, a cup of sugar, a small piece of butter, one tea-spoon of salt, one and one-half tea-spoon full of soda, one tea-spoon full of cream-tartar; mix with milk, soft enough to pour like flat-jacks.

COUGH SYRUP.—Iceland moss two ounces, five poppy-heads, one table spoonful of barley whole. Put these into three pints of water and boil down to two. Strain and dissolve in it one pound of brown rock candy. Dose, a table spoonful when the cough is troublesome.

PECTORAL SYRUP.—Take sassafras pith one drachm, gum arabic, one ounce, white sugar twenty-one ounces, muriate of morphia eight grains, water one pint. Put the sassafras pith and gum arabic into the water, and let it stand twelve hours, stirring it often; the sugar should be dissolved in the mucilage cold, which being strained, should be made up to one pint by adding water. The morphia is then to be added, a few drops of the oil of sassafras, also. Dose, one tea-spoonful, often, for a cough.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.—Acitrate of morphine, grains three, tincture of blood root, two drachms, wine of ipecac, of each three drachms, syrup of wild cherry bark three ounces, mix. Dose, one tea-spoonful often, for cough.—*Ship and Shore Physician and Surgeon.*

BOOK NOTICES.

INDIA AND ITS PEOPLE — ANCIENT AND MODERN. With a view of the Sepoy mutiny, embracing an account of the conquests in India, by the English, their policy and its results. Also, the moral, religious and political condition of the people; their superstitions, rites and customs. By Rev. Hollis Read, American missionary to India. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Octavo, 384 pp. Columbus: Published and sold exclusively by subscription, by J. & H. Miller.

This is the most valuable book upon India with which we are acquainted. The author speaks from personal observation and experience, so that the work is reliable, and contains an amount of information which only a resident in India is able to impart. Many things belong to the history of this country which render it a very interesting land. The author has a happy faculty of developing his thoughts, and weaving in facts and statistics to make a work of this kind attractive. The illustrations are numerous and good. The mechanical execution of the work does credit to the publishers. We bespeak for the volume a generous circulation, and we have no doubt it will have it. It deserves a place in every public and private library. A library is not complete without it. It is a capital book for reading at the family fireside.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of Boston and Richmond. By Robert C. Winthrop.

Characteristic of the distinguished author, both in subject and style. The subject is — "CHRISTIANITY — neither SECTARIAN nor SECTIONAL — THE GREAT REMEDY FOR SOCIAL AND POLITICAL EVILS."

THE COLLEGE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE FOR JULY.

This is a valuable monthly of medical knowledge, edited by six medical professors. If "two heads are better than one," six ought to produce an excellent work.

THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER. One of the best [educational] monthlies that we read. This number for July contains an able review of some letters of teachers and professors in favor of the prize system. The editor takes the opposite view and sustains it triumphantly. He expresses our views exactly upon the subject.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND BIBLICAL REPOSITORY for April, for 1859.

An excellent number of this valuable quarterly, containing seven articles; (1.) Dr. Hickok's Philosophy. (2.) Three Eras of Revival in the Western States. (3.) Philological Studies. (4.) On the Descent of Christ into Hell. (5.) The Theology of Æschylus. (6.) On the Vedic Doctrine of a Future Life. (7.) Editorial Correspondence.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., the following new music:

1. *Hunter Valee*; by F. B. Helmsmuller.
2. *Glad Summer Comes*; by Louisa Miller.
3. *Cuckoo Polka*; for piano, by A. Herzog.
4. *Le Carnaval de Venise*; by Ascher.
6. *Alexandrine Polka*; by J. Strauss.
6. *Phonographic Waltz*; by C. H. Rondeau.

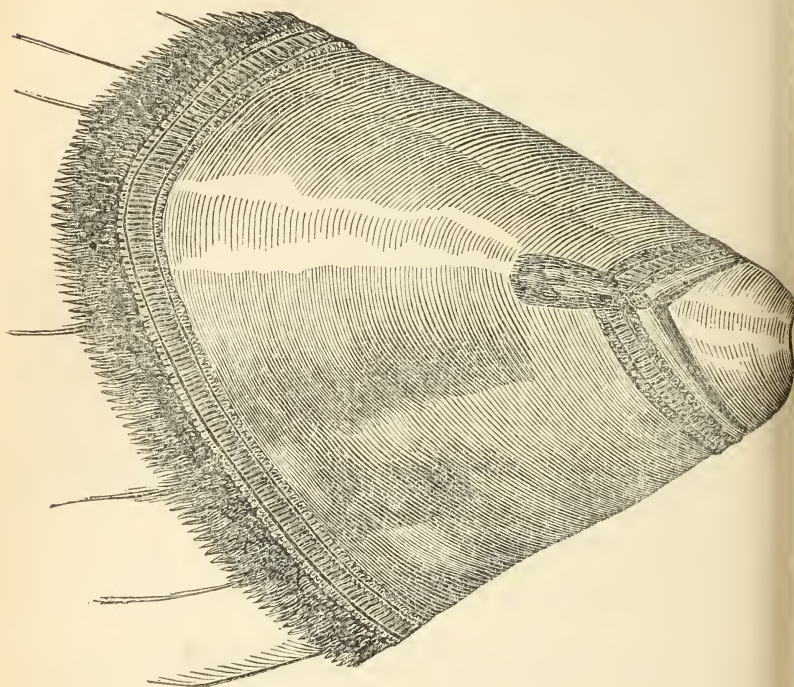
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

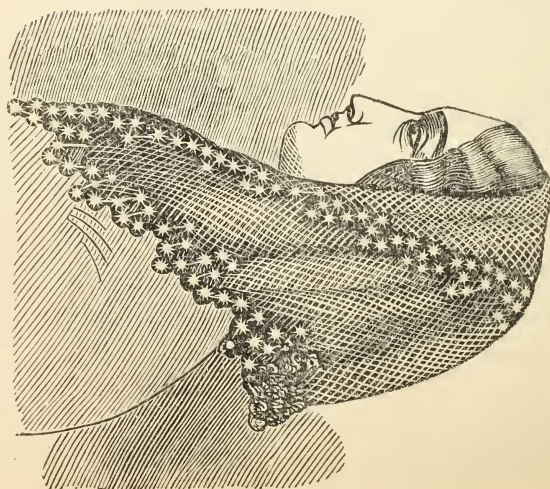
"An Appeal to Young Men, No. 2." "The Responsibility of Mothers." — "Little Things, No. 3." Several articles from the Invalid. "A Story for the Little Folks." "Recollections of a Grandmother." "Anniversary." "Death of a Friend." "Thy Will be Done." "The Sea."

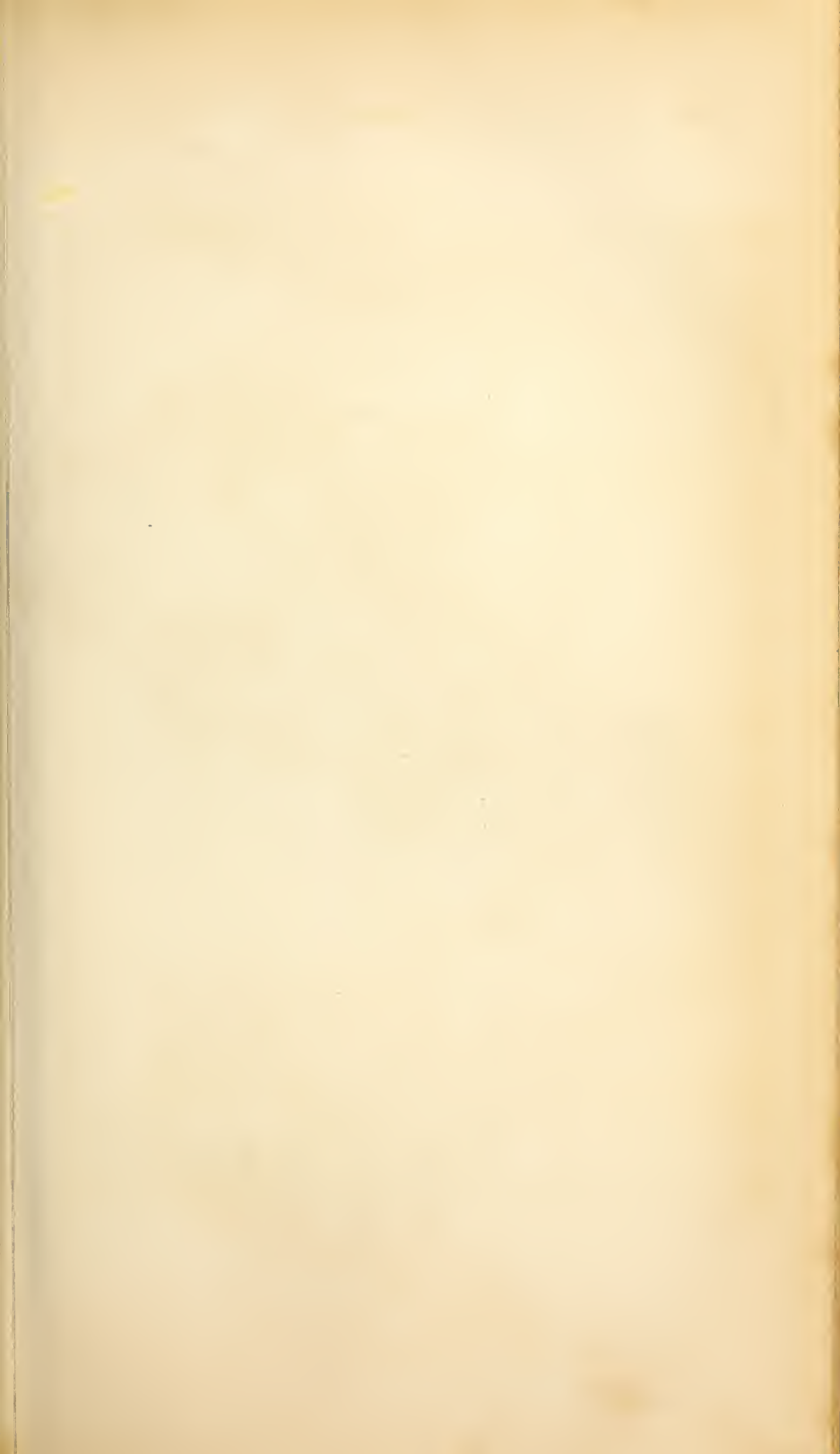
FASHIONS.

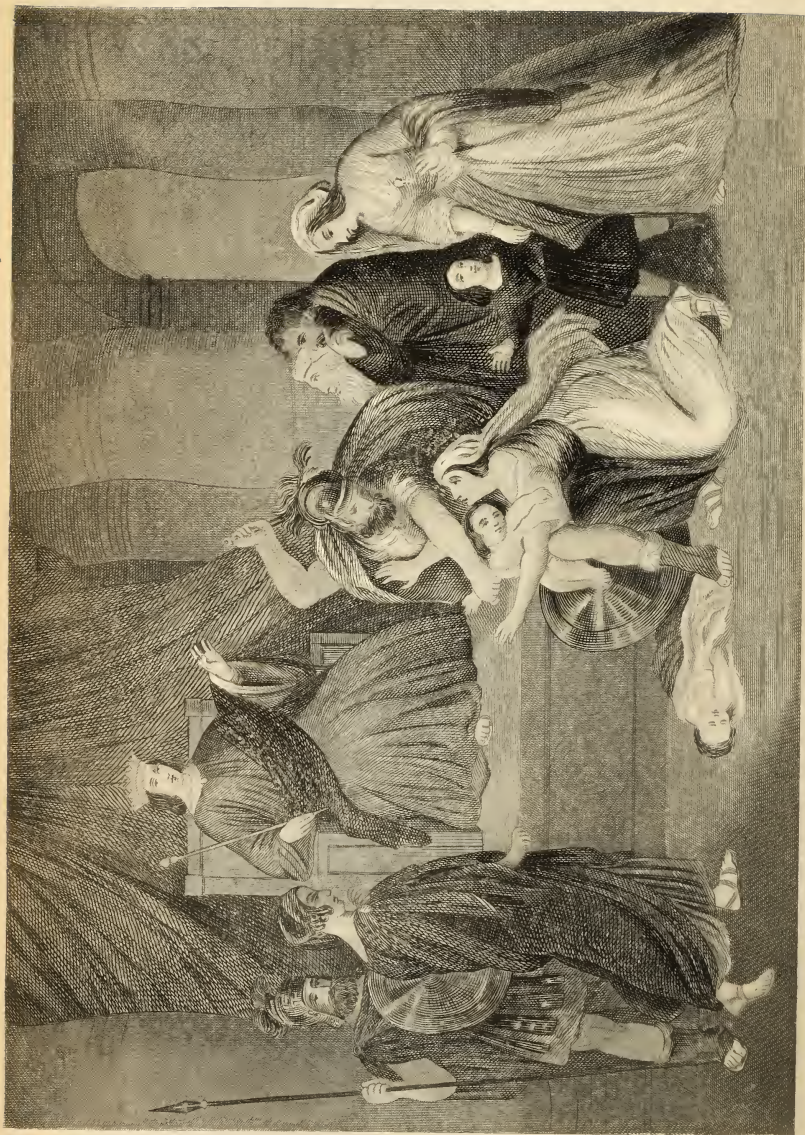
MANTILLA.



NETTED HOOD, WITH DAISY FRINGE.









DAISY CHRYSANTHEMUMS



THE FARMERS' BOYS.

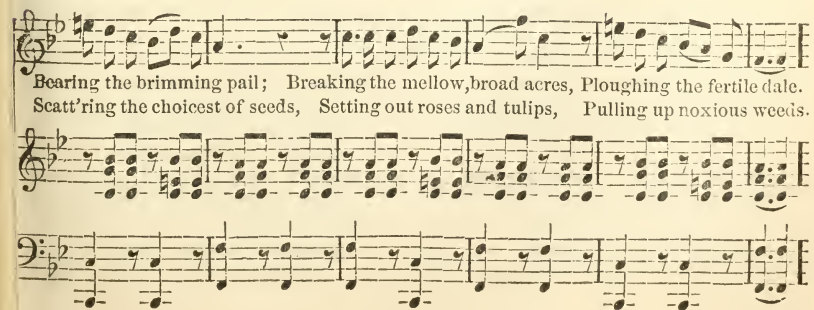
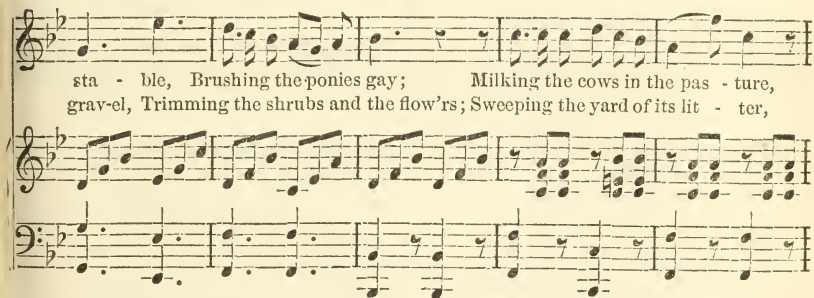
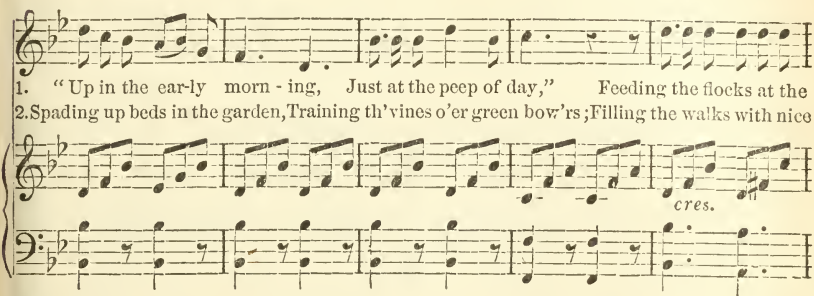
Reply to the song, "The Farmers' Girls."

WORDS BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

MUSIC BY J. W. TURNER.

Allegretto.

f



Chorus. THE FARMERS BOYS. CONCLUDED.

TENOR. *ff*

"Oh! how merry the lay, as light and gay We sing of the farmers' boys; Hurrah! how

ALTO. *ff*

SOPRANO. *ff*

"Oh! how merry the lay, as light and gay We sing of the farmers' boys; Hurrah! how

BASS. *ff*

D.C. al segno. *ff*

mer-ry the lay we car-ol to-day, Of the mer-ry farmers' boys."

mer-ry the lay we car-ol to-day, Of the mer-ry farmers' boys."

3 Planting the trees in the orchard,
Sowing the golden grain;
Ditching the spreading meadows,
Smoothing the shady lane;
Dropping the corn and potatoes,
Hoing the patch and the field;
Proud in their strength and their vigor,
Husbandry weapons to wield.
CHORUS. Oh! how merry, &c.

5 Climbing the trees for ripe apples,
Gath'ring in basket and store
Fruits of all kinds and all flavors,
Varieties many a score;
Digging the roots for the cellar,
Husking the yellow corn;
Sending the brown nuts rattling
Down, on a frosty morn.
CHORUS. Oh! how merry, &c.

4 Making new gates and new fences,
Mending each gap, great and small,
Digging the rocks from their strata,
Laying them up in a wall;
Swinging the scythe in the mowlands,
Stirring the fragrant hay.
Reaping with sharpened sickle
Harvests that richly repay.
CHORUS. Oh! how merry, &c.

6 Felling the trees in the forest;
Chopping the wood at the door;
Reading the pages of wisdom,
Conning the richest lore —
Health in each nerve and each muscle,
Mind the deep source of his joys;
One of these country rustics is worth
A score of your city boys.
CHORUS. Oh! how merry, &c.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE*

NO. XXI.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

EDITORIAL.

IN the third chapter of the first book of Kings, there is a very singular and affecting narrative, which illustrates the strength and beauty of a Mother's love. It seems that two females dwelt together in the same house, and that about the same time each of them gave birth to a son. When the children were a few days old, one of the mothers suffocated hers by overlaying it in the night. On awaking, and finding that her babe was dead, she arose and stealthily exchanged her dead babe for the sleeping mother's living one. The latter, however, discovered the fraud soon after she awoke, and charged it upon her companion, who stoutly denied the charge. At this point it is generally supposed that the case was carried into the courts, and that the judges were unable to decide it. As there were no witnesses on either side, and as the statement of one mother was no more nor less than an offset to that of the other, the judges must have been "at their wits end." At this juncture it became necessary to refer the case to Solomon himself. He was distinguished for his wisdom through all the land, and if he could not decide it the matter must remain as it was.

In due time the two mothers appeared before King Solomon, and each one told her story, and both claimed the living child. It was an interesting case, and we doubt not that Solomon so regarded it. Probably nothing like it had come before him hitherto. No doubt it had created great excitement in the community, and every one was curious to know how it would terminate. Events of far less interest now-a-days throw entire communities into a tumult.

Solomon listened to their stories, and was not long in devising an expedient. "Then saith the King, the one saith this is my son that liveth, and thy son is the dead; and the other saith, Nay, but thy son is the dead and my son is the living. And the King said, bring me a sword, and they brought a sword before the King, and

the King said, *divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other.*" This was done to prove which of the mothers was true and sincere. Solomon had much knowledge of human nature, and he saw that the real mother could not endure to see her own dear babe hewn in pieces. His wisdom shone brightly in the expedient. No sooner did the mother of the living son see the uplifted sword, than she cried aloud against dividing the child. Her mother's heart was moved to its lowest depths. "Then spake the woman, whose the living child was, unto the King, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it; but the other said, "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." This was enough—it settled the case. The woman who would see the child given alive to another, rather than have it cut in two, must be its mother. She who could say "*divide it,*" could not possess a mother's heart. Then the King answered and said, "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it, she is the mother thereof." From that day to this there has been but one opinion of Solomon's judgment; every person would decide just as he did. The expedient was so simple, too, that we wonder it was not thought of before. It is not strange that the public were impressed by it, and revered Solomon more than ever. "And all Israel heard of the judgment which the King had judged; and they feared the King, for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him to do judgment."

This incident illustrates the disinterestedness of true maternal love. The mother of the dead child sought to obtain the living one by fraud. Disappointed and grieved by the sudden death of her own infant, she would take that of another to meet the demands of affection. It probably served in a measure to fill "the aching void within;" but another child could not completely fill the place of her own in her heart. That is utterly impossible. No mother can love another's child as she loves her own. On this account, the woman who swore falsely to obtain the babe that was not hers, proved to be very selfish. If she could not have the living child, after losing her own, she would have that killed too. If possible she would claim it; if not, its real mother should not have it. No one should have it if she could not. Therefore she said, "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." This was

the quintessence of selfishness. She had no true love for the babe, otherwise she would have sought its welfare. Its real mother could not endure to see it killed outright; she preferred that the other woman should have it. So long as she believed that it would be cared for tenderly by another, she would have it spared, though she could not enjoy the unspeakable privilege of rearing him up to manhood. Here was disinterested love, which sought the highest good of the child. The true mother loved the child for its own sake, the false mother loved it for the sake of herself. In the first case, the good of the son was the pivot on which the whole heart turned; in the second, *self* was the centre around which all the thoughts and plans moved.

A true mother's love is equal to all emergencies. It is ready for labor, self-denial, and almost any sacrifice. It is generally believed that maternal is stronger than paternal love—that, for wise reasons, the mother has deeper and warmer affections for her children than the father. It is quite certain that she entwines her love around the hearts of her offspring in such a way as to draw them to herself as a father's love usually does not. A mother's love seems to make impressions that are more vivid and lasting. It is the last thing of home that is forgotten. When all other recollections of childhood have faded away, this lives often to preserve the young heart from corruption, and inspire effort for a better and nobler life. There is many a person who can respond to the familiar lines,

“A mother's love! the fadeless light
That glimmers o'er our weary way;
A star amid the clouds of night,
An ever-burning quenchless ray.
A guarding power through good and ill
Where'er the truant footsteps rove;
A ceaseless, flowing, sparkling rill,
A fount of hope—a mother's love.

“A mother's love—it whispers first
Above the cradled infant's head,
And when those human blossoms burst,
Her bosom's still the flow'ret's bed.
When their bright summer day has past,
And autumn clouds hang dark above,
It lingers round us to the last,
That dearest boon—a mother's love.

“And yet how oft our footsteps roam,
Through pleasures bright alluring maze,
Forgetful of the ties of home,
And all the joys of earlier days!
But there's a charm to lure them back,
And like the weary, wandering dove,
The heart re-wings its childhood's track,
To that one ark, a mother's love.”

There is a reason for this power of a mother's love. She first folds it to her heart. She looks first into its opening eyes. She receives its first glad smile. She observes the first development of its mind, however small. She lulls it to repose by her soft, gentle voice. She watches over it by night and by day. Her bosom is the shelter to which it flies in times of danger. Into her arms it falls for slumber. To her it looks for words of love as it advances in years. Its early prattle is the sweetest music to her heart. Its first word lisped falls upon her ear to awaken a thousand glad responses in her soul. Its first lesson learned thrills her spirit with joy, and animates her with cheering hope; each day reveals something new and promising in its expanding life. The mother sees more and more, if possible, in her child to love, and the child sees more and more in its mother to win its heart. Thus they live, the one pouring words of tenderness and counsel into its ear, and moulding thereby its spirit, the other looking trustingly up for nourishment and culture, as a young bird in its nest. Is it strange that a mother's love is strong? Is it strange that it lives in the recollection of the child when a father's lessons are well nigh forgotten?

There is a most touching story told of a loving mother and her idiot son, whose home of poverty was in the north of England. Although no gleam of intelligence lit up the mind of her boy, he was dear to her heart; she evidently loved him none the less because his mind was a blank, and she waited upon him with a devotion that never tired. He did nothing but sit upon the ground of his floorless hut, by his mother's side, swinging backward and forwards, singing pathetically an unmeaning strain. In this way he spent day after day, and year after year, clinging still to his mother as the only being whom he recognized, and the only one necessary to his existence. “One day,” says the narrator, “the

poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market place, and the charity of some of the neighbors induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her holding her hands, swinging, and singing the pitiful lay more sorrowfully than ever he had done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble. Sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said." That he knew he had met with a loss was evident from the fact that "when the neighbors spoke to him, he looked up with a tear in his eye, clasped the cold hand more tenderly, and sung in a softer and sadder key. 'Poor wretch!' said they, 'what shall we do with him?' At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the ground, sprinkled it over his head, and broke with a wild, clear, heart-piercing pathos into his accustomed song."

Here was a mind that seemed dead to the external world, a heart that was apparently too little of a heart to love, strongly influenced by a mother's affection. The only impressions that were ever made upon the wretched boy were made by maternal love. What a tribute to the power that a mother wields!

History abounds in incidents, which illustrate the endurance and persistent energy, of mothers for the sake of their offspring. Their deep, unconquerable love has enabled them to do what would have been impossible without it. One of the most remarkable instances is related in the travels of the renowned Humboldt.

Eighty years ago, the Roman Catholics hunted men and women at the mouth of the Rio Guaviare. In one of these excursions, they found a Guahiba mother in an Italian hut, with three children, two of whom were babes. Her husband was gone, and she was captured with her children, and all were carried as slaves to San Fernando. Although she was a long distance from her home, she repeatedly endeavored to escape with her children; but every effort was vain. At length arrangements were made to separate her wholly from her little ones, and to convey her still further from her home. She was placed in a boat, slightly bound, and was soon sailing away upon the voyage. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, plunged into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo, where she landed upon a *rock*. She was soon overtaken and brought back, and most cruelly beaten for the act.

Says Humboldt, "she was thrown into one of the caravanseras, that are called Casa Del Rey. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then, believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was then twenty-five leagues distant, in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again; she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of their captors, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare."

In the prison she was not very carefully guarded, and she succeeded in biting off her fetters with her teeth, and in four days she appeared at San Fernando, where her children were. Said the person who narrated this to Humboldt; "What the woman performed, the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun, during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the water direct her way? the inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movements of the water is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny briars, that form as net-work around the trunks they entwine? How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo." She was once more captured, and carried back to the *rock* on which she landed after escaping from the boat, and was there scourged until her blood reddened the water around. Subsequently, she was carried to a place on the Upper Oronocho River, where she died of a broken heart. To this day the rock on which she landed, after risking life in the water, and on which she was so unmercifully scourged, is called, THE MOTHER'S ROCK.

There is a case of an English mother on record, whose heroic deed has been thought to merit a place on the historic page. She lived in a block of tenements inhabited by the poorest of England's poor. One night a fire broke out in this cluster of tenements, and spread with such rapidity that the tenents barely escaped with

their lives. As a poor mother stood among the crowd looking upon her group of children to see if all were saved, she missed one of the younger ones. Uttering a wild shriek, she darted through the crowd and rushed up the burning staircase, with a hundred voices calling loudly to her to desist, and in a moment came leaping back with the precious treasure in her arms, frantic with joy at his rescue, as she was before with grief at his perils. There was not another in that multitude, probably, who would have ventured life upon the flaming stairs, and beneath falling timbers, to have saved that child. But a mother's love was equal to all possible things, and it nerved the tender parent to a deed of heroism that wins the admiration of mankind.

There are many similar examples of maternal love recorded, which we might cite were it necessary. They disclose one of the most pleasing features of human nature, and magnify the wisdom of God in thus constituting the maternal heart.

We cannot fail to see how well it is for children that a mother's love is thus strong and undying. Were it otherwise, the cares, trials and perplexities, incident to the rearing of the young, would weary the patience and exhaust the strength of mothers, long before their children attained their majority. Even now we find that some people feel so much encumbered by their children, as to meet their obligations but poorly. What, then, would be the case if maternal love were of a weaker mould? The result would be disastrous. Then, too, the recollection of such love is thrice happy for the young. The moral effect of such a remembrance is often salutary, as we have seen, restraining, impressing, and recovering, when all else fails. The distinguished Monod said, "The greatest moral power in the world is that which a mother exercises over her young child." Its greatest power may not be realized until that child becomes a man, and recalls, in some thoughtful hour, a mother's love. It is in viewing the subject from this stand-point, that we are able to appreciate the remark of another, "She who rocks the cradle rules the world."

Summing up all that has been said, and all that remains to be said, we may give it utterance in that piece of poetry, which has often been quoted by admirers of the theme we have so imperfectly discussed :

"The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast, or start the tear,
Are mother, home, and heaven.

"A mother—sweetest name on earth !
We lisp it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.

"A home—that paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow,
By calm sequestered bowers.

"And heaven—the port of endless peace,
The haven of the soul,
When life's corroding care shall cease,
Like sweeping waves to roll.

"O weep not, then, though cruel time
The chain of love has riven;
To every link, in yonder clime,
Reunion shall be given.

"O fall they not on mortal ear
As dew-drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear—
A mother, home, and heaven ?"

ECHOES OF A MOTHER'S VOICE.

"There was once," says Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler, "an obscure and pious woman living in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry, her place of birth, and her education. She had an only son whom she made it a great business to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In the seventh year of his age, his mother died, and a few years later, the lad went to sea, and engaged at length as a sailor in the African slave trade. He was soon an adept in vice, and though amongst the youngest of the crew, he was the most proficient in guilt. But his mother's instructions sent their echoes to him, and though at first he sought to defend himself from them, they grew louder and louder, until, listening to them at last, he became a fervent Christian, a successful preacher, the author of books which the Church will never let die, and the writer of hymns the use of which is co-extensive with our tongue.

A SKETCH.

BY THE INVALID.

ANNIE LEE was an orphan ; the flowers of seventeen summers had blossomed, and the snows of as many winters fallen, on the earth since her eyes first beheld the light. Her parents died early, her *mother first*, laying her hand in blessing on her sunny curls, and in whispered words consigning her, as the last precious legacy of her love, to her mourning husband. But ere the sod upon her grave was green with the grass of the next Spring-time, the father, too, closed his eyes on all things earthly, bequeathing his darling, in his turn, to his childless parents, and imploring the God of the orphan to keep her "pure in heart," and "unspotted from the world." Yet though fatherless and motherless, Annie was a joyous child, and grew up a happy maiden. Her heart was light as the summer bird, her spirit pure as the snow flake descending from heaven to rest upon the bosom of earth. No thought of evil seemed to stain its fair surface. And when she had committed an unintentional wrong, her quick gushing tears and trembling voice, as she humbly confessed the error, and earnestly sued for pardon, won a ready forgiveness, and a still fonder affection. Her grandparents cherished her with the most doating fondness. Every advantage of education, every innocent pleasure which the most watchful love could devise, were bestowed upon her, and beneath the fostering hand of love, united with consistent Christian example, her early womanhood dawned with uncommon promise. The seed sown by a mother's hand, and watered by a bereaved father's tears, sprang up, and brought forth fruit in overflowing measure. "The dew of her youth" she had given to the Saviour, and consecrated to His service the days of her earthly sojourn. As yet, her path had been all smooth and flower bespangled, her sky all sunshine and azure beauty. The rough winds of Heaven had seemed to turn aside from her fragile form, and only the gentle zephyrs of the sweet south-west had ever lifted the tresses from her brow. Her laugh, though low and silvery, gushed forth as in her childhood's days. Her pleasant smile was seldom absent from her lips, save when the tear of sympathy for others suffused her eyes, for her heart was ever open to listen to the tale of the unfortunate, her hand ever ready to lend itself for

their relief, her voice ever seeking to speak words of comfort and tenderness to the sorrowing, and encouragement to those who would forsake the path of error, and choose "the ways of pleasantness and peace." But *now* came life's sterner duties. Her grandparents, old and weary with long tarrying on earth, and many heart trials, were failing in health, and daily requiring more constant care and attention. Faithfully and tenderly did Annie discharge her duties. With untiring cheerfulness did she watch by their bed sides and perform those little acts of kindness which are so soothing to the aged and childish heart. From the blessed letter of our Father's love, she read to them of "that city which hath foundations," toward which they were hastening, and when she closed its pages, they talked in sweet anticipation of the blissful meeting with those who had gone before, and often in the soft twilight of a summer's evening, her low tones rose heavenward on the gentle breeze, as she committed those almost enfranchised spirits to Him who had promised to go with them through the flood, and give them an abundant entrance into the mansion already prepared to receive them. Now indeed did the "bread cast upon the waters, return after many days" to those aged pilgrims, in abundant measure, and as they rejoiced in the gentle ministrations of her love, with grateful hearts they thanked God for this one precious lamb remaining in their fold. Calmly and peacefully did these aged saints descend the hill-side towards the Jordan's wave. Unshrinkingly they pressed its lucid waters, while the rays of the Sun of Righteousness illumined each billow with a silvery light, "and in their midst walked one like unto the Son of God," on whom they leaned, until they reached the other side. The angel of Death was merciful, for scarce his hand had clasped that of the wife, ere he returned for the husband. And as the days of their earthly sojourn had been spent together, so in Death scarce divided, together they commenced *the immortal life*. But Annie was not left alone. Her gentle beauty, attractive manners, the graceful sweetness with which she ministered to the wants of her grandparents, making their lives so blest and happy as the light of earth grew dim upon their vision, and *above all*, the constant reflection of the image of the blessed Saviour which she wore in her breast, won the heart of one, who, like her, had early consecrated himself to the service of God, and laid his fortune and

talents, a willing offering on His altar, erected in a foreign land. It was a calm, quiet day in Autumn, when the soft hazy light of the Indian summer, lay like a veil of gossamer over earth, that Annie Lee stood in the little church where her baptismal vows were registered, and before the white-haired pastor who blessed her mother's bridal, spoke those words which bound her in weal and woe, through *life*, and as she fondly trusted through *eternity*, to him for whom she forsook all others and with whom she hoped to be the humble instrument of "turning *many* to righteousness." The next morn rose fair as one in Eden's bowers, yet tears gathered in many an eye, and many a heart throbbed sadly; for Annie Lee was to leave forever the land of her childhood, to seek a far distant home. Friends thronged the beach, and many a silent blessing was breathed, many a fond wish rose Heavenward, as Annie stepped on board the noble bark which was to bear her to a sunny isle in the tropic seas. Long gazed those loving eyes, until that stately vessel seemed but a dim speck on the horizon, and finally vanished from their sight. It was Annie's first voyage on the ocean, yet a pensive sadness chastened the joy of her heart, as she gazed on the new and oft-times beautiful panorama which was presented to her view, for she loved with tenderest affection the dear home of her birth, and the many friends who had shown her unceasing kindness and affection from her earliest remembrance, and she had left them *forever*. But she knew in whom she trusted, and as she leaned upon her husband's arm while walking the deck at evening, and the calm, silent moon shone from the heavens in queenly beauty, and the same smiling stars looked down upon her, as when she stood beneath the vine-covered portico of her early home, she thanked God that He had given her such an earthly protector in her orphanage, and felt that the pathway to Heaven would *be as short* from the distant home which she expected to call her own, as from her native land, and that when she should meet those loved ones there to part no more, it would matter little whether they went thither from the New-England hills, or the islands of the tropic seas. The voyage was prosperous, and soon the land of their adoption, crowned with the graceful and stately palm-tree and the gilded temples of heathen idolatry, burst upon their view. And as the noble ship sped like a bird over the blue waves, and bore them yet nearer, the morning

breeze wafted the odors of fragrant spices to regale their delighted senses. But *sad* thoughts were in the minds of Annie and her husband, as they watched from the deck the lovely scene before them, which cast a darkening shade over its glowing beauty. This was a heathen isle. Here the God of Israel was unknown, and unmeaning rites performed to senseless idols, constituted the worship of those benighted beings, who, half clad, and unclean in person and mind, were thronging the shore, to gaze on the newcomers. But *precious* thoughts came also, of One who had said long before, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The landing was soon effected, and ere long a pleasant cottage obtained, and with the precious relics which Annie had brought from her early abode, she strove to give it a home-like air. Could we have looked upon her then we should have seen her surrounded by those, within whose dusky bosoms lay still darker hearts. Wonderingly they gazed upon the fair stranger, and with contemptuous smiles listened to her first attempts to speak their singular and unknown language. But ere long the soft glances of her dark eye, her ready smile, and gentle, unobtrusive kindness of manner, began to win hearts; and as with ready instinct she soon learned their language, mothers with their children thronged around her, and soon a little band was gathered, to whom she told in simple words the story of the Saviour. Now tears of repentance fell, and those dusky bosoms throbbed with a feeling before unknown, as the sad history of the death of Jesus touched a tender chord in their harsh natures. Ah, then did Annie rejoice with an overflowing heart, that God had permitted her to be a messenger of glad tidings to those benighted ones, and place gems of her own seeking in the Saviour's crown. Now, beside the graceful pagoda rose the fair New-England temple, and where knees once bent to idols of silver and gold, *souls* bowed in humble worship to the Christian's God, and where the wailings of sacrifice had mingled with the deafening discord of heathen ceremonies, rose the gentle hymn in memory of Jesus' love. Unwearyingly did Annie perform the duties of a missionary life; now assisting her husband in his labors, casting smiles of encouragement and priceless pearls of thought, with words of comfort, over his desponding hours. Yet, although much fruit had been given as the reward of their labors, life was far from being all brightness.

There were many difficulties to surmount, many deep-rooted prejudices to overcome, much powerful opposition to encounter. And at length the angel of death, who had kept aloof from their dwelling since they had erected it on a foreign shore, visited their retreat and bore away their youngest born, a flower which had blossomed beneath the suns of but two tropic summers, to bloom in the bowers of Paradise, under the more immediate culture of the heavenly Gardener. Oh, how the heart of Anne Lee ached, and throbbed almost to bursting, as she parted the sunny locks of her darling, for the last time, and placed one tiny curl between the leaves of the Bible, where she, on that morning read, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Precious words were those to her who already felt the lassitude of that burning climate enervating her frame, and stealing the life from her spirit also. Tenderly they laid the little one in its last resting place, now to them a thrice hallowed spot, and with their one remaining blossom, sought again their home. But the light of peaceful hope irradiated their path even then, and amid their tears they could truly say, "It is good to be afflicted." But though Annie received the stroke with calmness, and bowed in perfect resignation to the Divine will, her fragile form worn with incessant labor, had received a shock from which she could not recover. Still more frail grew her delicate form, more feeble her graceful step, as she wandered beneath the palm-tree's shade, to catch the breeze as it came fraught with coolness from the ocean at the sunset hour, while her soft dark eye shone with unwonted brilliancy, and the rose-tinge on her cheek glowed with a deeper crimson. The golden sheaf was nearly ripe, and the angel reapers waited but the mandate of the Gardner, to gather in the harvest. There were earnest strivings, many tears and prayers which seemed as if they would weary heaven with importunity, in the little bamboo cottage on that lovely isle, but Annie's work was done, and the Highest granted not the husband's prayer. And now came nights of weary watching, days of restless languor, the last fond tributes of affection, the last murmured words of love, and among them all, prayers of childlike trust and holy resignation mingling with the soft murmur of sacred song, rising like angel melodies to heaven. As the soft rays of an autumn twilight melt almost imperceptibly into the deeper shades of evenings, thus gent

ly and sweetly passed away the earthly life of Annie Lee. She had never been like the glowing sun, rising with a flood of radiance around his footsteps, shrouding earth in rays of golden brightness, and dazzling the eye of the beholder with its noon-day splendor, but rather like the gentle *moon*, which steals unobserved upon the pathway of the sky, and sheds her calm and serene light steadily, until she fades from view in the brighter glories of day. There was no rapture, no enthusiasm in the last breathings of her soul, ere it spread its pinions for its heavenward flight, but with the calm, filial trust of an accepted child, she approached the dark valley, saying, "I will fear no evil. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The last golden rays of a Sabbath sunset was stealing through the latticed window of Annie's room, as the rustling of the angel's wing was heard, who came to be her convoy up the celestial hills. Gently he laid his hand upon her wasted brow, and whispered her, that the heavenly mansion was ready for the bride. And smiling farewell to those who listened for her last sigh, she spread her pinions and soared in the sweet twilight, above the soft blue of these mortal skies, into the purer light of heaven. On that sunny isle, is a small and quiet churchyard. There the graceful palm waves its crested head, and the spicy trees of eastern lands, grow in bright and verdant luxuriance. And among them an exotic of American birth,—the weeping willow, almost as much at home as in its own native soil, bends over a lowly grave in the most retired corner. There, where the blue Pacific washes the shore, and flings high its wreaths of sparkling foam, while singing a requiem for the dead, rests sweetly, and peacefully, the fair form of Annie Lee; while that which gave life and grace to the structure, grows with new and purer loveliness in that land where no change of climate, no unwonted toil shall check its ever increasing growth and beauty.

To her the words of the wise man seem a singularly appropriate tribute, "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband, also, and he praiseth her," while from the snowy pillar above her grave, the sacred words of our now risen Saviour, to one who loved not more devotedly than did Annie Lee, bear ever the simple but expressive eulogy, "She hath done what she could."

I SEE THEE EVERYWHERE.

BY META LANDER.

"O something it is in our hearts to shine,
A memory of beauty, undimmed as thine,
To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,
To have lingered before thee, and turned and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn."

Still doth memory's magic pencil
Draw thine image everywhere,
In the tree and in the floweret,
In the whispering, viewless air.

Wheresoe'er I bend my footsteps,
Thou dost follow me, my dove,
Deep my inward spirit thrilling
With thine eye of gentle love.

When before my desk I'm standing
Oft beside me thou art there,
Winningly thine arms outstretching
In thy dimpled beauty fair.

All the while still sweetly prattling
In the lisping, broken words,
From thy loving heart outgushing,
Ever warbling like the birds.

O! those tones are still clear ringing
Sweetly in my listening ear;
"Dove, papa," "my darling father,"
"Bird papa," "my sweet, my dear."

When I'm gazing from my window,
There thou art before me still,
With thy little hat and tunic,
Running at thy own sweet will.

Often turning, archly looking
Back unto thy father's face,
Then again thy way pursuing
With thy fairy step of grace.

When I'm musing in my garden,
Thou art still beside me, child,
Sweetly chatting, running, jumping,
Bounding with thy footstep wild.

And thy cheek is brightly glowing
With the frisking, loving breeze,
Which thy sunny face is kissing,
Fragrant from the blossoming trees.

Dancing lightly, gathering flowers,
Sporting like a butterfly,
Now far off, still blithely shouting,
Now again thy father nigh.

"Who is there? what little body
Close behind me comes so fast,"
"Me, papa!" "But who is me, then
That is just now stepping past?"

"Me, papa—thy loving daughter
Carrie." Who is Carrie, then,
All around me gaily dancing?
"Tis thy little Caroline."

"Tell me farther what thy name is,
Pretty fairy, skipping here,"
"Caroline ————,"
Ah! my darling daughter dear.

Oft that name I hear thee breathing,
And thou art before me still,
Skipping, bounding, sweetly singing,
Like a dancing, singing rill.

* * * * *

Sorrow for this idle dreaming!
Sure I saw thee, sweetest child,
On Death's icy bosom sleeping,
Heeding not my anguish wild.

He hath shut the gleaming sunshine
From thy lonely couch of rest,
Close, with darkness deep enwrap'd thee,
Laid cold grave sods on thy breast.

THE MOTHER.—Young man! Thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the nightshades of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. "Love thy mother!"

A MOTHER'S PLACE.

EDITORIAL.

It is interesting to trace the influence of mothers in the lives of public men. There is scarcely one deserving the esteem and confidence of his fellow men, in whose character, we cannot clearly discern the traces of maternal culture. Much as we must accord to fathers, in this respect, we utter no more than the truth when we assert, that the lines which a mother draws on a child's heart are more legible and lasting. Often they are more than an offset to a vicious father's example and precepts, saving the children from ruin that otherwise would be inevitable. Instances of this kind are so frequent that we have come to feel there is hope of children who have a good mother, however bad the father may be. On the other hand, the best father cannot nullify the influence of an evil mother. He may be pious, and live a consistent life, but ten chances to one, if maternal influence does not corrupt young hearts at the fireside. Hence a good mother is the greatest blessing a child can have, and a bad one, the greatest curse.

A very striking example of maternal influence is found in the late king of France, Louis Phillippe. His father was a very wicked man. He was immoral and even vicious, apparently caring neither for God nor man, and sought his enjoyment in sensual pleasure. He was also an infidel, ever ready to sneer at Christianity, and never speaking in terms of approbation of religious ordinances. But his wife was a very devoted Christian. She sought in vain to reclaim her profligate husband, until her heart sank within her. At last, despairing of ever finding happiness in his society, she turned to her children, and devoted to their culture her time and talents. Louis was the eldest, and received her particular attention. To aid her in this responsible work, she selected the celebrated Madame de Genlis for his teacher, attracted to her, mainly by her eminent qualifications to impart moral and religious lessons. The following questions were written in his journal, to each of which he was required to return an answer every night in writing. This discipline, commencing after he was old enough to read and write, continued until he was sixteen years of age:—

"1. Have I this day fulfilled all my duties toward God, my Creator, and prayed to him with fervor and affection?"

"2. Have I listened with respect and attention to the instructions which have been given me to day, with regard to my Christian duties and reading works of piety?"

"3. Have I fulfilled all my duties this day toward those I ought to love most in the world, my father and my mother?"

"4. Have I behaved with mildness and kindness toward my sister and my brothers?"

"5. Have I been docile, grateful, and attentive to my teachers?"

"6. Have I been perfectly sincere to day, disobliging no one, and speaking evil of no one?"

"7. Have I been as discreet, prudent, charitable, modest, and courageous as may be expected at my age?"

"8. Have I shown no proof of that weakness and effeminacy which is so contemptible in a man?"

"9. Have I done all the good I could?"

"10. Have I shown all the marks of attention I ought, to the persons present or absent, to whom I owe kindness, respect and affection?"

Every evening, we repeat, young Louis responded to these questions, after which there was a season of devotion, when the youth asked of God the pardon of his sins, and sought for grace in time to come.

Now, if the commonly entertained opinions of early culture are correct, we should expect that such training would leave its impression on his youthful heart. Was such the case? No one can doubt it, who is at all familiar with the life of Louis Phillippe. He was reared in the most voluptuous court of Europe, at a period when nearly all royal sons were spoiled, and was surrounded, of course, by every splendid thing to allure and bewilder. Vice abounded in that court, and was made more perilous by being gilded. The fame of royalty, the resources of exhaustless wealth, and other dazzling realities, served to make his way dangerous. Yet he passed through that court uncontaminated, and grew to manhood without a stain upon his character. Thus he lived subsequently. When he ascended the throne of France, there was not a royal person in the world of purer morality.

His views upon nearly all moral questions were highly Christian. and his habits, and general mode of life were irreproachable. He was industrious and frugal, temperate and conscientious amiable and circumspect. He could adapt himself to any circumstances, as facts abundantly prove; for he not only ruled, but also served. During the revolution, the following tribute to his mother was found among his private papers, that were taken and published: "O, my mother! how I bless you for having preserved me from those vices and misfortunes into which so many young men fall, by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support."

"THE MOTHER OF ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN."

PART II.

BY REV. LEWIS H. REID.

WOULD you find comfort in your children in their riper years, train them now to *habits of obedience*. Everything depends on this. One object of the family is, that we may learn submission to authority while young—nor is it to be expected that this lesson, if not learned under the paternal roof will be learned afterward. The lawless child grows up to be an outlaw in society and a rebel against God. It is one great step towards the conversion of a child when it has learned obedience to parents. Under the Jewish law, the child that would not "obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother," was to be put to death.

Again—bring them up to *habits of industry*. Children must be kept employed, or Satan will engage them. The men who have written the most largely, or wrought out some permanent good to society, or succeeded, indeed, in any sphere of life, have been, as a rule, men of industrious habits. Roger Sherman when an apprentice on the bench, sat "at his work with a book before him, devoting every moment to study." Benjamin Franklin was one who "rose with the morn, and watched with the stars." The late Thomas H. Benton, "from early youth to his latest hour, was never idle."

Nor was it from idlers that Christ chose his apostles. He did

not look up in the market-place, men that were waiting for a call; he sought out, rather, those that were busy. Andrew and Peter were in the act of fishing—James and John were mending their nets—Matthew was sitting at the receipt of custom—Phillip, the ancient commentators think, is the one who, at his call, replied, “Suffer me first to go and bury my father.” Bartholomew, who is commonly thought to be the same as Nathaniel, was called from under the fig tree, engaged it would seem, in meditation and prayer. All had something to do, and something to leave. There are calls at the present day—calls for earnest men in all the departments of responsibility and enterprise. In the church and in the state—in literature, in science and in art—in the strife for acquisition, in grand exploit and brilliant discovery—in the search for truth—in the melioration of society—in the advancement of reform—in everything worthy of man’s effort there is room—room, not for idlers but for true men—men who love to work, and who shall make a mark upon the age. It is such, that the world seeks—it is only such that she will honor.

Avail yourself, also, of *the Sabbath School*. Here, revivals of religion often commence. Here, new recruits for the various offices of the Church, are raised—nor as a general thing are the children that grieve and dishonor their parents, those that are here trained. One important advantage which the Sabbath school as a national institution is working, is in evangelizing the crude material which comes to us from foreign shores. Said the delegate from the Five Points mission, at a recent meeting; “In that school, we have many children of Catholic parents. We have between thirty and forty Jewish children; and since our school commenced, over thirty of these children have received a reward of a Bible, for committing to memory the Saviour’s sermon upon the mount—that Saviour whom their fathers crucified. Last Sabbath morning, when I had closed my sermon, I turned to the children and asked, ‘what shall we sing.’ One beautiful child, a bright-eyed, black-haired little Jewess, about thirteen, replied immediately, ‘Sing,

‘Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die.’

and before any others had commenced, she, with a sweet voice had begun the hymn. Let me say that from the commencement

of our work, the blessing of God has been manifested and poured out in an especial manner. While I am here as a delegate from that mission, I have left my assistant to pray with, and over, and for eight or ten of those Sabbath school children, (most of them children of Catholic parents,) who, last Sunday night at our meeting, arose in the congregation and said with tears trickling down their cheeks, 'Pray for us.' "This is but a specimen of what the Sabbath school is doing for the millions of children of all classes over our land.

Especially, give your children *religious instruction at home*. You are chargeable with great folly and great guilt if you are neglecting them on the plea that they are instructed in the Sabbath school. That is a valuable aid, but can never be a substitute—that is not a tithe of the instruction they should receive. How frequently and seriously were the Jews charged to make their children familiar with the statutes, judgments, and miraculous works of God! There is reason to believe that family religion has very much declined of late. Children are not drilled in the Catechism as they once were. The family altar, is, in many a household thrown down, if it was ever set up. The word of God is not studied, expounded and enforced with the devotedness and interest that characterized our fathers; and the consequence is that the children are growing up to "cast off fear, and restrain prayer." In some places, boarding-house and Hotel life, is exerting a bad influence, encouraging luxury and folly, and taking away from that sacred word, *home*, all that gives it sweetness, pathos and power. Children reared in such circumstances, almost necessarily become selfish, idle, and vicious. I am sure that our homes must be reclaimed for Christ, before the children that came from them shall honor us or bless the world. When prayer, and singing, and Scripture reading, and catechetical instruction, and words of love, and a correct example, are the true indices of a Christian household, then we may expect to see coming from them, sons and daughters, whose virtue and worth shall add to the honor of the parents, and embalm in grateful recollection, their own name."

TEACHING CHILDREN PUNCTUALITY.

EDITORIAL.

PUNCTUALITY is a cardinal virtue. The highest authority declares, "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand." Promptness is an element of success. But the good habit must be acquired in early life, or never. The child that grows to manhood or womanhood, without being punctual will continue *behind hand* all his days. Punctual men and women are made of punctual children. It is a subject that demands the attention of parents.

Children are given to procrastination, much as older people are. How often they respond to a call or command, "In a minute!" How often they must be told several times to do this and that! It is "presently," with them, instead of prompt obedience. Much counsel and watch is necessary to train them to punctuality in all things. Therefore, whatever is calculated to foster the habit of promptness in them should be regarded with favor. And yet, we have heard parents complain of the modern rules in our public schools of requiring *punctual* attendance. That the doors should be closed at precisely the time of commencing, and that scholars should lose somewhat of their standing for tardiness, they consider one of the defects of our school system. But a moment's reflection ought to satisfy them that it is an invaluable regulation for the young. It educates them to be prompt. The boy or girl who forms the habit of being punctual at school, on account of this rule, will carry the habit into every place and duty. It is one of the habits, that once acquired, pervades all that we do. Consult the register of any school—that boy who has the greatest number of tardy-marks against his name, will, probably, make the slackest kind of a man. He will be *behind time* all his days.

Parents, who would have their children punctual, should be punctual themselves. "Example is more powerful than precept." If they visit, they should not delay it until the best part of the afternoon is gone. Modern gentility is a foe to the habit of punctuality. Any time meets the demand of fashion, provided it is *late enough*. If they go out to spend the evening, they should go in season, and not wait till it is time to retire for the night.

They should be at meetings of every kind, promptly, and have precise hours for rising, eating, and toiling. Children should see that punctuality is a sterling virtue with parents—that they study to maintain the habit of promptness. Seeing this, they will be influenced thereby, and almost unconsciously fall into a similar habit.

But such is not the prevailing example set before the young in communities. Many adults are late at meeting, lectures, and public gatherings, generally. Carpenters fail to complete their jobs at the specified time; shoemakers disappoint their customers in finishing their work; and so with tailors, blacksmiths, dress-makers, and others who serve their fellow men. There are honorable exceptions to this, but multitudes in all the callings and professions are tardy. The always prompt men and women are in the minority. Is it strange that children learn to say, “*in a minute*,” “*presently*,” “*wait awhile*?” If example can influence children, at all, they have a plenty of it against punctuality.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY IN RELATION TO SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

REV. THOMAS SHEPARD, D. D.

Few parents are fully aware of the influence they are continually exerting for good or for evil upon the schools, provided for the instruction and government of their children. It having been my lot for nearly two score of years to act as a supervisor of popular education in its primary departments, and having been often brought into a collision with the injudicious interference of parental ignorance and partiality with the authority of teachers, and the due subordination and improvement of their children, I feel constrained to present a few thoughts as the result of my experience as a parent, and my observation as an overseer, for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

To every reflecting parent, that must be a moment of deep anxiety, when, for the first time, the child leaves the quietness of the nursery, and the retirement of the domestic play-ground, for the untried discipline of the crowded school room, and the clamor and jostle of the recess diversions. Hitherto the child has been secluded in a great measure from those evil communications

which seem to spring up spontaneously among the congregated masses even in childhood. But now he must launch his little barque upon that perilous ocean amid the dangers of which, it is the will of Providence that he should spend his life.

Since, therefore, the fearful experiment must be made sooner or later, my first word of counsel to the anxious parent, is, use your best efforts to secure for your child the services of the ablest teacher, both as it respects discipline and instruction. By the ablest teacher, I mean the one which is most competent to exert upon your child, the best influence, physically, intellectually and morally. And if your efforts shall prove in a good degree successful, whether it be in the services of a male or female, let him or her have your cheerful confidence and co-operation.

There is no profession related to domestic life in which it becomes so much a duty to "covet earnestly, the best gifts," as in that of the teacher, who is both apt to teach and wise to govern. Where such gifts are brought within our reach, who can grudge a generous compensation to secure their happy results? In the words of another, "There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, the soul, and the character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverishing themselves to induce such to become the guardians of their children. They should never have the least anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them to bear a manly, useful, honorable part in the world. No language can express the folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart."*

It is taken for granted that the teacher to whom you are to commit your children, enters upon his or her responsible office with the requisite testimonials of character and such literary qualifications as are deemed by competent judges, essential to the management of the school. If you have serious doubts as to the decisions of the official judges in the case, seek by a personal interview, or in some other way, to know the truth in the case,

* Channing.

that you may know how to act understandingly in the premises. Be fully satisfied before you presume to entrust such valued interests to any man or woman in the capacity of an intellectual and moral guardian of your children. Trust not to vague rumor. The time has not yet wholly gone by, for the indulgence of a predisposition in certain suspicious minds to take it for granted that, when the teacher enters the school room, he suddenly loses all the gentle sympathies of humanity, becomes a tyrant, and thenceforth ceases to take delight in seeing a company of children made as happy as they can be consistently with the decorum due to the place. With such impressions forestalling the judgment, no tales told out of school by such delinquents as meet the due rewards of their deeds, can be too slanderous to be believed. We say then to parents, satisfy yourselves in the outset that the teacher to whose care you commit your children, possesses the feelings of humanity, that he has sympathies in common with yourselves, and that he will carry them with him into the place of instruction, and will treat his pupils with the utmost kindness and indulgence, compatible with the order and proficiency of the school. Perfection, especially in a young woman, or a young man who has had but little experience in life, you will not look for. Provided you can be reasonably satisfied as to the essential requisites of a good teacher, making all due allowance for the infirmities of humanity, commit your charge to his hands, confidently believing that in both government and instruction, his highest ambition will be to do them the greatest good in his power.

If your children are partakers of the infirmities common to plants of a degenerate stock, very likely they will find themselves occasionally in collision with the rules of the school. Their sins of omission or commission will surely find them out, and your ear will be pained with the report of the penalty inflicted. In listening to their own statement, wisdom requires that you bear in mind that they are a party concerned, and that you, yourself, are not altogether a disinterested judge in the case, especially after having listened to but one side of the story. Almost as a matter of course, by their own showing, they stand acquitted; if wrong was done, it was by others; the master was very mistaken, they have suffered wrongfully and they appeal to you for justifi-

cation and redress. Now, prudence with a little experience should lead you in the outset to presume, as is the fact in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that the teacher is right, and the little would-be martyr is in the wrong. From long experience in listening to complaints against teachers for the abuse of their pupils in a variety of forms, I can scarcely recall an instance, where after a full investigation of facts, the blame was chargeable upon the former. It is generally not a difficult task, by a few questions, to detect the lame point in the narrative of the child, and without further trouble, dismissing the complaint, with salutary counsel not to do wrong any more. If, however, there should be left upon the mind of the parent an impression unfavorable to the discretion or temper of the teacher, let it not be made manifest to the pupil. No impression can be of more injurious tendency upon the temper and due subordination of a child, than that his parent sustains him in resisting the just and wholesome discipline of the school. Let him seek a private and friendly interview with the teacher, that he may learn the true state of the case. If a proper spirit be manifested on both sides, in nine cases out of ten, the difficulty will here be amicably adjusted.

It is a common infirmity with the parent to expect too much from teachers. Being himself the natural guardian of some five or eight children who have been trained up under his hand and eye from their birth, he is prone to forget how different are the circumstances of the young man or the young woman of limited experience, placed all at once, inaugurated as the guardian of fifty, from every grade of society, and from every species of home discipline.

I am often surprised and gratified at the success of teachers in the government of their schools, especially when I consider how large a portion of their pupils are under no sort of government at home; or if government it may be called, it is fitful, arbitrary, rough and worse than none. The lamentable absence of home discipline is every where proverbial at this day. And yet, they who are the most recreant to restraining their children at home, expect that they will be in some way drilled into order and obedience in the school room. And if the teacher fails to do it, they are the first to enter their complaint. The teacher

thus occupies a position something like the mariner attempting to navigate the troubled waters where two seas meet. From one side rolls in on him a tide of urchins who have never been subdued to parental authority. From an opposite direction come the imperious mandate, "Govern your school, or give up your place to him that can do it." Is it at all surprising that some should make shipwreck in the struggle to pass successfully through such a terrible conflict of contending elements? Parents, the educator of your children has a claim upon your sympathy and your co-operation in his arduous and difficult position. Let him have your confidence and support as a part of the reward due to his fidelity in the best of causes.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF AN INFANT IN EARLY AUTUMN.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

THE gentle flowers were dying,
 Before the autumn breath;
 The leaves with rainbows vieing,
 Put on their hues for death;
 When on your bosom faded,
 One, dearest to your heart,
 A little bud just opening,
 It's fragrance to impart.

But Jesus took your flow'ret
 And planted it above,
 'Twill blossom in his garden,
 Safe sheltered neath his love;
 'Twill ope in heavenly beauty,
 In hues more richly fair
 Than earth could ever nourish—
 Your darling liveth there.

TIME.—Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor witherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—*Scott*.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER.

MEDITERRANEAN AND ÆGEAN SEAS.

MAY 2d. Dead calm, and a wondrously brilliant summer day, off the coast of Africa, here, skirted with a lofty range of dark mountains. I think of Barry Cornwall's picture :—

How silent are the winds ! no billow roars ;
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores,
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound ;
Even echo speaks not on these radiant moors.

Sailing up this sea, within sight alternately of the African and European shores, the recollection of its early Christian history is sadly impressive in contrast with its present condition. Where now no better Bible is followed than the Ktoran or the Decrees of the Council of Trent, hundreds of churches once flourished with such pastors as Cyprian, Augustine, Irenæus, Hillary ; and the common mind and heart of the population were deeply swayed by the pure doctrines and worship of the gospel of Christ. How has the gold become changed ! How has the beauty of Zion faded !

To the South, a miserable race of native barbarian misbelievers divides the country with the French military establishment of papal Algeria ; there, and to the north, Christ is more crucified on ten thousand crosses than on that of Calvary. This beautiful sea, once the centre of a Christian civilization, now flows between nations who have made its coasts spiritually dark and repulsive, though still, on the one side at least, surpassingly inviting in natural and artistic charms. But its moral and religious light will again be rekindled. It is impossible that the foot-prints of the confessors, and martyrs, and apostles of our faith should be forever obliterated from these lands.

Passed Cape Bon, opposite old Carthage, on the night of the 6th, and nextday light found us alongside the north shore of Pantelaria, a high, igneous-looking island, at the entrance of the channel of Malta, through which a fresh north wester sped us along in fine style, turning this sea into quite a miniature Atlantic. We coasted the South of Sicily, from whose "groves of perfume" several beautiful birds flew on board and rested themselves in our rigging. We ran but a few miles from the spot where, during

the eruption of *Ætna* in 1831, the volcanic island was thrown up. It was preceded by jets of smoke issuing from the water ; then the land or rock rose above the surface to a considerable height ; thus it remained from July to December, long enough to have the English flag planted on it, when it gradually sunk, leaving only a bad shoal but a few fathoms, and in one place not more than nine feet deep.

Our west wind drove us by Malta at some ten knots an hour, and over the outer entrance of the Adriatic, where, with the map of St. Paul's voyage, the captain and I read over the narrative in the Acts, and I gained some new light upon it from his nautical knowledge. We sailed almost, if not exactly, upon the Apostle's track, as he was driven in the contrary direction by the "*Euroclydon*," that is, the *Levanter*, or East wind of this sea. How any one could suppose that the island of his shipwreck was the *Melita*, far up the Gulf of Venice, is very strange. An East wind could never have driven him so far north. The time in which they were making Malta is long for the distance ; but if they were drifting under bare poles at the mercy of the sea, nearly, if not quite, water-logged, the account is not incredible.

GREECE.

May 9th. Sunrise found us inside of Cape Matapan, the southern point of the Morea, a high, bald promontory, with some ancient ruins on it instead of a lighthouse, which, if less romantic, would be much more useful. We ran through the channel between the Peloponnesian shore and the island of Cerigo, the *Cytherea* of antiquity, amid a fleet of sail of all sorts and countries, one of them an English war-ship close upon our port. This is the old realm of the *Heraclidæ* and the *Pelopidæ*, and later, of *Agamemnon*, the king of men, and his unfaithful queen *Clytemnestra*. Here the vessels (open and deckless row-boats) were gathered under the *Ithican Ulysses* and his fellow-chiefs, and round the bold headland of Malta, which we are doubling close in shore, they took their way to the plains of Troy.

With Gillies in hand, I am trying to step back 3,500 years, when this Laconian territory contained 500,000 people in an area of some sixty square miles. The hundred cities—*Hecatompolis*—of a yet remoter age, must have been mere hamlets or villages. I wonder if those shadowy kings were much more than country squires in bear-skins and war-clubs ? And here proud, hardy, selfish *Sparta*-lived.

“Land of the unforgotten brave.” It flits like magic before the mental eye that these are the veritable scenes of the mythic marvels of the world’s infancy. It seems almost like modern history to come down to five centuries before Christ when the Grecian power and glory were at their height in the mother peninsula, and the numerous and rich colonies of the Mediterranean. But it is all gone. These crags look like monuments of the dead—a land whose youth and manhood must have been when the stars themselves were young, so grey and weatherbeaten are they—seamed with furrows, scarred with wounds and gashes—the wear of centuries and of wretched oppression and misrule. Now and then a cluster of cottages peeping out from the valleys or ravines, surrounded by small cultivated enclosures, reminds us that the country has inhabitants still. But it has a sadly forsaken appearance—a Niobe of nations.

The genial temperature of this region produces crops of the olive, grape, and a variety of fruits and grains, notwithstanding the rude methods of tillage, from which the simple wants of the natives derive a sufficient means of subsistence, and the materials of a small commerce along these coasts. Some of their vessels are queer enough. A sloop ran across our stern, to-day, with top-sail and stay-sail, looking, for all the world, like an old lady in a poke bonnet, blowing to leeward in a gale of wind.

Here and there we trace on shore, the sites of ancient cities, indicated by lines of buried foundations and fortifications. Just opposite us, a poor little Greek hamlet of a few dozen houses, marks such a ruin of what was once a large seaport town of Eubœa, the outline of which is easily seen. But to recede from this patented and painted nineteenth century into those dim antiquities, and to repeople and rebuild these solitudes, demands an almost painful mental exertion.

May 10th. Becalmed amid a singularly striking scenery. We are on the coast of Attica, a little below the Doro pass, in the centre of a group of islands which almost land-lock us with their dusky ridges. On the south is Zea, with its thoroughly Greek town stuck high on its steep side, looking as if it would instantly slide into the sea at an angle of 45° . Still further south-easterly, are Thermia and Syra. Then to the right, Ima and Andros—the latter celebrated for its vintage as early as the Persian invasion,

B. C. 500 ; and still one of the richest of these isles. On our bows is the lower extremity of Negropont, the old Eubœa, and to the left, westwardly, opens the plain of Marathon and its quiet bay, not always so still as now—the whole panorama glowing in the morning brilliance of a cloudless Grecian sky. With the ship's chart and spy-glass, and the old Greek history within reach, I am studying the route of Darius' army from the east right across our course. Having seized the islands which I have named, they took Eubœa after six days assault ; then passed across this water up yonder bay to the level area beyond, to march on Athens, thirty miles to the southwest. But Miltiades had posted his forces on the side and at the foot of a hill, on the shore at Marathon, and there, united Greece met and turned back the tide of Persian conquest in one of the "seven great battles of the world," thus saving Europe yet longer, from Asiatic despotism and corruption. Yet there it is—the battle-ground of two continents. As then—

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

But what else remains of that day, save its immortal story ? Long before Byron penned the feeling, its strain, familiar as beautiful, had chanted itself through thousands of hearts, as it will find a repetition in thousands more, wandering amidst these scenes—

"The isles of Greece ! The isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set."

The old and the new are brought into singular connection in these waters. Western commerce and travel are filling them with a numerous marine. While you are gazing upon some silent cliff of Scio, Mitylene, or other isles, which reminds you of Homer and the ancient world, a steamship of the newest build comes smoking along, putting all your sentiment and romance to sudden fright.

England, Austria, and France control most of this branch of navigation, a principal station of which is the island of Syra near

Athens. But the sails of all nations whiten this sea, coming and going continually. Until these islands, however, have a better rule than the Turks, they will not derive much benefit from this source. Its profits go elsewhere.

13th. Eight bells awoke me at midnight and brought me on deck to see a beautiful and exciting spectacle. The moon-beams were dancing in a glitter of glory over the waves; our ship, a pile of white canvas to her mast-heads, was beating up gallantly against a northern breeze; on each side of us, a ship was standing close by on a parallel course, and two others were running down with fair wind, one right across our bows and one across our stern. There were five of us dashing along within hailing distance, but silently as the voiceless sky. They seemed alive with consciousness, as they swept on upon their broad pinions, gracefully curvetting to each other, in the spirited chase. Such moments hang up pictures in the soul's gallery, long to remain.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

SUGGESTED BY A LATE ARTICLE IN THE "HAPPY HOME," ENTITLED "MY GRANDFATHER."

BY E. P. D.

My Grandmother sleeps in the graveyard old;
My Grandmother walketh the streets of gold;
Dust and ashes beneath the sod,—
Angel of light in the smile of God.

Years have passed since she laid her down,
Years have passed since she won her crown;
I think of her dust neath the burial stone,
And then of her spirit to glory flown.

Living, she mingled with things below,
But daily communed with her God, I know,
For I've seen in her eye, (in the grave, now dim,)
The light which told she had been with Him.

Standing a child by my Grandmother's knee,
I remember the prayers she prayed for me,
When the lips, now mute in the voiceless dust,
Gave fervent proof of a childlike trust.

And sure I am when the trumpet blast
Which awakes the dead, shall be blown at last,

Her aged form from the dust shall rise
To join her spirit in Paradise.

Though firm her faith in the Lord on high,
My Grandmother once was afraid to die ;
But she breathed no sigh, no murmuring word,
When the Angel loosened the silver cord.

Silent, at night, on her peaceful bed
Her body slept, when it's fond guest fled
To join the good who had gone before,
In the songs that are sung on the sinless shore.

My Grandfather lingers, though many a year,
He has mourned for her with affection's tear ;
Yet waits he still, with a trusting heart,
Till the Master bids him "*arise, depart.*"

Alone he sits by the ingle wide,
And thinks for hours of the wife who died ;
Or meditates on the precious store,
He has hid in his heart of Bible lore.

And though of summers, four scores and a half,
Have bent his form o'er his pilgrim staff,
Yet his brow is calm, and his voice is mild,
And his soul content as a weaned child.

The widow will miss him when he is gone,
The fatherless sigh when his journey's done,
For a friend was he to the needy poor,
And poverty smiled as she left his door.

Yea, missed will he be, from the old arm chair,
And the family pew ; he was always there,
Where for fifty years, he has weekly heard
The choral song, and the preached word.

My Grandfather, soon from the ingle wide,
Must go to sleep by his dear wife's side,
Where peaceful and long she has slept alone
Neath the green grave sod, and the cold white stone.

Yet, when from his nostrils goes the breath,
And his eyelids are closed in the sleep of death,
On his shroud and coffin and sable pall,
Will the tears of his children's children fall.

But not for *him* will their tears be shed ;
For *themselves* they will weep, that his soul hath fled,

For *him* they will joy that his course is run,
And his crown secure, for the goal is won.

For I trust his soul will to glory go,
And mingle with hers whom he loved below,
In the lofty song, in the sweet refrain,
“Worthy the Lamb, who for us was slain.”

And my Grandmother bowed at the Saviour's feet,
Or walking with angels, the golden street,
Will greet him with joy; for she waits for him
To join in the songs of the seraphim.



VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA.

BY PROFESSOR LAWRENCE.

AFTER a little refreshment, we all, eleven Americans, started for the Dead Sea. It was six miles distant to the south, over the barren wastes of what was once the fruitful vale of Siddim. An Arab sheik, on his thin, sleek steed, and with his long, slender spear, led the way. Two miles from the sea the ground becomes uneven and broken by water-courses; a part of the distance is like a bed of ashes, or saline, sulphuric powder, over which our horses made their way with difficulty, sinking into it six or eight inches at every step. All was desolate; not a man, or beast, or bird, did we see, except what were of our own party. Although birds are occasionally seen flying through the air, yet now death reigned over the whole region in the profoundest silence, and the most absolute sterility—we stood on the shore of the mysterious waters. The sky was clear, the air serene, and the bosom of the sea, save the slight ripples occasioned by the southern breeze, tranquil and smooth as a sea of glass.

It lies between the bold and precipitous mountains of Moab and Judea, which rise from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, standing as sentinels over this deep desolation. As we stood at the head of the sea, the exhalations caused a thick mist, which, at a distance, gave the appearance of dark and threatening clouds, lowering wildly on the waters, and portending some violent commotion. The length of the sea, as ascertained by Lieut. Lynch, is about forty miles, and its average width about seven miles, its depth, for half the distance from the northern shore, scarcely ex-

ceeds twenty feet, when it falls suddenly to thirteen hundred feet. It has several inlets of fresh water, of which the Jordan is the largest, and the Arnan next, but no discoverable outlet. For three or four months in the year, during the rainy season, it also receives great quantities of water, by which a rise of several feet, sometimes ten or fifteen, is occasioned, and from which, a considerable change in its saline properties occurs. But the intense heat of the sun, pouring into this tropical valley thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean sea, and three thousand below Jerusalem, by the simple process of evaporation, operates as a sufficient outlet. During the hot months, it is reduced to its low water-mark, and restored to its most intense saltness and specific gravity. No fish can live in it, nor any marine plant, and it is doubtful if even muscles, or any other shell fish can subsist in its waters. It is called by the Bedouins "The Sea of Lot," and in the Scriptures "The Salt Sea." Dr. Robinson found on the western shore, a kind of fruit which he regarded as the apple of Sodom. We observed the same; the tree or stock grows some ten or twelve feet high, like a very large milk-weed. The fruit is yellow like an orange, and very tempting to the eye; but when pressed in the hand, it explodes like a puff-ball, leaving nothing but shreds and the rind.

The peculiar mineral qualities of the water have been ascertained by chemical analyses. About one quarter of the whole weight is made up of salts—of muriate of magnesia, and soda in equal parts, and a smaller quantity of muriate of lime. To satisfy ourselves of its peculiarities, we first *tasted* the water and found a very few drops sufficient. It has a pungent saltness which makes it almost impossible to swallow it, succeeded by a nauseating bitterness. We then washed our hands in it—it was liquid, but heavy and gummy like oil. We next bathed in it, and although some of the party were unable to swim, yet none could sink. I walked into the water until its buoyancy raised me up from my feet: I threw myself upon its surface, and could have floated for hours without a single motion. For this last experiment I suffered for several days the penalty of tangled hair, from the glutinous properties of the water. Finally I filled a small tin can which I had procured at Jerusalem, that I might bring some of it away as a specimen to those who may never look upon this sea, but may have some curiosity to taste of its water, as the man carried a brick for a specimen of his house.

The only authentic history of the destruction of those cities, which once flourished in this valley, is found in the book of Genesis. According to the inspired penman, the Vale of Siddim was once as beautiful as the Garden of the Lord. But afterwards, "turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes," says Peter, God "condemned them with an overthrow, making them an ensample to them that should after live ungodly."

It is an interesting fact that all the most thorough and scientific explanations of this remarkable region harmonize with, and incidentally confirm, the Scripture narrative. One of the latest expeditions, and the one most entitled to confidence in the scientific accuracy of its results,—that of Lieut. Lynch under the auspices of our own government, is particularly full and satisfactory. One of his party who belonged to the class of self-esteeming, philosophic unbelievers, by these examinations became convinced of the historical accuracy of the Bible. A French expedition which was prosecuting its researches about the time of our visit, claims to have discovered the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, by inscriptions on the rocks.

Yet there is a kind of infidelity which does not hold itself responsible for facts, and which, when a cherished theory is endangered, sets aside the demonstrations of science with as much ease as the declarations of the Bible. One of this class of learned doubters was of our party at the Dead Sea. He was too wise to believe in Moses and the Evangelists, but just wise enough to believe in Strauss and Parker. He tasted the water, but perceived no difference between that and any other sea-water. He bathed, but found it all the same as bathing in any sea. And although the rest of the party were impressed with the striking peculiarities of the spot, he positively denied that there were any such peculiarities. Then I did not wonder that he was an unbeliever. With powers of discrimination so feeble, or a prejudice so gigantic, he could not well be any thing else.

SCENES AT THE ENCAMPMENT.

It was almost sunset when we turned our steps from this dreary region, and it was so dark before we reached the encampment that a part of us who rode on before the old sheik, lost our way and were entangled in the wilderness. The hum of voices which

finally came to us from the excited crowd, taught us that we had wandered quite beyond the place, and recalled us to our tents.

The scene at the encampment was unique. The whole plain for nearly half a mile round, was covered with tents, pitched without regard to order or general convenience. A few small fires and here and there a torch, were casting a flickering light upon the motley crowd. Camels, and horses, and asses, were eating in close proximity to sleeping men and women, who were lying upon the ground, unable to provide themselves with more than a blanket to cover them. In some tents were grotesque groups in diverse costumes, sitting or reclining, drinking sherbet, smoking the chibouque, or taking their evening repast. In others, were singing and dancing to the reed-pipe and Dervish drums. Here was a party of mountebanks, for a few paces performing feats in tumbling and legerdemain. The grumbling of camels, the neighing of horses, the braying of asses, and the crying of babies, intermingled with the shrill call of the sentinel, broke upon the stillness of the evening air. About nine o'clock there appeared suddenly upon the mountains on the other side of the Jordan, an immense bonfire, arranged in the form of a parallelogram. It enclosed, to appearance, hundreds of acres; the light gleamed upon the surrounding darkness, and the flames ascended into the heavens, as from some vast conflagration. It was a freak of that peculiar people, the Gipsies, who dwell among the mountains of Moab, and who had chosen this time for a grand display of fireworks.

DEPARTURE FOR THE JORDAN.

The pilgrims were to start for the Jordan at dawn of day. In such a scene, between curiosity and confusion, there was for us but little balmy sleep. At midnight preparations for the departure were commenced. At three o'clock, half the multitude were mounted and awaiting the hour. At four we joined the crowd, which was then one solid mass of men and beasts, four or five rods deep, and fronting on a line fifty rods long. All was eager expectation. Every man's beast was put in the best condition for a sudden and advantageous start. The full moon was just sinking behind the hill-tops of Judea, and the first beams of morning light were streaking the east. I rode around the throng to survey the scene and catch more of its spirit. How marvellous

an assemblage ! How peculiar the place ! What great principle of truth or impulse of humanity had thus drawn together these multitudes from the four quarters of the globe ?

Reining my horse into the line, the signal-gun was soon fired. In an instant the whole mass was in motion, the rear starting simultaneously with the front. Then came a beating of camels, and urging of donkies, and pounding of mules, and spurring of horses, and hurrying of footmen,—all pressing close upon the mounted guard, and bearing toward the distant point. No one waited for the one before him to get out of his way. Women were thrown from their beasts, and footmen were knocked down and ridden over. A poor woman was crowded off from her little donkey by one who preceded me, and by another, thrown down just before my horses feet. I could do nothing to rescue her, and it was with great difficulty that I was able to stop my horse long enough for her to get upon her feet.

SCENES AT THE JORDAN.

In an hour and a half we reached the banks of the river, seven miles from the encampment. Of the scene that followed, propriety forbids a minute description. The great object of the occasion was to bathe in the Jordan, at the spot where Jesus was baptized, as a summary mode of washing away their sins. In a few there was the appearance of devotion, crossing themselves as they went down the steep banks, and repeating an Ave Maria as they knelt in the sacred river. But with most, there was nothing of this. Men and women, promiscuously laying aside their garments, and putting on their bathing robes, half-nude priests, pouring water upon their more than half-naked people, women dashing it upon the men, and men dashing it upon the women,—plunging, and frisking, and frolicking, and laughing, and shouting. O ! it was a most shameful indecency, a shocking exhibition of the deep degradation into which these oriental Christians have fallen. The old Grecian Bacchanals, or the ablutions of the Hindoos in the Ganges, could hardly present anything more revolting. And yet this is one of the great festivals of Holy Week ; the church sanctions it, and the priests lead it on. If this is Christianity, what is heathenism ? It is well to go to the Jordan with the pilgrims once, for without it the traveller loses one of the

most striking proofs of the deep debasement of the oriental churches ; but he will never wish to go a second time.

When this disgusting ceremony was completed, the ardor of the crowd was suddenly abated, and all returned quietly to the encampment, where most of them spent the following night. We afterwards learned that one or two persons were killed in the crowd, and several others injured. And it occasionally happens that one is drowned, and borne into the Dead Sea, although the river is only about thirty yards wide.

Meantime our table was spread among the willows, and fragrant oleanders which grow on the borders of this stream. Here we seated ourselves and partook of our simple repast. With Jordan flowing rapidly before me, I recalled the time, when, smitten by the prophet's mantle, its waters were divided hither and thither, and Elisha and his master went over on dry ground. "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder ; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." In these waters the proud but leprous Naaman was sent by the prophet to wash seven times, when his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child. Out of these thickets used to come up the wild beasts, when the river overflowed, as appears from that beautiful allusion to Eden in Jeremiah. "He shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan." To this river, John came to baptize the multitudes who gave ear to his stirring calls. Down these very banks the Divine Redeemer descended,

"Conscious of Deity within,
To bow before an heir of sin,
With folded arms on humble breast
By his own servant washed and blessed."

From this solemn consecration, he was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, among those Judean hills over which we had passed, on our way from Jerusalem. There occurred that scene of mysterious temptation and conflict, in which he achieved so signal a victory. On the summit of Quarantana, he stood, according to tradition, when the tempter presented to his view all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. In imitation of the Saviour, the monks of the middle ages were accustomed to pass the season of Lent among the fastnesses of those hills, and some even to spend there the greater part of their life.

A few miles to the south, in a dark, deep gorge, hewn into the solid rock, is the celebrated convent of Mar-Saba; it is one of the oldest in Syria, being established in the sixth century, and distinguished as the resting place of St. Sabas, who died in 532. Hither, in the eighth century, came John Damascenus, a celebrated defender of image-worship, where, says the historian, "he spent the remainder of his life, in composing learned works on theology and science."

RETURN TO JERUSALEM.

On our return we arrived about twelve o'clock on the camp-ground, near the site of Ancient Jericho, which in its desolation, remains to illustrate the anathema pronounced by Joshua, "cursed be the man that raiseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gate of it." Five hundred years after, in the days of Ahab, Hiel undertook to counterwork the purpose of Jehovah, by rebuilding the city, and what was his success? "He laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and he set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by Joshua, the son of Nun."

The village of Riah, identical with the Jericho of medieval history, is about two miles east from the site of the ancient city. It is enclosed with a hedge of thorns, presenting only the semblance of defence. A dilapidated tower, about forty feet square, built probably by the Saracens, is represented by the priests as the house of Zacheus. They also point to a solitary palm as the sycamore into which the publican climbed to obtain a view of Jesus as he passed by. The village contains about forty families, dwelling in mud-covered huts, and with only a few goats, and vines, and fig-trees, from which to derive a scanty subsistence; it was once the city of palm-trees, in the midst of luxuriance and beauty. This city, with the whole rich plain, Mark Antony gave to Cleopatra as an expression of his mad passion. Now, the whole is not worth a single jewel which she might have worn on one of her fingers. Yet wretched as its present condition, it is replete with historic interest and sacred associations. It was the scene of Israel's entrance into the promised land, and the visible putting forth of the power of God. It was also the site of a dis-

tinguished school of the prophets ; here, too, the Redeemer was consecrated to his public mission, and here he wrought some of his beneficent miracles. Often had he crossed this plain on his way from Galilee to Judea. The multitude throng him as for the last time he goes up from Jericho to Jerusalem. Blind Bartimeus sits by the way-side begging, "and he began to cry out, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." In the simplicity of infinite power and love, Jesus saith unto him, go thy way ; thy faith hath made thee whole. As slowly they ascend the steep hill-sides, taking his disciples apart in the way, he speaks to them of that matchless suffering to which he is about to be delivered. Perhaps it is by the well, at which they tarry to rest themselves awhile, that the mother of Zebedee's children prefers her request, calling forth that sweet lesson of humility, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many,"

THE DISCONTENTED SON.

BY REV. WM. E. JACKSON.

IN a beautiful and rather populous village in the valley of the Connecticut, was the home of Charles Nelson. It was a home well furnished with the comforts and elegancies of life, an abode of virtue, intelligence and refinement. His father was a successful and wealthy merchant, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of a wide circle of acquaintances. His parents were both persons of active piety, and it was their earnest and constant endeavor to train up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In a word, the house of Charles Nelson was a *happy home*.

Charles was the eldest, and in some respects the most promising child. He loved his parents, brothers and sisters. He was not insensible to the blessings he enjoyed in his delightful home. But he was *not content*. Its prevailing order and peace did not satisfy his fondness for adventure and excitement. He early imbibed the ruinous error, that the sweetest enjoyments were to be found away from home and away from duty. Hence, he would at times

play truant when at school, and spend the afternoon with some young loafer in search of fish in a neighboring stream, or coasting down a hill-side, that was just hidden from the view of both school-house and home. When sent to some place, a mile or two out of the village, he would go further, on a little enterprise of his own, and then return with some empty excuse for his long absence. If the rest of the family were detained from church, and he was the only attendant, he would escape from the Sabbath School, and take a circuitous route homeward through the outskirts of the village, that he might amuse himself awhile with the idle boys he might chance to meet.

One pleasant Sabbath afternoon in Autumn, he left home alone, rather early for church, and so turned aside, as he had done before, into a rather unfrequented way that led out into the country. He met a boy of his acquaintance, George Ray, who was a few years older than himself, but who had a great fondness for his society. "Halloa," cried George, "where are you going, Charles?"

"Well," replied the latter, "as it was not quite meeting time, I thought I would walk round this way, a little."

"Does your father let you walk about, Sundays?"

"Oh, no, they are sick, at home, and so I came to church alone to day."

"Good! I am glad to see you. Come, and let us walk up the hill, and breathe the fresh air awhile," and George put one arm around his friend, affectionately, to give force to the proposal.

"No," said Charles, "it is time to go to church."

"To church, eh, this fine afternoon? Isn't God every where, and can you not worship him out of doors, as well as in a crowded church?"

It is a pity that the two friends did not realize that God was then where they stood, and marked their desire to violate one of his commandments; but they thought not of that. George seeing Charles hesitate, continued; "yes, father says that this world is God's church, and it is more pleasing to him to go out of a pleasant Sunday, and look at his works in the fields and on the hills, than to go into a meeting house, and look at the pulpit that the carpenters made. Come, let us go out to a great pasture that is half a mile off; there is lots of huckleberries and blackberries

there, and there is a splendid cave at the bottom of a great high rock, that I will show you. What will be the harm? you can get back before meeting is out, and your father will know nothing about it."

This new philosophy, and the appeal to his appetite and his curiosity was too much for Charles, and he went, and soon forgot that the day was anything but a holiday. They reached the pasture,—it was a wild, lonely spot, and Charles was soon revelling among the berries, listening, meanwhile, to George's odd phrases and profane jests, which he thought "wonderfully smart," and taking lessons upon "the ways of the world," and the charming amusements to be found in the cities and larger towns, contrasted with the dreary life that is led by the sons of "strict orthodox people." Presently, they came to the cave. But there was nothing but a steep granite rock on the side of a hill, and beneath it a cavity a few feet in depth, and affording little gratification to even a child's curiosity.

Charles had now become sated with the fruit, and he was disappointed about the cave. On their way back, he became sober and taciturn, deigning few replies to George's sallies of wit, and wishing with all his heart he had not turned aside from the house of God. The thought of his abuse of his parents' confidence. Church time was past, and they would discover his transgression, and how could he meet their grief and displeasure? The command to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," which he had repeated at prayers that very morning, came to his mind with unwonted force, and his conscience was troubled. He reached home, and had to learn from experience, the lesson that youthful sinners are so slow to learn, that "the way of transgressors is hard." Sad was the closing of the day that had begun so full of promise.

A year passed, in which there was a manifest improvement in Charles' character and habits. But now a fierce head wind arose, to disturb his fair and smooth sailing. There was to be a "general muster," about five miles distant, a pageant which Charles had not seen for some years. The day previous to the one appointed for it, Charles asked of his parents permission to attend. It was a difficult question. None of his adult friends could accompany him. His parents wished to gratify him when it could

safely be done, but they knew the instruments of evil that gather about a muster field, and they knew, also, Charles' susceptibility to their powerful influence, they decided that he could not go. "But," said his father, instead of that, I will take you with me next week on an excursion down the river, and we shall see some of the most beautiful towns and villages to be found in all the famous valley of the Connecticut." But this did not satisfy Charles. His fancy had made out a glowing representation of the coming pageant, and he could not give it up. Walking out near sunset, he unfortunately met his old friend, George Ray, and told him his grievances. They concocted a scheme to meet the next morning at a house, a little out of the village, (where Charles had been commissioned to go on some errand,) and proceed directly to the place assigned for the military review.

They went accordingly. On reaching the place, Charles was at first greatly delighted with what he heard and saw. The exhilarating music of fife and drum, of French horn and bugle, and the marching about of different companies as they took their places on the field, and then the long extended line of officers and soldiers, the strange evolutions through which they passed, and presently the roar of cannon and musketry, together with the wide spread crowd of spectators, and the shanties, and the singing peddlers, and the hundred new things appearing on every side—what an enchanting scene to his ardent, inexperienced mind!

But the latter half of the day was not so pleasant to Charles as the former. The "something to drink," which George, with the help of some of his cash, had procured for him, gave him headache, and the sweet-meats he had eaten, produced nausea. He had grown tired of standing and looking about, and his heart had become sated with the show. He began to think of home, of the wrong he had done his parents, and the time of trial he should have on meeting them again. From being very joyful, he became very miserable. As he turned his weary steps homeward he felt more like a criminal going to "the correction of the stocks," than a son returning to his father's house. We will not here describe the reception he met with on his arrival, but he saw, as never before, the strength of a father's displeasure and the depth of a mother's grief.

During the autumn and winter, Charles became very fond of

reading, but it was chiefly in the regions of romance and adventure. After tiring of imaginary heroes, he would read of Alexander and Columbus, and Pizarro, and Napoleon, and imagine himself becoming alike famous by his future discoveries and military exploits. Or he would pour over the journal of some adventurous traveller, and visit with him the wonders of foreign lands; now the great cathedrals of Europe, or the mosques and minarets of Turkey, then the river Nile and the Pyramids of Egypt, and then the towering Alps with their deep ravines and world wide prospects. Again he would roam through the wilds of South America, or sail down the long and winding Mississippi, or ride over the vast prairies of the west. At one time he thought he would become a sailor, and live amidst the wonders of the ocean; then he would be an engineer or an explorer, that in some way he might be able to travel and see the world. But these were but day dreams, and Charles was yet to be seen pursuing his usual rounds about his native village.

On the following spring, being now in his sixteenth year, Charles was sent to an academy of high repute, some twenty miles from home. After tasting a little of home-sickness, and going through the process of "getting acquainted," a thing, however, less irksome to him, than to some timid and sensitive minds, he was contented and happy. He became quite popular with his schoolmates, made good progress in study, and got on very well, with his teachers, with the exception of a few reproofs for occasional misdemeanors. When the summer term closed, for four weeks' vacation, and it was but a few hours before the time of his reaching home, a letter came, instead, in which, after saying some nice things about his dear home, beloved friends, &c., he proceeded to say, that three of his most intimate friends had planned a pedestrian tour to the grand Monadnock, about eight miles distant, and would start immediately, and that they had persuaded him to join them. He had no time to consult his parents, but doubted not that they would freely give their consent; as it would give him a new stock of health and vigor, would afford him new views of human nature, and the wonders of mountain scenery, and last, but not least, a prodigious amount of fun. Thinking that all was made right by this cordial and convincing letter, Charles started on his journey. The boys loaded themselves with unneces-

sary baggage, the weather was, a part of the time, oppressively warm, and then as if to balance extremes, drenching showers came suddenly down upon them. They became footsore and weary. After going nearly fifty miles, Charles took cold and became quite ill, and this caused them a two days' detention. As by this time, the pockets of our travellers had lost the most of their contents, and their project of travelling had lost, in their eyes, much of its romance, they concluded to ascend a rather high hill, some half a mile from their stopping place, and they would make that answer for Monadnock. They sat out on their return, and Charles reached home, exhausted and emaciated, with worn out shoes, and clothes familiar with rents, and an old straw hat he had bought of a stage driver, in place of his Leghorn which had been left in pieces, amidst the brambles and shrub oaks. He had now wasted a good portion of the time allotted to his vacation visit, and lost many opportunities which had occurred of seeing friends and having pleasant times. He was as little satisfied as were his parents with his mountain excursion.

But it had one salutary effect ; it did much to correct the error he had early imbibed, that his highest felicity was to be found away from duty, and away from home, and in the same proportion to give him a better relish for the sober and substantial work of life. There was in the Academy during the fall term, some religious interest, and Charles was, for some days seriously occupied with the subject of his own salvation. The seed sown in his heart did not at this time take deep root, and his seriousness wore off ; still he did not as is too often the case, turn back to a more hardened state than ever. He returned home to spend the winter, and his parents were much gratified to see him more thoughtful and orderly than formerly, and at the same time more dutiful and affectionate. They sought to cherish in him this temper of mind, and to win him to the endearments of home, and interest him in subjects of thought that were more important, and in pursuits and pleasures more rational and improving.

One serene and beautiful Sabbath, Charles was unusually inclined to serious reflection. He went to church, and the pastor whom he highly respected, but whose acquaintance he had sought to avoid, read for his text the 5th verse of the 63d Psalm, "*My soul shall be satisfied with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.*" He dwelt somewhat at length upon

the preliminary topic, that this language cannot be used by the irreligious man, for no true satisfaction can be found in the ways of sin. The discourse at once riveted Charles's attention; almost every sentence called up his own experience as a witness to its truth. The preacher then proceeded to show, that the man whose heart is ruled by religious affection, and whose life is guided by religious principle, will enjoy contentment and peace, and that even the express duties of religion which many thought so onerous, were to the devoted Christian sources of joy. Charles had formerly given heed to doubts respecting the value or reality of religion; at least he regarded a pious life as one of continued sadness and constraint. But now he thought so no longer. Yet how could Christians be so contented and hopeful, while men who indulged in all worldly enjoyments, were often disappointed and miserable. It was a mystery he desired to solve.

Before the impressions made by this sermon were lost, Charles went to visit some cousins who lived several miles distant, upon the banks of a rivulet that was tributary to the Connecticut. The village was called Millville, as it was built around a variety of mills which the waters of the little river were made to carry. The friends there received him with high hopes of the merry times they should have with their gay cousin. But they were disappointed and surprised at his sobriety. On the second evening of his visit, an evening beautiful for its clear full moon, and its still, bracing, wintry air, they got up with some other of the village boys, a seating party upon the mill ponds. It was a pastime well calculated to exhilarate, and there was in the party much merriment, and many feats of agility were enacted upon the smooth, glare ice. Charles at first joined in the mirth, but he had little sympathy with it, and felt at length a strong inclination to separate from the party. Silently and gradually, and without notice of the rest, he worked himself up to the head of the pond, and came to the narrower channel of the river. Both its banks were here covered with a dense forest. The scene arrested his attention. Before him appeared the river, a white avenue of solid ice partly covered with snow, penetrating for some distance its dark surroundings, and then turning to the right losing itself as in a mystery. On either side was the motionless mass of shrubs and trees, here the thousand leafless limbs of the maple,

the chestnut, and the birch, and there the more sombre spruce or pine, with now and then a bunch of snow still resting upon its thick boughs. The moon poured down from above, her gentle rays "in striking majesty." The winds were silent; the stream once rolling noisily over its rocky bed, was still. From the skaters below there came, ever and anon, a faint reverberation, which made the intervening silence the more intense. It was a scene altogether impressive and sad; but it was in wonderful harmony with the feelings which now predominated in Charles's breast. He exclaimed to himself, "yes, here is a picture of my sad life; not life, but only a cold, lifeless, desolate existence. An April sun will replace this inert mass of ice with the rippling, noisy stream; these woods will be clothed in verdure, and wave like living things in the summer breeze. But who or what will deliver my soul from the wintry night that has settled down upon it?" He presently rejoined his companions, and the party soon dispersed. Charles remained another day with his friends, and then returned home.

Charles was now entering upon a memorable year, it was that of 1831, noted in the annals of our American Zion, for the many and powerful revivals that prevailed in different parts of the country. There was unusual religious interest in the church of which Charles's parents were members, and Christians formerly cold and worldly, became active laborers for Christ. One of these took occasion to speak to Charles on the subject of religion, but addressed him with a severity which was ill-suited to his feelings and temper, and at which he affected to take great offence. His thoughtfulness had not passed away, but his pride was aroused. "That man," said he, "has lived a no better life than I have; and besides, if I am ever to become a Christian, I must be voluntary in it. People will not be driven into religion." In the pleasant month of May, a "four days' meeting" was held in their church. On the morning of the first day, his father spoke to him respecting it, and urged his attendance. He went in the forenoon, but had many criticisms to make upon the preacher's style and manner, and showed a decided unwillingness to attend in the afternoon, and went away to fulfil as he said, a promise he had made a friend the day before. But he was not happy; there was a conflict within. His mind and conscience were on the side

of religion ; but there was “ a law in his members,” his carnal nature, “ warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity.” Wandering about the meadow, and being tossed about in a sea of troubled thoughts, he concluded he would shake off this religious anxiety, and try again what pleasure he could find in the world. He returned moodily home. His parents said little to him, but he saw their solicitude. He hurried out after tea, with a hint that they might meet him at the evening meeting. But he went to another part of the village, and called at the house of one of his associates ; presently two others came in, and the purpose was manifested to have a “ lively time.” A bottle of wine was brought. The protracted meeting was made the subject of sarcastic remark. Charles being rallied on becoming a convert, fell into Peter’s fault, and denied that he knew or cared anything about the matter. A game of whist was proposed. Charles had unfortunately learned to play while at the Academy, and so enjoining secrecy, he took part in the game. He thought he could play with some skill, but every hand of cards dealt out to him was a poor one, he made sad mistakes, and lost every game. Vexed and angry, he accused his opponents of unfairness, and dashing down his hand of cards upon the table, declared, with an oath, that he would never play at cards again, as long as he lived. He soon returned home, and to avoid speaking with any one, retired immediately to his own apartment.

The world he saw was no better than before ; to turn his back upon religion and religious friends, was not the way to be happy. And what is more, he not only saw his error in the search he had for happiness, but he began to see clearly his guilt as a transgressor. The next day he was quite willing to attend the meeting. He saw and felt, as he entered the church, that a solemn sense of eternal things rested upon the assembly. Several of his gay companions were there, evidently laboring under deep emotions. The sermon was from the passage in 1 Kings xviii. 21 : “ *How long halt ye between two opinions ? If the Lord be God, follow him ; but if Baal, then follow him.*” Charles saw that he had all along followed Baal, though he was no god ; that was, he was halting between two opinions, an unhappy and wrong position, and that the only right and happy course would be wholly to follow the Lord. As he left the church, a kind, pious friend walked with him some

distance towards home, and acknowledging his own past remissness, tenderly besought him to improve the special opportunity to make his peace with God. It was a "nail fastened in a sure place."

We have not room to dwell at large upon Charles's conversion. After wading for a day through thick darkness, yet resolved to give not over, he at length emerged into the blessed light of faith, and hope, and love. He "beheld the Lamb of God," to His blood he applied for cleansing, and to his service he devoted his life.

Charles was no longer a discontented son. A new bond of sympathy—a sweet and tender tie, bound him to his parents. He realized, as never before, the blessings of a Christian home. The place of joy was not now afar off, but in his closet, in the way of Christian duty, and in affectionate intercourse with the dear ones at home.

One day his beloved pastor called, and in the course of a free conversation, was enumerating to Charles the many ways in which God was meeting him with blessings. "You have," he said, "been reaching after something you could not obtain; but observe the good things you have in fruition. First the precious blessings of the Gospel, of these we have spoken; besides these you have the buoyancy of youth, an exuberance of health, the green and flowery earth beneath your feet, and the shining sun above, the benefits of education and enlightened society, a large circle of friends, and especially the countless treasures of a home like this."

"Yes," said Charles, "it is so, and this reminds me of what I once thought an inconsistency. Christians told me at one time, that I never could be happy without religion, but with it a man may be joyful even in the desert, or in prison; at another time, that home was the great place of happiness for the young, thus let a son only be obedient and affectionate, and he must needs be happy. But I could, myself, find no happiness in religious things, and, try as I might, I could not be content with what were to me the staid and monotonous comforts of home. But I begin now to see through the mystery."

"There is no inconsistency at all," replied the pastor. "A good home has in it precious delights, if the mind is in a proper state to appreciate them. It may be made the source of much

enjoyment, even to those who are not Christians. It has in it, as Cowper beautifully writes,

“The only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.”

But the unsanctified heart, when led away by ambition, pride, and an intemperate love of earthly pleasure, despises the peaceful, quiet joys of home. This difficulty must be corrected by the power of religion. The stony heart must be made to feel, and the blind eyes to see, and then the youth, who longed to escape the enjoyments of home, will return to them, as the Prodigal Son returned to his father's house, and wonder that he was so foolish as to sacrifice them for the phantoms he had pursued. Yes, my dear Charles, make much of home. I speak not now of its comforts, its abundance, its refinements; but prize above these your father's love and care, your mother's tender solicitude, your brother's warm friendship, your sister's sympathy and kindness. And do your utmost to promote in them the happiness you seek from them. In this way you may grow in grace, and be the better fitted for usefulness abroad. In this way you may make your earthly home a type of your home in heaven, and find in it a most excellent training for your final admission into the great and eternal family of God.

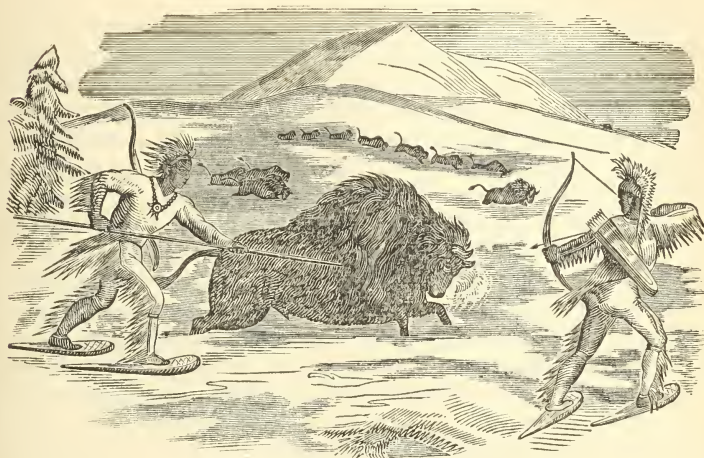
Charles Nelson lived, through subsequent life, as a faithful servant of Christ. He was led to wander in distant lands, to his heart's content, but it was to administer comfort to the wretched, and “light to them that sat in darkness.” He also had a home of his own, and passed through many pleasant scenes, and looked on the world in its brightest aspects. But there was, to the heart, no spot in the field of memory, more green and beautiful, than his *childhood's home*.

— ♦ —

IN order to be happy in any degree, we must abandon ourselves, according to the will of God, and after the pattern of his Son, to the temporal and spiritual benefits of mankind.—*Robert Hall*.

VICIOUS habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed, both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.—*Cicero*.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.



THE BUFFALO.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Over the prairies of the west,
Fast as fast can go,
Indian hunters up and dressed,
Hunt the buffalo.

When they want some good fresh meat,
Indians up and ride,
Kill the buffalo to eat,
Skin him for his hide.

Buffaloes are huge of size,
Shaggy manes have they
Little horns and fiery eyes
And feet to run away.

Yankee traders buy the skin
Of the Buffalo,
This we wrap the children in,
When we sleigh-rides go.

Robes of buffalo are warm,
Very warm are they,
They will cover you from harm
In a snowy day.

Thank the Lord for Buffaloes,
His creative hand
Wisely made them, I suppose,
For the prairie land.

A CHAPTER ABOUT SUNBEAMS.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

It was the month of June. There had been a violent thunder shower, black and angry clouds shrouded the heavens in gloom, and cast their dark shadows over the earth. Suddenly the sun shone forth, clear and bright, from the edge of a dark cloud. The rain drops on grass, leaf, and flower, sparkled in its light. The moss roses, pinks, and violets, lifted up their heads joyfully, crowned with the bright, but transient gems showered upon them by the passing cloud, and polished into brilliancy by the succeeding sunbeam.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Lucy Hilton, as she surveyed the scene from a window that overlooked the border of flowers. "Oh, mother! see my pinks

and violets ! Don't they look splendid ? Don't they look glad and happy ? I wish, mother, that I was a sunbeam."

"Why so, my child?"

"Oh, because the sunbeam makes everything look so bright and joyous. It seems as if my flowers were smiling at me. And only look at the grass, what a rich and beautiful green. How the trees and bushes sparkle in the sunlight. I would like to make everything look bright and glad."

"You need not, my child, wish you were a sunbeam, for you are something a great deal better than that. The God who made the sun has placed within this little frail body of yours, that which is more precious than the glorious sun. Your body is like a casket which holds a precious gem. *That* will live and shine long ages after the sun is blotted out. It can shine now, and shed all about it light and gladness. Kind looks, kind words, and kind deeds, are the soul's sunbeams, they shine right into human hearts, and pour into them such light, and joy, and gladness, as never came from the beams of yonder sun. These soul beams can chase away dark clouds of care from anxious brows, lighten heavy hearts, and light up sad faces. Have you never seen them do it?"

"Yes, mother, I think I have."

"Then, if you wish to be a sunbeam, will you not try to shed around you these soul beams?"

"I will try," said Lucy, who was much interested in what her mother was saying.

The next morning, when Lucy came in from an examination of her pinks and violets, she found it wanted but twenty-five minutes of nine. In ten minutes it will be time to start for school. She hastened into the sitting room, and there she found her mother and all her brothers and sisters.

"Mother," said James "won't you cover my arithmetic this morning. The cover is all torn off."

"Mother, there is a button off my pants," said George, "won't you please sew it on now? It's almost school time."

"The string is off my bonnet," said Susie, "won't you please sew that on"

"Mother, I can't find my geography; do help me find it," said little Hattie.

"Do mother give me a cent to buy a pencil," said Willie, "I lost mine yesterday."

At this moment Hattie, in a vain attempt to find the lost geography on the upper book-shelf, threw down on the floor a heavy book, whose fall awoke the baby in the cradle, which immediately joined its cries to the chorus of voices. Just then Bridget put her head in at the door to ask where she should find the saleratus. Bridget was a new girl; she had been told where that article had been kept, but she was very forgetful.

Mrs. Wilton pressed her hand to her head. She did not look or speak cross, as some mothers would have done in the same circumstances; but there was a cloud of pain and care on her brow. No wonder, with a severe headache to bear, a crying babe to pacify, a truant button to replace, a string to sew on, a book to find, another to cover, a journey up stairs for the required cent, and a forgetful Irish girl to oversee, all in one short ten minutes.

Lucy saw how it was. "I wonder if I could not be a sunbeam to chase away the cloud on mother's brow," she thought. "Poor mother; she has the headache, I know, and so many things to be done at once. Let me think what I can do."

Going up to her mother, she said pleasantly, "Let me take Nellie, mother, while you sew on the string and the button, and cover the book. I will go and tell Bridget where to find the salaratus."

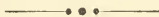
With the babe in her arms, Lucy followed Bridget to the kitchen to give her the necessary information. After performing the service, she went back to the sitting-room to see what more she could do. She remembered seeing Hattie's geography, and told her where she could find it. Next, she lent Willie a cent, to be returned when it was convenient for his mother to give him one.

With this timely assistance from Lucy, the children were soon all ready for school, except herself. Lucy bade them run on, and she would soon follow them. Then she placed the babe, now quiet and almost asleep, in her mother's arms. After putting on her shawl and bonnet, she came to her mother for the parting kiss. Mrs. Wilton smiled upon her fondly. The cloud was cleared from her brow now, and she looked very happy.

"Good-bye, my precious little sunbeam," she said as she kissed Lucy, and pressed her to her heart. "You don't know how much good you have done me this morning."

Lucy started for school looking herself very like a sunbeam, her eyes sparkling with joy, and her face all aglow with the pleasure of knowing she had given comfort and gladness to her mother's heart.

Who would not be a sunbeam? I fancy I hear Charlie, and Willie, and Frank, and Nettie, and all the little boys and girls who read this story, say I will. That is right, shine with kind words and deeds, on all the clouded brows and heavy hearts you can find, and make the glad hearts more gladsome still. God made you to shine in this world of mingled light and darkness, and to shine, oh how bright, in that bright world above!



CULLED FLOWERS.

THE POCKET-BOOK.

"Tom Jackson says he does not believe there is a God; he says he never saw him. And I don't know as I believe: I never saw him," and John Clary just came in from out doors, and I suppose from the society of Tom Jackson.

"I do," replied his mother; and he said nothing more.

A week or two after this, John burst into the kitchen, with Tom Jackson at his heels. "Oh see, mother," he cried, "what I have found—such a handsome pocket-book!"

"Where did you find it," asked his mother.

"In Pine Grove: Now, whom do you suppose it belongs to?"

"Did it not grow there?" said his mother.

"Grow there!" exclaimed John, lifting up his eyebrows with great surprise. "A pocket-book grow in the woods! Who ever heard of such a thing? It could not be."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not!" replied the boy; "the pocket-book was made on purpose. Look here!" opening it; "here is a place for the bank-bills; and here is a little out of the way spot, with a snug fastening for gold dollars, and a memorandum book and a pencil case, and such a beautiful gold pencil. Look, mother, with a pen and lead both. It was made for a man to use."

"Some contrivance here, certainly," said his mother, putting down her work and taking it in her hands for examination. "It is one of the most useful pocket-books I ever saw. If it did not grow there, perhaps it made itself."

Both boys stared at her more and more.

"Why, mother, you talk foolish," said John, with a puzzled and sober air. "There must have been a man with a mind to have made this."

"A man that knew how—a pretty neat workman," added Tom Jackson.

"How do you know? You never saw him," said Mrs. Clary.

"No, but I've seen his work; and that's enough to convince me. I am just as certain that somebody made it as if I saw him."

"You are!" said Mrs. Clary; "how so?"

"Why, mother," said John, very much in earnest, "you see the pocket-book had to be planned to answer a certain purpose. Now, it must have had a planner; that's the long and short of it; and I know it just as well as if I saw it planned and done. It's foolish to think otherwise."

"Now," said his mother, "it's just as foolish, when you see the wonderful contrivance of the beings around you, and the design with which they are put together, for you to doubt or to deny that there is a God who made them. Who planned your eyes to see with, your ears to hear with? Can eyes make themselves? Can a man make a bird? Who created the sun, and planned the day and night? Did your parents plan your fingers, and make them grow? You know perfectly well that a great Being thought beforehand, designed and contrived the eye, and the ear, and the sun, and your fingers—all things and all beings around you. And that great Being is God, the eternal Mind, the great Maker of us all."

CROSSES are ladders leading to heaven.

WE must walk through life as through the Swiss mountains; where a hasty word may bring down an avalanche.

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

KINDNESSES are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them.

How few adopt the good rule of Bishop Beveridge, not to speak in dispraise of one who is absent, or in praise of one who is present.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

A LESSON FROM FIGURES.

WE recently met with the following statistics in our reading. "Of 732 convicts at Auburn prison, 517 were never instructed in any trade or calling, whereby to earn a subsistence; 308 had been deprived of a home before 16 years of age; 191 were deprived of one, and 181 of both parents, before 16 years of age; 416 had received no religious or moral instruction, and 512 had never read the Bible, or attended divine service." These figures read us an important lesson upon several topics.

The first is *idleness*. More than two-thirds of the 732 convicts "were never instructed in any trade or calling." They were the indolent, idle class in their youth, who always fill up the ranks of criminals, and make business for the courts. Idleness is the parent of vice and crime. Time that is not employed in some useful pursuit is very likely to be filled up with evil thoughts and designs. The devil always finds work for idle hands to do. He knows better than to try his arts upon the industrious ever-busy class. Boys who are reared without any definite purpose, and with nothing in particular to do, will be fortunate indeed, if they fall not into his clutches. Parents may think to the contrary if they choose, but the above figures cannot lie, and they proclaim a fact that will stand firm against all counter-theories that were ever framed.

These figures also exhibit the value of a home. "308 (almost half) had been deprived of a home before 16 years of age." Children need the influence of a good home, however humble it may be, where the ties of kindred may call forth and nurture the tender affections of the heart. They need the pleasant recollections of it when they are away, to hold them by the cords of love from the paths of prodigality. Is it strange, then, that so many homeless ones, in our populous cities, are found among juvenile offenders. We are often surprised that there are so many criminals from ten to fifteen years of age; but we should remember that a majority of them are without a home, or one that scarcely deserves the name.

There is something here, too, concerning *parental influence*. "191 were deprived of one, and 181 of both parents, before 16 years of age." A home implies parental love and influence. When we say that the young need a home, we imply that they need wholesome parental instruction and guidance. If they have no parents, they need to be watched

over, and cared for, by those who will fill the place of parents as nearly as possible. Hence, the most approved plan of Reform Schools is that which divides the young criminals into families, like the celebrated French Agricultural School at Mettray, and the Girls' Reform School at Lancaster, Mass., where they can enjoy as good a home as possible, in the circumstances, under the care of those who will guide and discipline them with fatherly and motherly tenderness. But here were about half of all the convicts deprived of one or both their parents before sixteen years of age. Inexorable death left the unfortunate ones without that divinely appointed agency which is necessary to train them in the way they should go. Some of them would have become criminals, probably, had their parents been spared; but there is reason to believe that a large part of them would have been saved by proper parental discipline.

Again, these figures show that moral and religious instruction is indispensable. "468 had received no moral and religious instruction, and 512 had never read the Bible, or attended divine service." Nearly two-thirds of the whole number had received no religious counsel, and a still larger proportion never attended divine worship nor read the Bible! What an argument is here in favor of definite moral and religious lessons! Yet, even in this Christian land, there are thousands of families where no such instruction is imparted. There are thousands of affluent, respectable parents, who communicate no such lessons to their children from one year's end to another. That any of their sons are saved from vice, magnifies the power of home to restrain the young from evil. For if children are kept from ruin by the influence of a home that is not Christian, there must be power in it of some kind.

It would do all parents good to study the statistical reports of our Reform Schools and prisons; for there we cannot fail to see certain prolific causes of crime, many of which can be readily traced back to the family.

A HOBBY.

A HOBBY is any favorite object which is pursued with great zeal and delight, to the neglect of some things that are equally and even more important. We hear people tell about "riding a hobby," in which there is a reference to the original meaning of the term, which is, "*a nag, or pacing horse.*" This sort of "nag" is rode very often in these days, and many a man has been thrown by the dashing steed. Some people ride him when they do not know it; indeed this whole class of riders are the last to see and admit that they have a hobby.

We have seen some very good men, ensamples to all beholders, who have their hobbies in regard to some doctrine or form of practice. It may be new school or old school, Taylorism or Hopkinsianism, or some-

thing else ; but unless the preacher gets this favorite truth into his teachings often enough to keep all hearers reminded of his position thereon, he can scarcely be tolerated by the man who rides this hobby. No matter how much truth he may preach, and, I had almost said, no matter how little, provided this favorite truth is placed foremost.

With some men, Temperance is a hobby. In this good cause they are wide awake and active, second to none in zeal and efficiency ; but they have little interest in any other philanthropic enterprise. Their curiosity first satisfies itself whether new comers are right on Temperance. The new minister is pronounced good or otherwise, according to the prominence he gives to this cause. He must pray for it, and speak of it, oftener than he does of any other good work, to satisfy these men who make a "nag" of Temperance.

The same is true of Anti-slavery. Some make a hobby of this, and their demands are very much like those of the men who think as much of Temperance. Questions are weighed, men are judged, and friends are valued, according to the place given to this righteous movement. At the same time, it should be remembered, that some make a hobby of opposing the Temperance and Anti-slavery causes. They are not generally called hobby men ; but they are. They are called *conservative*, but they make a hobby of their conservatism. We know of men who have gained notoriety, more by opposing Temperance and Freedom than by any other deeds of their life. They seem to have a sort of pride and vain-glory in making manifest their hostility to these reform movements. One man may make a hobby of espousing a cause, another of opposing it.

Of course it is very difficult to get along in a world like this without riding a hobby. All efficient workers of the most resolute class must confess to something of the hobby kind. On the whole, it is well. For, since a man cannot "have too many irons in the fire," and must pursue an object with singleness of purpose if he would be successful, it is rather necessary to have hobbies. In all the good causes, some of this class of workers have brought the most to pass. It is indispensable, however, to remember that we are riding a "nag" that needs to feel the bit and bridle, lest he dash on like the fiery steed of Mazeppa. The claims of one cause should never blind us to the merits and demands of another, though, in the circumstances, good judgment may decide that our strong efforts be put forth for one rather than another.

"CUT AND DRIED."

"That was all cut and dried," said a man the other day with reference to certain plans that had been admirably realized. The phrase "*cut and dried*" so frequently upon the lips of men, struck us at the time as pe-

culiarly significant. The import of the phrase was, that said plans had received early and careful attention, been pondered, weighed, and digested, and for this reason, they were realized. Now, is not here an important truth? Are not "cut and dried" plans the only ones that succeed? Is there not a vast deal of disappointment and trouble in this world, occasioned by undertaking enterprises without counting the cost? Men rush into this, that, and the other business, without much forethought and plan-laying, and the result is speedy disaster. On the other hand, those who stop to consider what they are doing, take time to arrange and complete their plans, and then go ahead, obtain the desired object.

It is so in all kinds of work, physical, intellectual, or moral. Some people imagine that such men as Webster and Choate, belonged to a class of geniuses who are not obliged to cut and dry things like others—that such minds produce their most brilliant works without much study and profound thinking. A more erroneous opinion was never entertained. Webster and Choate were hard working students, and they always took time to investigate and compass every subject that claimed their attention. What is called the man of genius, is no other than he who makes "*cut and dried*" a principle of action.

Those sons and daughters accomplish the most, whose parents had their plans about them "cut and dried" from the beginning. It is well known that some parents rear their children without any definite purposes as to what they will make. They grow up to become anything that circumstances appear to determine at the time. Others decide in the outset to make a teacher of this daughter, and a merchant or minister, farmer or mechanic, of that son, and so all their future plannings point to this intended object. It is talked into the child, so that he becomes as anxious as his parents to realize these expectations, and both parties finally come to work for it with a harmony and energy that promises well. It is reasonable that the prospects of a son or daughter are brighter, when these definite, well-directed plans are formed by the parents, provided they are originated in view of the native endowments of children.

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COMPARISON.—A converted Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane and obscene words from his idolatrous neighbors, went up to them and asked :

"Which is worse, the abusive terms that you are just using, or the mud and dirt that you see lying on yon dung-hill?"

"The abusive terms," was the reply.

"And would you take into your mouth the mud and dirt?"

"Never."

"Then why do you fill your mouths with the abusive terms, which you confess to be the worst of the two?"

Confounded with this rebuke, they retired, saying that "the argument was but fair."

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE following narrative communicated by one of the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, to the New York Times, will be interesting as an instance, of frequent occurrence at that institution, of parents surrendering their little ones to save them from wretched poverty, ruin and the poor house. He says:

A few evenings since, a note, written in a neat, pretty hand, was left at my store, requesting me to call at a certain house on business of the utmost importance. On inquiring, I learned that it had been brought by a lady dressed in deep mourning, closely veiled. She left her name, but it was a strange one, and one that I thought I had never heard before. There seemed to be some mystery about it. Who could she be? Why does she wish to see me? With these questions revolving in my mind, I set out, and half an hour's smart walking brought me to the house. As I entered, I was met by an intelligent, lady-like personage. She apologized for the trouble given me, but she wanted to see me.

Twenty years since she had known me, and when she was a cherished inmate of her father's house, loving and beloved, and happy in all her associations. Time passed on—she married a worthy young man—and from that time her parents both turned against her, literally turning her into the street. With her husband she lived happily many years. About one year since he died, leaving her four little children with nothing for their support. With her children she sought her father's house, and begged and pleaded for assistance in vain. Even the privilege of remaining one night under his roof was denied, and she was driven once more into the street, to beg, to steal, to die, or, worse, to lead a life of sin and shame. To her parents it was a matter of indifference. A friend furnished her with a temporary home. She put two of her children in the Orphan Asylum, and retaining the other two, she obtained a situation in a store, with \$6 a month for all their support. Nobly she struggled, parting with one relic after another, until all had gone. The prospect before her was dark—very dark. Her engagement in the store would soon cease—then what would she do? In this extremity, she was forced to apply to me.

She had two beautiful children with her, one of whom sat on the mother's knee, with arms entwined about her neck. She tried to kiss away the tears which fell thick and fast from the eyes of her almost broken-hearted mother.

"Mamma, what makes you cry so? We love you, mamma! Don't cry—please don't!"

The mother took each by the hand, and with a look of the deepest tenderness and affection, sobbing and sighing, and with a heart beating with wild and fearful emotion, she exclaimed, "These are my children! This is my first-born. I never look into her sparkling eye, but I think of my dear husband, gone home to heaven. O how deeply he loved her, and

this one, too! O how fondly I love them! But—O my God! my heart is breaking! How can I speak that word *Farewell*? I cannot take care of them; I have nothing for them to eat or wear. My parents are rolling in wealth and plenty, but they will do nothing for me! And I must part with them! Take them, do with them as you wish, for I know you will be kind to them, and they will have good homes with some benevolent families, while their poor mother will go down to her grave in sorrow!"

With a fervent kiss, a long, affectionate embrace, she put their little hands into mine, then covered her face and wept. The children still clung to their mother with screams and entreaties; they urged her not to send them away. I found it impossible to separate them from their mother, and resolved to take them all to the House of Industry. With sorrowful faces and weeping eyes we set out on our way. The oldest child made every effort to escape, thinking she was to be imprisoned. But, by kind firmness, we soon reached in safety the dark region of the Five Points. Entering the house, we passed up to the school-rooms, and heard with delight the three hundred children sing a happy song, and our little company were highly delighted with their cheerful, happy faces. We passed through the workshop, the sleeping apartment, and last, into the parlor.

Now came the sad moment of parting. The children's cloaks and bonnets were taken off. The mother moved towards the door. The children sprang for her. Claspings her neck, they begged her not to leave them. "O, mother! mother! don't leave us!" It required an effort almost superhuman for her to break away from them. But with a desperate effort she escaped and fled down the stairs into the street. Her heart was too full to speak, and silently we walked to Broadway. Hailing a stage she quickly stepped in, and with a look of woe-begone and unutterable sorrow, she left me.

The next day, with the little one in my arms, I went to the residence of a wealthy family up town. A member of that family had already seen the child, had fallen in love with her, and desired to adopt her. She was wealthy, had no child, and would make this little one as her own. I placed the little girl in her arms, and the lady, in the kindest and most affectionate manner, talked to her, calling her her little darling, and tried to hush her sobbing. She wanted to see her dear mother. She had never been away from her before. The lady patted her cheek, put her lips down to the little round, rosy face, telling her she would be a mother to her. Still she would not be pacified. I took her in my arms, carried her to the parlor, then breaking away from her, I rushed to the door, hearing her, as I passed out: "O, mother, mother, mother!"

I am most happy to learn since, that the child has become reconciled to her new home and her new mother. Her prospects for the future are bright and pleasing. The elder child still remains at the House of Industry. Several applications have been made for her, one from a wealthy gentleman in the interior of the State. He will adopt her and make her his own. Probably he will be allowed to take her. She has, by her gentle, winning ways, won the heart of the Superintendent and family, and none know her but to love her. Every time I call there, she comes bounding towards me, with happiness depicted in every lineament of her face.

The poor, sorrowing mother, calls occasionally to see me, to inquire about her dear, darling children, lost to her forever. She dare not trust herself to see them. She seems highly gratified at their bright prospects, but for herself expects no relief but death.

THE CORNER GROCERY.

A Temperance tale from *Merry's Museum*, touching a point of considerable importance, in the matter of wrong-doing, may be read with profit :

In a village not far from New York, was an old farm-house—broken gates, broken fences, broken windows, stuffed with broken hats—everything going to wreck and ruin.

Not a great many months had passed since the place was in pretty good order, with a nice little garden, that showed a goodly array of thriving vegetables ; but Tom Freeland had opened a corner grocery, and sold whisky, and being a pleasant, good-natured sort of fellow, the men used to drop in on their way home of an evening, to have a chat, and a drop of something to drink.

The one glass soon got to be two, three, and more, and the days wages were all spent in whisky. James Bryant, who lived at the old farm-house, was one of Tom's best (?) customers, and vainly did Mrs. Bryant beg and beseech her husband to "come right home, and not stop at that horrid store, wasting his time, and injuring his health."

Poor woman ! she had but little to make his home attractive, very often being without fuel even to boil the kettle.

It was Christmas day, the snow lay deep on the ground, and Maggie had begged her mother to let her chop up some more of the fence, to make a good fire.

"What shall we do, Maggie, when it is all gone?"

"Oh, mother, if it will only last through the winter, baby'll be able to walk alone by then, and I can help you to wash and sew, and perhaps father will go to work again, and make things nice, as he used to do."

A deep sigh was her mother's only answer. Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman and girl entered, carrying a basket ; they were strangers to Mrs. Bryant, but she greeted them civilly, and asked them to be seated.

"No, thank you," replied the woman ; "we only dropped in to bring you a few little things for a Christmas dinner."

"You're very kind," said Mrs. Bryant ; "we had some bread and butter in the house, but poor Maggie thought that wouldn't make a very fine Christmas dinner. May I ask your name?"

"Freeland."

"What ! Tom Freeland's wife?" asked Mrs. B., looking as if she beheld a viper.

"Yes," replied Mrs. F., a good deal astonished at Mrs. B.'s manner.

"Then please take your basket back again ; it would choke me to eat anything from your house ; if it hadn't been for your husband, we should have fire, and food, and comfort, and happiness, and my poor husband wouldn't have been what he is this day ;" and overcome with her emotions, the poor woman threw herself into a seat, and buried her face in her apron.

That evening Tom Freeland had a great many guests in his store ; to be sure, there was some quarreling, but there seemed to be a good deal of laughing and fun going on, for all that. After shutting the shop, he went into the little back parlor, and found his wife sitting before the fire, looking very sad, with traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Why, wifey!" exclaimed Tom, slapping her playfully on the back, "what's the matter with the little woman?"

"Sit down, Tom—I want to talk to you."

He drew a seat close to hers, and sitting down, put his arm on the back of her chair, then looking in her face, said: "Now tell us all about it. What's gone wrong to-day?"

"Why *you* have, Tom, and *I* have; and not only to-day, but for a great many days, and months, and years."

"Well, I suppose we have; but what is the trouble to-day?"

"*Whisky*, Tom! you musn't sell any more."

"Why, what harm does the little I sell, do?"

"Oh! a great deal of harm. I never thought of it much before to-day; but, indeed, you must give it up. Do you remember James Bryant, when you first opened this store?" She went on without waiting for an answer: "He was a good-looking, industrious man then, and now, what is he? a lazy, good-for nothing fellow! and it's all our fault, Tom."

Good, little woman; she was willing to share half the blame, though she never had sold a glass of whisky in her life; but perhaps she was conscious that the sins of omission are often as great as those of commission.

Tom looked thoughtful, for he was really a good-hearted fellow, loved his wife dearly, wouldn't have injured anybody for a dollar, and had sold liquor without thinking much about it any way.

"Well—but, Mary, what shall we do with the whisky?"

"It shan't be wasted; I'll make some stuff for the hair with it, that my mother used to make (with borax, rain water, and castor-oil,) and we'll sell it in the store; and if you give up selling whisky, like a good Tom, I'll tell you what I'll do; I've never been of much use to you in the store, but *I will* be, I'll give up this little parlor, and we'll get a lot of little tables in it, take two or three newspapers, and hot tea and coffee, sweet butter and rolls, and a cheerful fire, and we'll sell just as cheap as we can; then we shall do people good instead of harm."

"Well, wifey, you shall have your own way about it, and we'll see how it works."

A few months after the foregoing conversation, the carpenters were at work building an addition to Tom Freeland's little parlor; it had got to be entirely too small to accommodate all its guests. Almost all the bachelors in the village used to take their breakfast and tea there, and almost all the unfortunate men who had scolding wives, went to that cheerful little room for shelter from the storm.

A SAD HISTORY.

The *Woonsocket Patriot* published the following authentic narrative a few weeks since, and we think it is indeed a sad history.—

The Patriot of last week briefly announced the destruction, by fire, of

an old, dilapidated farm-house in Burrillville, by which casualty two brothers, old men, who had almost past the psalmist's limit of "three score years and ten," perished. The record of that disaster has led to an inquiry about the history of those men—the victims in all probability of an incendiary's revenge.

The "Blackmar House" was located on the Douglas and Providence turnpike, a short distance from Mohegan. It was a sadly dilapidated old house; the very type of poverty and decay. The traveller who once passed it, would remember it even in his dreams. In broad daylight it personated the "Castle of Indolence," while at night it loomed out an architectural skeleton. The bats and the mice held high carnival there; while the sentinel owl, solemnly watched from the ridge-pole or the chimney.

James and Robert Briggs, were natives of Foster; a township that few men have dared to acknowledge as their birth-place. The brothers Briggs, left their native town, some fifteen or twenty years ago, and made their home at the Blackmar farm—of which they owned *one fiftieth* part! People who count their wealth by bonds, mortgages, bank-stocks, and other certificates of prosperity, can make a mathematical calculation how large an annual dividend one fiftieth of an old tumble-down dwelling, and a few acres of poor, sterile land, would net them.

A friend living near the locality says these men were very illiterate and indolent; yet harmless and peaceable. They were naturally timid, shy, and strongly disliked society. It was difficult to approach them. They would dodge into their house, rather than be spoken to by the passer-by. They frequently made excursions to the neighboring villages to beg; yet only one at a time. One invariably stayed to guard their home. Of what they subsisted upon is a mystery. Although they planted a little corn and potatoes, these rarely ever got ripe. Unfortunately they reversed the rules of good husbandry, and planted in the autumn instead of the spring. They kept a few fowls and several shoats. The latter they trained to follow them, like dogs. When night came, in summer and in fall, one of the brothers would start on a lunar excursion, followed by their pigs, to pick up what they might find in the woods or by the road-side. At the time their house was destroyed, they had some twenty or more bushels of acorns, gathered as feed for their porcine companions. These hogs had been kept five or six years, and the reason they gave for keeping them so long was, that "they were clever and peaceable animals," and of course they disliked to kill them.

A horse is a valuable friend to man; and very serviceable on the farm. The Blackmar farm supported one, whenever the neighbors had one to give away—one that had seen service, and perhaps twenty pleasant summers, and about that number of dreary winters. Octogenarian horses liked that farm. There was little hard work to be done; many long days to lean dreamily against the fences and sleep in summer, and no sleighing parties, at a two-forty gait, in winter. Report says that one of these venerable horses, unfortunately and sadly fell into a beef-barrel, two winters gone by! True, or otherwise, no man ever knew where the tenants of the Blackmar house obtained their provisions and necessities of life. No mortal ever knew them to purchase a penny's worth of groceries or food. A mysterious providence may have fed them, else nature ought the wolf of hunger from the door.

Household furniture contributes to our comfort and convenience. It is the adjunct of every good home. A table loaded with roast-beef, poultry, vegetables, and other good things, looks well. Rich carpets are pleasant to have. A good bed is not a nuisance, according to strict legal construction. An ottoman, or a sofa, is good to lounge upon. A mirror reflects our new coat, or dress; tells us when our locks are becoming grey, and exhibits the furrows that age and care plough over our features. But alas! none of these graced the old Blackmar house. Not even a straw-bed, or a broken-backed chair. The pigs occupied the cellar—monopolized the place where potatoes, apples, barrels of pork and cider usually are, and ran riot in darkness and subterranean neglect. Parlor and kitchen, pantry and bed-room, were all stored with hay—the scanty harvests of many years. The windows were nearly all broken out, and the wren, the blue jay, the bat and the owl looked in, and pronounced the accommodations “from fair to middling.”

Several years ago, these brothers had a mother—a poor old bed-ridden mother—living like themselves, mysteriously and providentially, full of trials, sorrows and heart-anguish, in the poor-house at Foster. The mother desired to live with her sons; and with them pass the remaining days of her sad—O! sad life. The sons went for their mother three years ago this winter. With an old horse, in an open wagon, they started homeward. The stars looked dimly down upon that solitary team; upon those poor old men—upon their attenuated, invalid, aged mother. The midnight had long passed before they reached home; and there, in the old wagon, on the highway, with no canopy or covering scarcely but the wintry sky, that poor mother died—FROZE TO DEATH!

Three years have gone by, and winter, bleak and dreary, returns on his icy visit. The anniversary of that dreadful night—the night of that mother's death—returns! Snow is upon the valleys, the hill-sides and the forests. Bitter blasts sweep across the river, through the orchards and over the desolate fields. The old Blackmar house, the beggar-brothers' home, stands out gloomy and spectral beneath the frosty stars. The doors creak upon their hinges—the shingles clatter upon the roof—the well-sweep groans hoarsely by the road-side. Those old men are at home, if home means a shelter without comfort, and an opulence of hunger, sorrow and destitution.

* * * * *

On that night, one week ago, the old house burnt down; and those poor mendicant brothers, those sorrowful old men sadly, miserably perished!

DECORATING THE GRAVE.

Nothing is more touching, beautiful, and congenial, than budding and blossoming flowers by the graves of those we have loved. The following article from an *exchange* contains some valuable information upon the subject:—

There is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in these sweet and fragrant emblems of affection which language cannot reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of soothing sympathy between the living and the dead. They talk of cords of life too strong

for even the grave to break asunder. This practice, no doubt, gave rise to the ancient custom which prevailed in the east, of burying in gardens, and is one which conduces to the gratification of the best feelings of our nature. It prevailed generally in and about the Holy City, and also among the Medes, Persians, Grecians and Romans. The Persians adopted it from the Medes—the Grecians from the Persians. In Rome persons of distinction were buried in gardens or fields near the public roads. Their monuments were decorated with chaplets, and balsam, and garlands of flowers. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; the urn of Philopomoeon was covered with chaplets; the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy; that of Anacreon with ivy and flowrets. Baskets of lilies, violets, roses, were placed in the graves of husbands and wives—white roses on unmarried females. In Java, the inhabitants scatter flowers over the bodies of their friends; in China, the custom of planting flowers on the graves of their friends is of very ancient date, and still prevails.

In Tripoli, the tombs are decorated with garlands of roses, of Arabia, jessamine, and orange and myrtle flowers. In Schwetz, a village in Switzerland, there is a beautiful little church yard, in which almost every grave is covered with pinks. In the elegant church yard in Wirfin, in the valley of Salza, in Germany, the graves are covered with little oblong boxes, which are planted with perennial shrubs, or renewed with annual flowers; and others are so dressed on fete days. Suspended from the ornaments of recent graves are little vases filled with water, in which the flowers are preserved fresh. Children are often seen thus dressing the graves of their mothers, and mothers wreathing garlands for their children. A late traveller, on going early in the morning into one of the graveyards in the village of Wirfin, saw six or seven persons decorating the graves of their friends, and of some who had been buried twenty years. The custom also prevails in Scotland, and in North and South Wales. An epitaph there says:

“The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring,
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid.”

In Wales, children have snow-drops, primroses, violets, hazel bloom, and sallow blossoms on their graves. Persons of mature years have tansy, box, ivy, and rue. In South Wales no flowers or evergreens are permitted to be planted on graves but those which are sweet-scented. Pinks, polyanthus, sweetwilliams, gilly-flowers, carnation, mignonette, thyme, hyssop, cammomile, and rosemary are used.

In Capul, burying grounds are held in veneration, and were called Cities of the Silent. The Jews called them the Houses of the Dead. The Egyptians visited the graves of their friends twice a week, and strewed sweet basil on them, and do to this day.

While the custom of decorating graves and graveyards with flowers and ornamental trees and shrubs, has prevailed so long and extensively among ancient and modern civilized nations, some of the American aborigines will not permit a weed or a blade of grass, nor any other vegetable to grow upon the graves of their friends.

REQUIUM IN THE NORTH.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Speed swifter Night!—wild Northern Night!
Whose feet the Arctic Islands know,
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,
Gird thy complaining shores of snow;
Send all thy winds to sweep the world,
And howl in mountain passes far;
And hang thy banners free and cold,
Against the shield of every star.

For what have I to do with morn,
Or Summer's glory in the vales—
With the blithe ring of forest horn,
Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails?
Art thou not gone, in whose blue eye
The fleeting Summer dawned to me—
Gone like the echo of a sigh,
Beside the loud resounding sea?

Oh, brief the time of song and flowers,
Which blessed me through the Northern land!
I pine amidst the leafless bowers,
And on the bleak and lonely strand,
The forest walls, the starry bloom,
Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor,
But down my spirit's aisles of gloom,
Thy love shall blossom nevermore!

And nevermore shall battled pines
Their solemn triumphs sound for me,
Nor morning fringe the mountain line,
Nor sunset flush the hoary sea;
But Night and Winter fill the sky,
And load with frost the shivering air,
Till every gust that hurries by
Chimes wider with my own despair.

The leaden twilight, cold and long,
Is coldly settling o'er the wave;
No wandering blast awakes a song
In naked boughs above thy grave,
The frozen air is still and dark;
The numb air lies in icy rest;
And all is dead save this one spark
Of burning grief within thy breast.

Life's dark orb shall wheel no more
To Love's rejoicing Summer back;
My spirit walks a wintry shore,
With not a star to light its track;
Speed swifter, Night! thy gloom and frost
Are free to spoil and ravage here;
This last wild requiem for the lost,
I pour in thy unheeding ear.

THE FATHER OF LAMARTINE.

WHATEVER relates to LAMARTINE is interesting to nearly all readers. The following incident of the French Revolution, relating to his father and mother, is very affecting :—

It was the fate of the father of Lamartine, the living French poet and orator, to be mixed up with the first French revolution. During that stormy period, he, with a great number of his compatriots, were immured in prison at Macon. He was not there long, before his wife, with her child, took lodgings opposite the cell which enclosed the republican. She soon drew his attention to herself and his child, which, though he could not speak to her for fear of the sentinel, reconciled him in some measure to his captivity, and lessened the burden of his woes. "My mother," says Lamartine, "carried me every day in her arms to the garret window, showed me to my father, gave me nourishment before him, made me stretch out my little hands towards the bars of his prison, then pressing my forehead to her breast, she almost devoured me with kisses in the sight of the prisoner, and seemed thus to waft him mentally all the caresses which she lavished on me."

At last she hit on the happy expedient of conveying him letters in the following manner: She procured a bow and some arrows, and tying a letter to a thread, she shot the arrow to which was attached the other end of the thread, into the window of the prisoner's cell. In this way she sent him pens, ink and paper. He then, by the same ingenious expedient, sent love-letters to her. Thus the separated husband and wife were enabled to correspond, to cheer each other's hopes, and sustain each other in their misfortunes. This was all done at night-time, when the scrutinizing eyes of the sentinels remained in happy ignorance of the medium of communication. Success having inspired courage, the lady, with the assistance of the arrow and thread, afterward conveyed a file to the captive, with which he silently filed through one of the bars of his prison, and then restored it to its place. On the next evening when there was no moonlight, a stout chord was fastened to the thread and transmitted to the prisoner. The rope was firmly fastened on the one end to a beam in the garret of the lady, and the other end to the bars of the cell; then, summoning up all his courage, the prisoner glided along the rope, above the heads of the sentinels; he crossed the street, and found himself in the arms of his wife and beside the cradle of his child. Such an adventure required the hero's courage and philosopher's caution, and none but those who were personally interested in it can ever imagine the feelings which must have agitated their hearts! From time to time, when the night was dark, the knotted cord would glide from window to window, and the prisoner would pass from knot to knot, and enjoy delightful hours of converse with her whom he loved best on earth.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

THERE are many odd countries in the world, whose inhabitants rejoice in many odd customs; but for the oddest of people, and the queerest of manners, commend us to those islands included in the sovereignty of Japan.

Until a very recent date, no Europeans were permitted to trespass

beyond the sacred limits of this most exclusive of empires, nor were any Japanese allowed to quit their native shores. Even now, when you land at Nagasaki, your movements are watched by regular sentries, who report every step you take to their superiors; while to prevent the Japanese themselves from roaming to foreign lands, all their vessels are built after a government model, with open sterns, so that long sea voyages are impossible; and if they exclude us from visiting them, they are, in turn, equally debarred from visiting us.

They need not be afraid of visitors, from any possibility of being overpowered by numbers, for the thousand and one isles which make up the empire of Japan, contain thirteen thousand densely peopled towns. Jeddo, the capital, seated in the island of Nippon, has a population nearly equal to that of London; and we are told by travellers that the castle in which resides the secular emperor (there are two emperors — one sacred, one secular,) could accommodate forty thousand men. Miako, a city covering twelve square miles, could raise a battalion of fifty-two thousand priests alone; while Osacca — the Birmingham of the empire — could itself send forth an army of eighty thousand. "You scarcely emerge from one borough," says Kämpfer, "but you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages, save by the different names that were formerly given them, and which they after retained, though joined to one another."

Earthquakes are disastrously frequent in Japan, and are of terribly long duration. One in 1586, lasted, with varying intensity, for forty days. Two hundred thousand perished at Jeddo, during the convulsion of 1703, and a large city was prostrated by that of 1792. It becomes impossible, therefore, for the Japanese architects, to construct lofty piles out of clay and bamboos, and the chimneys of the Manchester factories, would be out of place in Nippon. The law restricts the height of a dwelling to six kins, or forty-four feet, three inches, and there are few houses which boast of more than one story.

Let us walk into a Japanese house, passing without notice, the worthy householder, who sits in a tub of water at the door, performing his ablutions with a refreshing freedom from bashfulness. You notice that the floor is slightly raised above the level of the earth, and thickly covered with mats of rushes and rice straw, elegantly decorated. These mats are used instead of chairs, and there are no tables, but you will be provided with a little raised tray when you take refreshments. There are no beds; you must sleep upon mats, sit upon mats, smoke upon mats, and fidget upon mats.

Observe that the rooms are separated by folding screens of gilt or colored papers, and lighted by windows of oiled paper, for glass is unknown. You cannot warm yourself at the fire --- there is, alas! no fire-place; but in the middle of the room you may crouch down on the brink of the square tiled hole, from which ascend the fumes of charcoal. The said charcoal, by the by, is always burning, and over it a kettle of hot water is always boiling. The Japanese drink tea as voraciously as English old women; but they use little sugar, don't put many spoonful into the pot, and serve it up in porcelain cups.

The bath-rooms resembles European bath-rooms, in its general ap-

pointments ; but it is more frequently resorted to than in our chilly British Isles. The Japanese men bathe, the women bathe, the children bathe, in-doors and out-of-doors, morning, noon, and night. The water movement is universal, and most zealously followed out.

At the top of the house is a large tub of water, as a resource in the not unfrequent event of a conflagration. No London insurance company, we fancy, would insure, at any premium, the inflammable structures of bamboos, screens, oiled papers, mats, and timber, ycleped by the Japanese — *houses*. There are wooden tanks in the streets, and rude fire engines at appointed stations --- where the alarm is given by the patrols, who, on discovering the first shooting flames, strike forcibly the thick planks, suspended from posts for that purpose.

The Japanese women, according to recent travellers, are models of amiability and good temper, graceful in their manners and attractive in their persons. But they dye their lips a fierce scarlet, their cheeks a violet, and stain their teeth black, with a detestable gangrenous compound — practices scarcely in harmony with the toilet artifices of an English *belle*. They are fond of dress, of course, or would they be women ?

The Japanese gentleman is, generally, a well-looking, intelligent and active individual. He wears two swords, a large and a small one ; while the middle class man is only entitled to one sword ; and the lower orders carry none. He carries a fan wherever he goes, and whatever he does, and he delights in huge trousers, like a sheet, “stitched up between the legs, though open at the sides, in order to allow of the play of the feet whilst walking.” His shoes, and his horse’s shoes are made of plaited straw. Consequently, they wear out with unequalled rapidity, and force upon their wearer a shambling, shuffling gait, like Robinson’s, in the “Wandering Minstrel.” Tanners and curriers are not in good odor in Japan, for they have to touch the bodies of the dead ; a necessity which the Japanese religion, singularly enough, resents.

Rendall, in his “Memorials of the Empire of Japan,” pronounces an opinion on the Japanese character, which seems admirably impartial : — “They carry,” he says, “their notions of honor to the verge of fanaticism, and they are haughty, vindictive and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity ; they are open-hearted, hospitable, and as friends, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend ; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust ; and that even the stranger who seeks aid, will be protected to the last drop of blood.” — *London Journal*.

TEA.

SOME writers have asserted that the tea is roasted upon plates of copper, and that its color is owing to verdigris, with which it thus becomes impregnated. But those travellers who are most entitled to credit, affirm that the plates are, without exception, of iron ; and Dr. Lettson, after a great number of experiments, made with chemical tests, never detected any trace of copper ; so that the suspicion appears to be void of foundation.

Such is the diversity of temperaments and constitutions, that it cannot otherwise happen than that an article of diet which is taken by one person, and even with benefit, shall in another, occasion disagreeable and even serious consequences. Dr. Cullen considered tea as decidedly narcotic and sedative in its effects; but the most superficial observer must see that tea has very little in common with other narcotics. The excitement which it produces upon the mind and upon the organs of digestion, is of a durable and permanent kind, and it never, like other narcotics, leaves the system in a state of somnolency and intoxication. These remarks are to be understood of tea in the state in which we consume it, that is, in a state of perfect dryness. In its green or recent state, it is said to possess a decided narcotic quality, capable of producing intoxication and other deleterious consequences. This property, however, is of a volatile nature, and is lost in the process of drying, and by a few months' age.

Tea, as it is brought to us in its dry state, has the effect of creating a lightness and exhilaration of mind, an increased action of the stomach, in the process of digestion, and, above all, a vigilance and increased power of mental exertion. Dr. Johnson is recorded to have made the tea-pot the companion of his lucubrations, and to have taken immense quantities of its contents, to sustain the energies of his powerful mind during the prodigious labors which he accomplished. In its other properties, tea is astringent and antiseptic. It visibly produces no injurious effects upon the generality of persons who take it from infancy to old age. It is remarked by Desfontaines, that no vegetable is known, the infusion of which can be drunk so often, and in such large quantities, without disgust. The Chinese regard it as highly salubrious. They mix it with neither milk nor sugar, but drink it pure, sometimes holding a piece of sugar in the mouth. The constant use which this people have made of it for so many ages, seems to prove that, when rightly prepared, it is destitute, at least, of injurious properties. *Dr. Bigelow.*

BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND.

Be gentle, there are hours when he
By anxious care is tossed;
And shadows deep lie on his brow,
By business trials crossed.

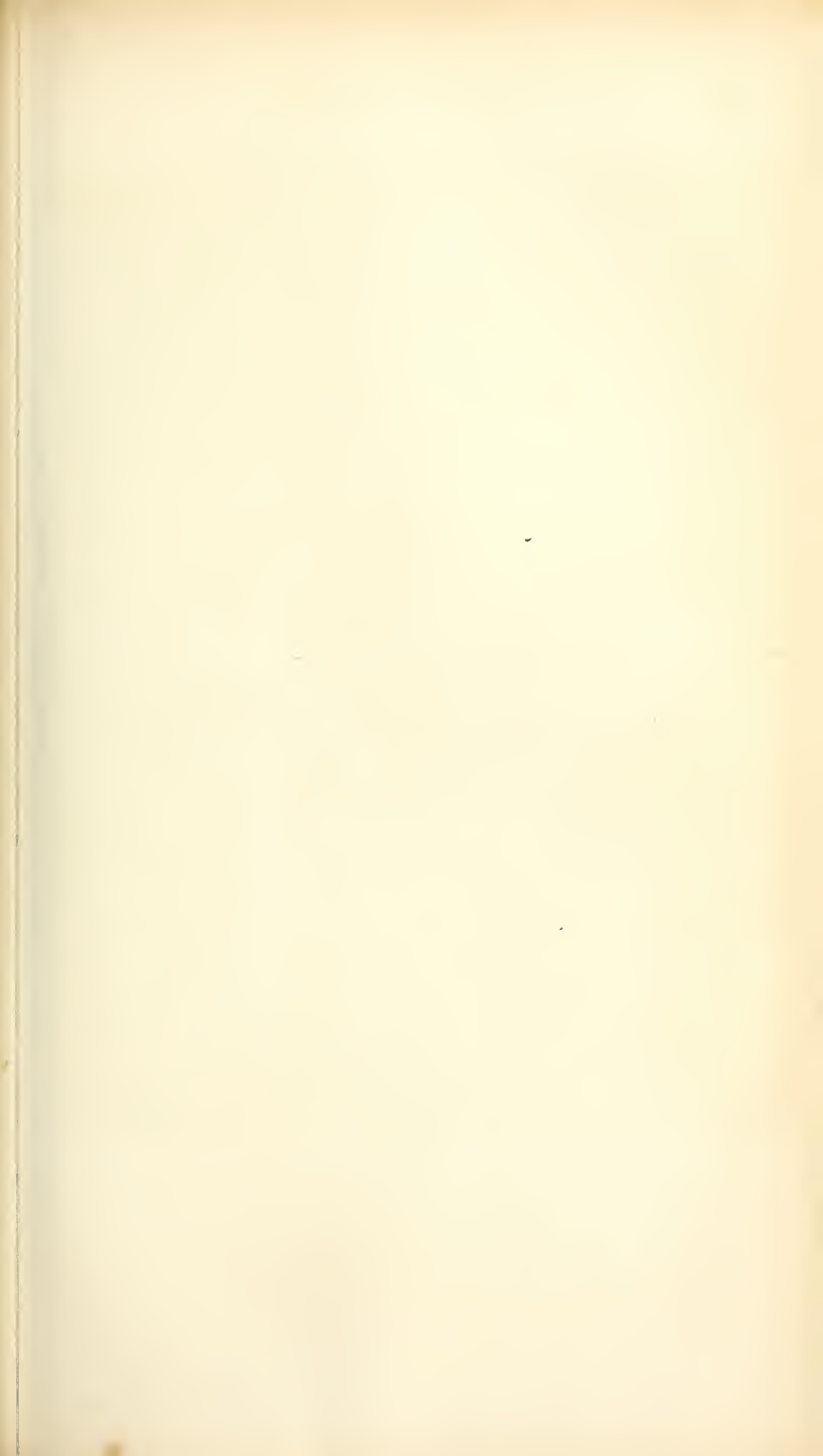
Be gentle, 't is for you he toils,
And thinks, and strives to gain
Home comforts and home happiness —
Don't let him strive in vain.

Be gentle, though some hasty word
Should fall — it was not meant;
A smile, a kind word will recall,
And many more prevent.

Be gentle, oh 't will soothe much care,
And make each burden light;
A gentle tone will smooth the brow,
And draw an answer bright.

Be gentle, though it may seem hard
To check an angry word;
Yet try, and it will surely bring
A full and rich reward.

Episcopal Recorder.





SAUL PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER TO DAVID.



Basket of Fruits

BRIGHT THINGS CAN NEVER DIE.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

Andante.
Dolce.

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Bright | things can nev - er die, | E'en tho' they fade, |
| 2. Kind | words can nev - er die, | Cher - ish'd and blest, |
| 3. Child - - hood | can nev - er die, | Wrecks of the past, |

Beau - ty and min - strel - sy	Death - less were made ;
God knows how deep they lie	Stor'd in the breast ;
Float o'er the mem - o - ry	Bright to the last.

BRIGHT THINGS CAN NEVER DIE.

Rall.

What tho' the summer day Pass - es at eve a - way,
 Like Childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times,
 Ma - - ny a hap - py thing, Ma - ny a dai - sy spring,

Tempo.

Doth not the moon's soft ray Sil - - ver the night.
 Age in all years and climes, Dis - tant and near.
 Float o'er time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. XXII.

PARENTS CHOOSING HUSBANDS FOR THEIR DAUGHTERS.

EDITORIAL.

It is often said that children should never make matrimonial contracts without the advice and consent of their parents, and it is said with truth. Much mischief has resulted from the conduct of young men and women, in pledging their hearts to each other without at all consulting the wishes of their parents. Young men have made poor bargains in consequence, and young women have often thrown themselves away. They are inexperienced and less considerate, than those who have lived longer in the world, and stood at the head of families. They could not reasonably be expected to weigh such important matters with the wisdom, foresight, and prudence of riper years. There is no doubt that the English custom of making the prospective marriage of sons and daughters a family affair, the parents being the principal oracles in the transaction, is far in advance of our American mode of doing such business, which is for the young men and maidens to have their own way, neither father nor mother being allowed always to express a wish in the affair. This is the way of making love-contracts in our land to a very great extent, and the result is many unhappy marriages.

Yet, there are many parents who show themselves to be equally thoughtless in marrying their daughters. We have an example in the first book of Samuel, eighteenth chapter, where Saul offered to give his daughter in marriage to David. Saul was an enemy to David, mainly because "all Israel and Judah loved him." He wanted to see him destroyed, that nothing might stand in the way of his own unbounded ambition. To consummate his purpose, he determined to secure the services of David in battle with the Philistines, hoping that he would be killed in the contest. "And Saul said to David, behold my elder daughter, Merab, her will I give thee to wife; only be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles. For Saul said, let not mine hand be upon him, but

*Entered according to Act of Congress; in the year 1859, by CYRUS STONE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

let the hand of the Philistines be upon him." Underneath this profession of good will in offering his daughter to David, was a heart filled with hate and malice. To gratify his insatiate thirst for power, he would remove his rival by the sacrifice of even his daughter ; for certainly the giving of his child to a man whom he would destroy if possible, must have been a sacrifice to him. It appears, however, that " at the time when Merab, Saul's daughter, should have been given to David, that she was given unto Adriel." Probably for some ignoble purpose, the reckless father gave her to Adriel, with little regard for her welfare, or his own responsibilities. But he had another daughter with whom he could purchase David's services, and he resolved to give her up, " that she might be a snare to him." " And Saul commanded his servants, saying, commune with David secretly, and say, behold, the king hath delight in thee, and all his servants love thee ; now therefore be the king's son-in-law." Such cunning and duplicity is very likely to receive its own reward, and in the case of Saul it did not accomplish the desired object. David engaged in battle with the Philistines, and came off victorious, whereupon Michal became his wife.

In this transaction, we behold a father giving his daughter in marriage to another, without so much as weighing the arguments pro and con. For self-aggrandizement alone he was influenced to give his daughter to David. It is not often that a father is influenced by motives so utterly base and wicked ; for few are as vile as Saul was. He was devoid of all sense of justice, honor, and right, and would sacrifice everything else to gratify his selfish desires. Often the basest men exhibit some tender interest in the welfare of daughters ; but Saul cared only for his own renown.

Yet, in these days, there is actually seen something kindred to the thoughtlessness of Saul. There are not wanting parents who are as regardless of the real happiness of daughters, in getting them married, as this guilty old monarch of Israel. That is, they are not influenced by high and lofty motives in choosing partners for them. They think too much of mere external prosperity, and too little of those things which contribute to true peace and happiness. While they fully believe that neither wealth, nor worldly honor and position, alone contribute to personal welfare, they are much influenced by these considerations in marrying their daugh-

ters. It is too often true that genuine excellence has an unequal chance with riches and honor in winning the hands and hearts of young ladies. The manners and customs of society give such a place to them, that some are led to desire them beyond measure. Nothing has so much attraction in their view, and nothing is half so valuable. A person is not a very close observer who has not noticed that a son of wealthy or highly honored parents has better success in gaining admission to some families, than the son of poor and obscure parents, though of excellent character. Often some want of principle, and decided tendencies to evil-doing, are overlooked, where there is wealth or honored ancestry to attract. A young man of suspicious morals, if not of known immorality, is sometimes admitted to the confidence and regard of the family, because he is the son of rich Mr. A., or Esq. B., or Hon. Mr. C. It would scarcely do for poor Mr. D.'s son, who lives away in the outskirts of the town, and tills the earth, or mends shoes, for a living, to present himself as a suitor at their doors, though not a blemish may rest upon his character. There are many worthy young men to-day, who would not think of seeking wives in a certain class of families, simply because they have not wealth or position to recommend them. They know very well that it would be useless to ask the hand of a daughter there. Their offer would be rejected. Occasionally a daughter in one of these families may unexpectedly fall in love with such a young man, as they meet in the social relations of life; but even then, how much opposition the affair arouses, and how much trouble is the consequence! The father and mother can scarcely bear the disgrace that must follow the union of their daughter with such a partner. Ask them if he is not good, and they have no objection on that score; but goodness is not the principal thing to consider in getting their daughter *well married*. They catch somewhat of that spirit which the reader must have observed to abound in society, at the present day, which exalts greatness above goodness. They are not the good men so much as the great men, who call forth the highest mede of praise. When a gifted, eloquent, Choate dies, and his brilliant powers are henceforth lost to the world, there is no bound to the praise that hallows his memory. The theme of every paper and orator, is the loss of such greatness. Even the pulpit brings its eulogy, and a child who sees how much is thought of mere learning and

eloquence, is almost persuaded that these are better than goodness. A score of devout, holy men, who are acting the part of good missionaries to the poor and ignorant in the streets and lanes of the city, might cease from their labors, without scarcely stirring a ripple upon the current of public feeling. Though they have blest hundreds of the little ones, and made heaven glad by their benevolent ministrations, they pass away with a small share of that respect which is paid to the intellectually great. This is the way of the world, and some parents appear to catch the spirit, and follow in the same channel in choosing husbands for their daughters—a great one is preferred to a good one. We have known the suit of a humble clergyman to be rejected by the parents on the ground that he was a "*poor minister*." Though he was rich in heart-qualities, it was of little consequence, since he had a short, lean purse. These parents moved in a circle of affluence, and to them it was of little use for a daughter to marry, unless she could marry a fine house and some thousands of silver and gold. Marrying for love must have been a very small consideration to them. It would do well enough for poor folks, but for those who can command wealth as well as not, it is a secondary matter.

Whenever and wherever there is such disregard of a daughter's welfare, in consequence of a desire for mere worldly notoriety, there is a conduct akin to that of Saul. Look at it as reason dictates. There is a young lady whose hand is sought by a very wealthy, or a very learned man. Perhaps he is old enough to be her father. But her parents see very well that, by becoming his wife, she will be introduced to a select circle, and be able to live in the highest style of fashion. On this account, they are more than willing, they are delighted, to give their daughter up to a man of such notoriety. Whether she loves him or not is immaterial, at any rate it is not a serious consideration in the settlement of such an affair. She, poor girl! is about as foolish as her parents, and consents to marry for money or position, instead of love. Is not here a total disregard of all those things which are most essential to the happiness of a wedded pair? Every person must admit, upon reflection, that true happiness can be enjoyed in a bridal home where none of these means of worldly show exists. If genuine affection unites the parties, the absence of these earthly possessions cannot render the union a bad one.

It should be remembered that marriage is a divine institution. It is not a mere engagement recognized by the parents, and consented to by the parties united. It is not a covenant between the wedded couple alone, the one with the other—it is a covenant between them and their God. This fact invests the affair with solemn interest, and lifts it above all such inferior questions as those considered. It is the most solemn and important contract ever consummated on earth, because it is entered into for life, and is founded upon a divine law. A parent who is duly impressed with this view of matrimony cannot trifle with the happiness of a daughter, by wedding her to a long purse, or great intellect, or a sounding title.

There are two things which should be borne in mind in selecting partners for daughters. The first is, that *character is worth more than money*. Nothing can supply its place in the marriage relation. Poverty is nothing with it, and riches are nothing without it. A bad character is no better for living in a palace, and a good one no worse for tenanting a hovel. While, then, mere external possessions may not be discarded as absolute evils, they should be made secondary to character. A young man of spotless reputation, though not the proprietor of an inch of soil nor the humblest habitation, should be preferred to the wealthiest fop, or the titled but reckless speculator.

The second thing to be remembered in choosing a husband for a daughter is, that *the pursuit one follows adds nothing to his real worth*. The sentiment that pervades some circles, and to which we have referred, appear to contradict this truth. It is thought to be more honorable to wed men of some callings than others, without regard to personal worth. But this is not true. The profession that a man follows can add nothing to his worth. If he be unprincipled at heart, no pursuit whatever can make him respectable. Put on all the titles you please, Esq., Hon., Gen., Rev., Judge, and he is unprincipled still. To some, these sounding appellations may conceal a multitude of sins, and cloak an evil heart, but the sins are still there. The man is just as mean with all these distinguishing epithets as he would be without them. The profession confers no dignity upon the man, though a true man will confer dignity upon a profession. This truth cannot be unduly exalted in these days, and it certainly deserves to be reduced to practice.

OMNISCIENCE.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

ADORE that Being, whose omniscient eye
The deepest secrets of the heart can spy ;
All heaven is spread before His radiant face,
While angels triumph in His glorious grace.
Where cherub legions, blazing banners rise,
Not one is hidden from their Maker's eyes ;
He bends the distant seraph note to hear,
Though harps ten thousand chime upon His ear.
Nor less does earth escape His beaming look ;
Oh ! who the glory of that glance can brook !
He counts the plumes torn from the insects wing,
When infant fingers touch the tiny string ;
And where the ocean rolls its countless sands,
He shaped each shining unit in his hands ;
Nor in its deepest caves *one* silver shell,
Peals unheard praises from its coral cell ;
Calls the young ravens to His granaries,—
The cattle on a thousand hills are His,—
And yet, their great Creator's glorious hand
Is scarcely opened by their hungry band,
But holds within its boundless treasury still,
Good that forever shall His creatures fill.
Tremble, ye tyrants ! for a beaming eye
Lights up the path where deeds of darkness lie,—
Follows injustice with its lightning glance,
Quick as when summer's midnight meteors dance,
Sees the oppressed, and hears their murmured groan,
And hurls a Cæsar from a tyrant's throne.
He spreads around the fields a gorgeous vest,
And like a queen the gay pattern is dressed,
Gives to each floweret fair, its drop of due,
Its store of honey, and its brilliant hue,
And sends some wandering bee at morning, there,
To feast and revel on the banquet rare.
Yet little would it be—a world to feed,
And o'er the mountain tops in glory tread,
That blazing planet, in a brilliant band,
Called by their names, should roll at His command.
No ! there's a higher theme, a nobler note,
That round his throne, on glory's wing shall float ;
Yes, that salvation to our race is given,
The highest, purest, sweetest gift of heaven.
'Tis not that God counts every silken thread

That twines its tendrils round the youthful head.
 But dear each tress ! it waves around the brow
 Of his own child, his own redeemed one, now.
 I praise that Being, who not only sees,
 And counts the leaflets on the forest trees,
 But who, to make them gardens of our God,
 Poured, as their price, the ingots of his blood.
 I'll praise that glorious One, who formed my frame,
 A "little lower" than the angel train,—
 Saw me an alien, and His sacred head
 Bowed and laid low among the silent dead ;
 Then rising, burst the tomb, and bid me soar
 High as his glorious throne, and die no more.
 Oh ! I would praise Him in celestial strains,
 Soft as the lyres of the heavenly plains,
 Let every thought, and every feeling thrill
 High with delight to do His holy will,
 And let my heart a stainless tablet bear,
 And write, my God, the name of Jesus there.

WHY IS IT ?

EDITORIAL.

In some families where authority appears to be formally set up, and children are commanded to do this and that, there still is wanting implicit obedience. Why is it ? Perhaps one reason maybe found in the fact that the parents *always speak in tones of authority*. Whenever they desire a child to do anything, a command is uttered. The words and the tone both have an authoritative quality. The result is, that the power of authority is lost. It is so common and familiar that children cease to heed it. It does not mean to them all the parents intend. They expect to be commanded as a matter of course, and they come to be as willing to be commanded as to be advised. Then, too, it is likely to beget in them an authoritative tone of speaking to parents, and to brothers and sisters. Children very soon catch any thing with which they become so familiar. On this account, authority should not be exercised only when it is absolutely required. It is better to say, "I wish you to do so," when this will answer every purpose. It is better for all concerned that children should obey the wish of a parent, than to wait until

it necessarily assumes the form of command. When this is the general course of family government, and absolute *authority* only the exception, at times imperatively demanded, the latter will have much more influence over the young. They will both fear and respect it.

Perhaps another cause of this lack of obedience is to be found in threatening punishment which is not inflicted. A great many parental commands are disobeyed without being followed with the punishment threatened. It is not thought to be material that every promised penalty should be inflicted. If an occasional omission occurs, it is not supposed to affect, materially, the success of family discipline. But this is an error. The tendency of neglecting to do as we say is to render our word null and void. If a father threatens and does not execute, the child sees that he does not consider his word altogether sacred, and if the father himself disregards some of his words, why may not the child? Besides, he learns to say within himself, at every threat he hears, "perhaps father does not mean so," or, "perhaps I shall escape as I did the other day." This failure to do as we say, weakens the arm of parental authority. Better not threaten at all than to threaten and not execute. Probably there is far too much threatening in the family. Some writers say that parents should never threaten—that authority should be maintained without threatening, and that when punishment is inflicted, it should be done with only the command preceding it. This may be a correct view of the matter. There are cogent reasons to be urged in its favor. But true or false, unexecuted threats are the bane of an otherwise successful control of children.

Some children are more *destructive* than others—why is it? No doubt there is a natural bent of the mind in that direction, with some, yet we may often discover another reason. In early childhood they may have been allowed to tear pages, leaves of old books, and to bruise and break this and that article of little value. Their destructiveness becomes, hence, a kind of habit. As they grow older, toys are injured or destroyed, so that parents say, as they purchase a plaything, "it will not last more than an hour." When older still, and they begin to use a jackknife, their benches are cut at school, and various articles at home. Hats, caps, and clothing, fare hard at their hands, or they beat them

out through a general carelessness that is begotten with the habit of destroying things. Here and there is a child who preserves toys, books, and every present, with the strictest care. Trace that habit of preserving articles, and in a majority of instances it will be found connected with very early culture on that point. He either was not furnished with useless articles to tear and mutilate, or else he was taught not to destroy them. When these two classes grow up to be men and women, the former will make the persons who are careless of their own and the property of others, while the latter are more thoughtful and particular. Lend utensils to the former, and very likely they will be returned much worse for the wear. Lend a book to them, and it will come back soiled, the leaves tumbled and dirty, looking very much as if it had been thrown about the room in common with old papers, boots, hats and bonnets. All this growing out of tearing newspapers and cast off books when a baby!

There is quite a difference among boys at ten or twelve years of age in respect to their willingness or desire to be useful. Why is it? Many know nothing but play, and are quite unwilling to render their parents any assistance. A request that they should perform a piece of work, or go to a neighbor's upon an errand, is met by whining, or some other form of disobedience. They fret, complain, and cry often, when compelled to be useful for a short time. Now, in accounting for this, every parent must have noticed that the more children play, the more they want to play, and the less willing they are to work. In this they do not differ materially from their fathers and mothers. The more of pleasure we have the less we love work. Those little children who are never taught to be useful, but treated as if they could do nothing but play, are the ones who refuse to aid their parents in youth. On the other hand, those who are early instructed to wait upon their fathers and mothers, and required to perform some kind of work each day, understanding that "all play and no work" is an evil, are the most ready in youth, to render good service when required. The common practice of furnishing children under eight or ten years of age with nothing to do, but allowing them to play away these early years with no instruction about being useful, thinking that a few years hence will be time enough for them to begin to work, is incompatible with the for-

mation of industrious habits. If it be true that character is formed really before twelve years of age, then habits of idleness, or at least of uselessness, must be fixed before that time. Is it strange that there are many lazy boys and shiftless young men in the world, when we clearly see that the habits of childhood pointed in this direction? If honest men are made out of honest boys, then industrious, useful men must have had an industrious useful boyhood to some extent.

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

Rev. Mr. Spaulding, missionary at Oodooville, in a letter to the proprietor of the Happy Home, speaks as follows of family discipline among the heathen, and of missionary efforts in behalf of the young:—

“In many respects it is efficient. Obedience is generally secured, but in most cases it is the obedience of fear—not of love. Of course there is a great difference in different families, just as you see at home, and perhaps as many here as there (in a hundred families) where children from six to ten years old, are frank and manly in their behavior. Heathenism in its worst shapes is of later growth. Hence the value of our village schools, which, I am sorry to say, have run down and diminished to almost a nominal zero.

“The training of the pupils of the Oodooville Female Boarding School, for the first thirty years, was what I think you need in America. Taken at eight years of age—daily prayers, with reading Bible, and singing at 5 A. M. and 4 3-4 P. M. Little prayer rooms near the dormitory, where one, three, five, or ten, can retire any time in the day when at leisure—where some portion of the Bible may be read and a little hymn book for singing. As soon as they join the school they take it for granted that they must be Christians and love Jesus, and love his word and love the songs of Christians, and all these privileges are welcomed every day just as regularly as their daily food. Every child takes some part of the daily sweeping, dusting, cleaning, lamp-lighting, bell-ringing and cooking. The School is opened by singing and prayer, the Bible, text, doctrine, history, ekronology, history, and

geography, takes the lead, and a blessed lead it is—and then, as a matter of course, ‘all these other things are added.’ The abiding fruits of this training have been, and still are remarkable. Little meetings late at night, at midnight, or long before day, in their dormitories, are not uncommon, especially if more thoughtful than usual. One peculiarity of my own I may mention, which I think has been of unspeakable use to the pupils. At morning and evening prayers, the members of the church belonging to the school, in rotation, read the chapter and the hymn—which come in course—and lead in prayer. This custom grows up with them, and in after life gives them a confidence and facility in meetings, whether in family or in little circles, which are very desirable among such a people as this. Our school last year (1858) had about forty-six pupils—at present only forty. For three or four months past we have had an uncommonly interesting moral influence in the school. Four pupils joined the church last Sabbath, and some six or eight more gave some evidence of a change of heart. Considering the age (14 to 15), I think this quite remarkable, while I praise the Lord for so much, I mourn and sigh that we have not 100 in school to be healed in this Bethesda, while the waters are thus disturbed. How is it that the churches in America cannot afford to give the key of knowledge, and to open the fountain of eternal life to only forty children out of a population of 130,000? Must all the other female children—the future mothers of the land be left as the lawful inheritance of swearing in this world, and to a heathen’s doom in eternity. O ye fathers and mothers, look upon your own dear ones and remember the words that He spoke, “Freely ye have received freely give.” “All things whatsoever ye would that others should do to you do ye even so to them—for this is the *Law* and the *Prophets*.” The spirit of Jesus is the spirit of Missions, and he who has not this spirit has no wedding garment.”

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost, in which we do evil.

A modest youth may become a *confident* man, but never an *impudent* one.

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. A. C. B. L.

THE last summer's sun had risen and set. One Sabbath in autumn had come and passed away — another dawned ; and with its mellow light came the wonted stillness of the sacred hour, shadowing forth the deep peace pervading every truly pious heart, and inviting to communion with that Saviour, whose triumph over death it commemorates.

Many and fervent were the petitions, which, on that hallowed morn ascended from the closets of praying ones, in a retired hamlet, that the Spirit's presence might be felt in the "house of prayer," and that all needed grace might be imparted to each, who might take a prominent part in the public exercises.

The rich deep tones of the bell, at the usual hour, came pealing over hill and dell, and the people wended their way to the sanctuary, where they were wont to listen with eager delight, to the words of sacred truth from the lips of their pastor. Every seat was filled — all eyes seemed eagerly expectant of some unusual occurrence.

A man, venerable both in character and years, passed up the aisle, and seated himself in the desk. Then followed the Pastor accompanied by a young lady whom he had chosen to fill the place of one, who, many months ago had been stricken from his side, — henceforth to be a lightener of his cares, a soother of his sorrows, a participator of his joys, and in a word his *help-meet* — a partner in the work of saving souls. Two summers' suns, or more, had passed since *she* knelt at the baptismal font, before that worshipping assembly, and at the pastor's hand, received the sacred ordinance, and avowed her purpose to live for Him, who had died to redeem her.

She came now to the bridal altar with the same meekness and simplicity of manner, not decked with gaudy array and showy ornaments, but with modest apparel and sobriety, well becoming one about to assume such solemn responsibilities, and a position which would greatly increase her influence in the community. The venerated clergyman from the desk announced the ceremony about to be performed, spoke of the appropriateness of the *time*

and *place*, in consequence of the relation sustained by the parties concerned, to the congregation, &c., &c., and pronounced the marriage covenant, thus making twain, *one flesh*, according to divine appointment.

“The *deep trust* with which a maiden cast
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,
Into a mortal’s hand; the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her *more than brother*, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been shadowed forth,
Or told in language.”

“May they live as *truly one*,” and when life’s toils are over, having turned “many to righteousness,” may they “shine as stars” in the firmament, and casting their crowns at Jesus’ feet, ascribe all the glory of their own salvation, and through their labors the salvation of many others, “to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever, and ever.”

FAREWELL TO MY MOTHER.

BY THE INVALID.

Farewell, my dearest mother!

Until we meet again,
On that bright shore, where cometh,
No parting tears or pain;
But all is pure and holy,
And never-ending bliss,
That will from thy freed spirit,
Efface the woes of this!

Farewell, my dearest mother!

Sad was thy lot below,
And often from thine eyelids
Did bitter tear-drops flow;
For disappointment’s arrows
Were planted in thy breast,
And from their venom’d points,
Thy spirit found no rest.

Farewell, my dearest mother!

Thou art an angel now,
And bright and heavenly beauty
Sits on thy peaceful brow!

A golden harp thou bearest
Within thy gentle hand,
And minglest in the chorus
Of the seraphic band!

Farewell, my dearest mother!

Now clothed in spotless white,
Thou roamest through green pastures,
By streams of crystal light!
Around thee are the angels,
A bright and shining band,
And in thy Saviour’s presence
Thou evermore wilt stand!

Farewell, my dearest mother!

Tho’ thou hast left me here
Alone, I will not murmur,
But dry each mournful tear;¹
And wait my Father’s summons
With calm and trusting heart,
Which bids me, “Come up hither,”
With thee no more to part.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

BY REV. C. KIMBALL.

SOME of the characteristics of this mother in Israel, as communicated to me by her son, are so original and important that they will be contemplated with interest by all, and especially by heads of families. She sprung from a vigorous and healthy stock, and left the impress of her own mind upon the circle in which she moved. Ancestral trails were prominent in her physical, intellectual, and moral development.

Her great-grandfather had such muscular power that he swam the Merrimac near its mouth every year till he was past seventy. Her maternal ancestors were a succession of able and devotedly pious women. Her grandmother exhibited the moral worth of her ancestors. Though her husband was good to the poor, he lived an irreligious life, and died as he lived. Yet in spite of his opposing influence, her grandmother had wisdom and grace so to turn the family current, that her daughter and four sons became early pious, and honored religion to a good old age. Her mother was from a family conservative to a fault—always looking out for breakers ahead. Tradition says, that one of her brothers kept on hand “half a cord of cloth,” lest he should get out of the clothing material. With enough of the family trait to make her mother a pattern of economy, her early years were thrilled with the events of Indian wars and blockhouse life. Many nights were made sleepless by that howl of dogs, which told that savages were hovering around the fort. One day the men were off on the bottom plowing, having left with the women and an aged man, a boy to report in case of danger. A body of Indians appearing in sight, the women quickly and in thick array stood by the guns, clad in the “go to meeting” clothes of their husbands, which caused the enemy to fall back into the forest. In the mean time, the boy, springing through a back gate, was over the hills and breathless on the bottom. No loud word was spoken. Haste and humanity unyoked the ox in the furrow, and single file and rods apart, all were soon at the fort, and found that the foe were beyond pursuit.

Though her father drove a great amount of business, her parents so trained their seven sons and four daughters, that eight

of the eleven were long professors of religion. The others, always attending, supported public worship, and one of them left his homestead to the parish for a parsonage.

This good mother in Israel, descending from such a parentage, was born in the hill country of New England, and sent from home to school, and received the educational advantages of that day. Her life was spent in her native town, distinguished for its moral and intellectual culture. She was serious, and probably a Christian when young, but did not make a profession of religion till the age of thirty. In person she was large and well proportioned, weighing in middle life more than two hundred. Her mind not inferior to her body, rose on the approach of difficulty in proportion to the obstacle to be overcome. Her resolution lasting as long as life was evinced in a reply to objections urged against following her children to the West: "I can live any where they can."

Ever ambitious that her children should not fall behind their ancestors, she early taught them to be resolute, industrious, to act honorably, and keep good company. Without regarding their wishes, she decided at once—and her decisions were like the laws of the Medes and Persians—that they should keep good company, or no company at all. To a son going from home to school, she said: "Be sure to keep out of bad company. But if you fall into it, play your part, come out like a man, and *never* be caught there again." She had so much common sense, such a sound discretion and such an intuitive judgment of what became the occasion, the place and the subject, that many whose advantages were vastly superior to those of her day, came to her to learn what was suitable, proper, and expedient. A grandson, who often visited her, said; "her life was characterized by a constant judiciousness of conduct and conversation." It was given as a reason why her mind did not sooner show age, that she kept up with such subjects as missions, and she always knew how to be silent on what she did not know. She never thought of being polite, affable and generous, and yet she herself was the uniform personification of these virtues. Her neighbors did not say that she *became* interested in the minister, young people and good things, but felt that she was already and always interested in such matters. A new suggestion, a kindly expressed caution, or a word

of encouragement, falling as by accident from her lips, would give a new direction to the listener's life, and he be unconscious of the gentle power which moved him. She did not *search* for opportunities of doing good, but was all the time doing it in the opportunities passing. Her knowledge of human nature, disposition to make every one happy, and frank way of expressing herself, doubled the power of her words. She had no times or fits of doing good. But her piety, constant as the laws of gravity, caused instruction to flow uniformly from her life and lips. She was ever insensibly making the low, erroneous and wrong, give way to the noble, sound and right. Easily accessible, her heart was always open, and she was always ready to hear and speak the language of Canaan. Young people who became serious went to her house, one after another, they knew not why. They could freely tell her their feelings, ask the great question, receive the answer, and obey it. About forty years ago, she had in one week about twenty of these inquirers. Such things seemed to belong to her, though none inquired the reason why. She knew who was serious, or accessible on the subject of religion, and did what she could for them, because she wanted to do it.

While these things were going on, she brought up five sons and four daughters, and had the care of a farmer's household and a dairy. She was Martha and Mary both, cumbered with much serving, and yet sitting at the feet of Jesus. It is true that "ye cannot serve God and mammon," and equally true that we shall never fail of doing good, or reaching heaven for want of time. If religion wants any thing done, don't go to him who has leisure to do it, but to him who has not a moment to spare. Though the philosophy of it is not plain, it is nevertheless a fact, that the good is done by those who seem to have no time to do it.

She never surrendered the power, nor, as if often the case with conservative age, lessened the disposition to contribute to objects of benevolence, but increased her donations in her last and widowed years. Still, she did much more for souls and the cause of the Redeemer, by being herself a missionary every day.

It was her peculiarity from youth to age, to be in season everywhere. She rose early, saying that the best hour is before the summer sun. She was punctual to her promises, and active in the rise of the benevolent institutions. A grand-child, whose

tardiness might have been reproved, said, "If the cars will be along at nine, tell grandma at *ten*, for she was always ready an hour too soon." She succeeded in making her children retire, rise, go to school and to business early. Looking forward to evils to which they would be exposed, she seasonably threw in the preventive. Ever watching them, bad habits were nipped in the bud. The ancestral trait of her mind looked forward to breakers ahead, to the "monstrous" age of the young, when coming in contact with the world, they feel their importance, and when the power of Satan and passion are strong, and that of parents and reason weak. She rightly judged that unless this period is anticipated by putting intelligence, conscience and devotion in possession of the ground, folly, passion, and love of the world will usurp it, and the best and most likely opportunity of regeneration be forever lost. She knew that if children early became Christians, their piety will so buoy up parental influence that they will sail safely over the breakers of sixteen, eighteen, and twenty, and happily over the rest of life. Hence, as soon as they were four or five years old, she began in her tender, moving way, to invite them to Christ. Her husband aiding in decided government, teaching the catechism and furnishing employment; they were not only early in school and early in business, but early in the vineyard of the Lord. All were born again in their tender years—seven of the nine before they were fourteen years of age. Though the first and great point was carried, and Satan was so far supplanted that her influence over them could never wane, maternal duties did not end. Her counsels and prayers followed them to the academy, the college, and wherever they were exposed to temptation, *till eight of them became teachers, and prayed in their schools; till they all became Sabbath school teachers; till two became clergymen; two, wives of clergymen; one a deacon; two, wives of deacons; and till the whole nine and their nine companions were professors of religion in the same denomination, and offered morning and evening incense on nine family altars.*

Indeed, her incessant industry ceased not till life ended. Palpitation of the heart having made death familiar, brought it without other disease. She died at the West with her children. The only reason she gave for so cheerfully leaving home and the associations of seventy-eight years was, "It is best." In excellent health

and spirits, she spent three months with her sons in Ohio and Indiana. As the aged Patriarch went down to Egypt, she went into the Western Valley to see what she had never expected to see, and to die. Though she intellectually *knew*, she could not realize that she would see her sons different from what they were forty years ago at her table. When she came to see their homes, their families, their positions, their audiences, and the good people and good friends around them, she was greatly rejoiced by these fruits of her prayers and toils of other days. And it was a treat to fourteen grandchildren to see one who they knew prayed for them, and whose name, from their infancy, had been a household word. Her visit to her children was her last work, and her last words expressed the desire of her life, "God's will be done."

After her death, one of her sons received the following letter :

"I shall never forget your mother. When I had learned that she had come to the West, I too was rejoiced, not because I am a son of New England, but because in your mother I have a mother. I had purposed at my earliest leisure to visit her, and tell her of the gratitude of my heart for words uttered by her in her mountain home, many, many years ago. When a little boy, my father sent me to assist in driving sheep and cattle to pasture grounds on the side of Nut Kearsarge. The pasture was owned by your brother who lived on the homestead. I was then for the first time introduced to your mother. It was not long before she, by her kind sympathy, had caused me to open to her my whole heart. One desire was then burning within my breast. I wished to go to college. I wanted to be a minister. But my father had already educated three of his sons—his circumstances were somewhat straitened, and I was the child of his old age ; how could I be spared from the parental roof ? So hopeless was my case, that I had never dared to mention my desires to my parents, although in secret I often wept over my disappointed hopes. I once overheard my father saying to the other children, 'Do not say one word to Dan about college, for *I cannot spare him.*'

"I told your mother this grief of my heart—she heard it—she saw my tears—she wept with me. But this was not all. She said to me, 'Go home and tell your parents that it costs no more to educate a boy than to keep him at home on the farm. I have educated two of my sons ; I now regret that I had not sent them

all to college.' She urged me never to give up the desire I had to fit myself for the work of the ministry. It was there, with that good mother in Israel by my side, that I solemnly resolved, come what might, I would give myself to the great work of doing good in the world.

"Soon after I returned to my home, and opened to my parents the long cherished desire of my heart, and found to my great joy, that the way was prepared, every objection removed, and shortly after, with a father's benediction, I left for the Academy. I have delayed too long to thank your good mother for those few words so fitly spoken, for by them the scales were turned, and my entire course in life changed. This is not an isolated case; there are many others who will rise up and call her blessed. But her reward is above."



SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

BY E. W. CLARK.

ONE cold windy day in April, 1855, a lady whose life is one of consecration to God and usefulness, received a message from a friend in a distant street of the same city, urging her to come to her neighborhood as soon as possible, to visit a Mrs. Lee, who was ill both in body and mind, and who earnestly desired to see her.

"To see me!" thought Mrs. B——, "surely it must be a mistake. I know no one of that name." But the entreaty was not to be disregarded, and overcoming some slight obstacles in the way, she made the desired call.

The large eyes, rendered doubly expressive by excitement, the wasted form and pallid face of the invalid, were all unrecognized by Mrs. B., until a thrilling voice exclaimed, "O, my dear teacher! Do you not remember Georgianna M——?"

"Georgianna M——! O, yes!" Those eyes so peculiar in their earnestness surely belonged to her; and Sabbath School scenes of years gone by, passed in review before Mrs. B——'s mind, recalling vividly the memory of a scholar always punctual, attentive and beloved.

Mr. M—— was a Universalist, and when an effort was made to organize and sustain a church of that denomination in the

neighborhood, he was ready and active in the enterprise, sent his children to their Sabbath school, and sought in every way to withdraw them from evangelical influence.

Mrs. B—— yielded, however, reluctantly, to the necessity of the case, and as she had no particular reason to consider that Georgianna was benefitted by her instructions, there seemed little reason to hope that the young girl would entertain any religious sentiments different from those which she constantly heard advocated by her father and nearest friends.

Years passed away, and Mrs. B—— lost all knowledge of the family. Meanwhile the father died, and Georgianna married quite happily. An infant was given into her arms, and with it came views of duty and of truth, new and startling to her. The seed planted many years before, and “choked by the cares of the world,” now sprung up, grew, and bore fruit. A sense of personal accountability, a consciousness of guilt, and of the certainty of retribution, fastened upon her, and filled her soul with anguish. Her friends could not understand her, and attributed her distress to physical causes; and indeed her weak, consumptive frame suffered sensibly from the violence of the internal conflict. Passing weeks only added to the strength of her emotions, until it seemed as though she would die under their weight. “O, pray for me, mother,” she cried; pray, pray for my soul!” and at times she would entreat others to offer up supplications for her.

She often referred to Mrs. B——’s faithful instructions; and a friend of the latter hearing of this, and of the earnest desire to see her former teacher, sent the message which resulted in the call we have mentioned.

She had wasted away, until she had hardly strength to move, but she threw her arms around her old friend, and wept. “You can pray for me,” she said; “my friends cannot comprehend my feelings, but you know I have reason to grieve for *my sins*. They crush me, they torture me and I cannot find relief. O, pray, pray that God would have mercy!”

With tender sympathy did Mrs. B—— seek to point her to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,—earnestly did she commend her to Him who alone could soothe and bless her; but still the mind of the sufferer dwelt in gloom: and her

friend, with a sad heart, bore the case away to her own closet, there to remember it with faith and importunity.

An aged Christian residing not far distant, was sent for to pray with Mrs. Lee, and during this interview, her soul passed from darkness into light. She was enabled to view Christ as her *perfect* Saviour, and her joy was as overwhelming as her previous despair. Her family were so truly affectionate that their sympathies were borne along by her experience; and until midnight of this memorable day, they remained around her bed, listening to her expressions of rapture, and weeping with full hearts.

As soon as her case was known, there was no scarcity of Christian friends to pray with and for her. The pastor of an evangelical church called frequently upon her, and was impressed by the unequivocal evidence she gave of having experienced the new birth. He was delighted with her unwavering trust, her humility, and with the clearness of her religious views, and after several weeks, acceded to her earnest request to be admitted into communion with the church of Christ.

It was an affecting scene. Unable to leave the house, in her own apartment, she, for the first time partook of the emblems of the body and blood of her Redeemer, and afterwards, with deep feeling, presented her little one to receive the touching rite of baptism,—her husband, mother, brother and sisters manifesting the deepest sympathy for her. The latter soon gave evidence that the spirit of God had touched and awakened their hearts.

At that time there was little reason to hope that Mrs. Lee would ever see another communion season on earth; but the serene peace of mind which she enjoyed, had a happy effect upon her physical nature. She became strong enough to ride out a few times, and although suffering seasons of excruciating pain, she would often have intervals of ease. She, however, knew no fluctuations of religious feeling,—experiencing the blessing of those whose souls are “stayed on God?” Her portion was “perfect peace.”

A striking peculiarity was her entire submission to the will of God. Her family ties were peculiarly strong and tender, and before her conversion she was greatly tempted to rebel at the thought of leaving those so near and dear. But the bitterness of parting was past, when her soul found its sure-resting place

and afterwards there never was a repining word. Beautifully indeed, did she show forth the praises of Him who loved and redeemed her; and when, after many months of patient suffering she passed from earth, with calm lips, and steady trust, her friends could say—"She sleeps in Jesus! It is well."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH, &c.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, A. M., M. D.

NO. X.

Study need not shorten life—What makes our children feeble—Why is the number of deaths among children so great?—Effect of stimulating the mind and neglecting the development of the body—Brighter prospects dawning in the cause of physical education.

HEALTH and education, we have said, should go hand in hand. When this is the case, mental application will never shorten life. It is true, that many students have lived but a short life; and it is almost proverbial that "a studious life is necessarily brief." It is admitted that this has too often been the case. But it need not be so. No necessity for it exists, either in mind or body. The wisdom and goodness of the Creator have imposed upon us no such burden. Many of the hardest students, of whom Sir Isaac Newton was an eminent example, have lived to old age.

The question may well be asked, then, why so many boys and girls are feeble and die, before completing either their childhood and youth, or their academical studies? The question is an important one, and deserves an answer. Yea, more; it ought to claim the utmost attention of every friend of education and humanity.

Why, then, do multitudes die every year, from our public schools and private seminaries? Why do so many who have toiled on through their preliminary studies, through the common school, the Latin, the college, and drop into the grave like withered leaves from the trees in autumn, just as they are prepared to enter upon professional duties, or actively embark on the voyage of life?

These questions, instead of being properly answered, are often set at rest, by referring these melancholy deaths to a *mysterious* Providence.

But it is apprehended that a truer and readier answer should be given to them — and, as a friend of education, to humanity — and as a physician, we respectfully ask, is there not a grand fault in our educational system? Do we not apply stimulus to the mind, by overtasking, and thus overworking the brain, while *anodynes* only, are administered to the body; or, at best, physical development is *neglected*?

It appears, and, for a long time past, has appeared to the writer, that this is the case — this the grand difficulty, the *worm* at the root of our educational system. The brain, a very delicate organ, of plastic material, in workmanship, surpassing all the wisdom and ingenuity of man, the material organ of the body, subject to the modifications of age, culture and climate, is overburdened with labor and tasked beyond its powers of endurance. Of the manner of its action, even those who have studied it the most carefully, have but a very imperfect knowledge, and a great proportion of those who task it, know much less — and while thus ignorant of its springs of action, and astonished at its wonderful productions, it is usually managed with little regard even to the few principles known, of its structure and movements.

The most consummate folly is often evinced by the tasks imposed upon this delicate piece of mechanism, of which the best physiologists have but a very imperfect knowledge.

A gentleman of the medical profession, of great eminence, and large experience in the treatment of diseased minds, in an "Annual Report" to the Trustees of the Institution of which he is the superintendent, says, "To say that the amount of lesson and task-work imposed upon the young while at school, is always, or generally determined by a careful consideration of the laws of physiology, and a scrupulous regard to the results of experience, would be to utter the broadest possible irony."

In arranging the studies for a child, the question should be, how much study will one of a given age bear, taking into account all the attending circumstances. Or, what amount of brain-labor may be safely required, when the age, constitution, and mental endowments are all carefully weighed? This, and no other, would be a just standard, and it can be duly estimated or measured, by experience and observation. How unwise, unjust, and exorbitant, then, must be all those requirements which demand of each member of a class, the same amount of mental labor, un-

less this amount is so small that it can certainly and readily be rendered by the youngest and dullest among them. Take any class of children, if consisting of only ten, and they all differ as to physical strength, power of application, nervous excitability, and mental perception. But this is not the measure by which tasks are usually assigned in schools. The question *practiced* upon is this — how much will satisfy the community? Or, how much will make my school excel others, or even compare favorably with them? This, in practice, is *the* question.

This is all wrong. This standard is incorrect. The community are not the proper judge in this matter. They have none of the proper qualifications for judging aright. They are fast, too fast, in everything. They cannot go fast enough. Even the steamboat is too slow, unless upon the high pressure system. The *iron horse* cannot go fast enough, unless harnessed to the lightning car, and the *balloon* would be the medium of travelling if its course could be shaped, and made to mind the helm.

The whole system of American education shares largely in our *swift* movements. Our children must be quickly learned. They have no opportunity to be boys and girls. As soon as they emerge from childhood, they are men and women. As a consequence of this, the golden stream of their education must be quick and violent. This mental haste, joined to a masterly inactivity of body, destroys many of the brightest and most precocious children of our land, for it is specially upon this class that the high pressure system of *mental cramming* exerts its most pernicious effect. Children of a sluggish temperament, in our vernacular language, *thick skulled*, are never injured by being driven. They need the spur, and with all the pressure that can be brought to bear upon them, they will never be overburdened with knowledge. But the case is entirely different with the bright, quick, nervous child.

No standard could be more unjust than the one last named, because the great mass of the people mistake the glitter and tinsel of display for substantial acquirements, forgetting, in their zeal, that *empty things make the most noise*.

This standard is faulty, again, because the community measure the ability, tact, and fidelity of the teacher, by the amount of study over which he urges the pupil. It too often proves, where a very large amount of studies are run over in a very short time,

that the pupil knows but little more about them at the end of the term, than he did at its beginning. He went *over* them, but so far *above* them that he scarcely saw them. Such a false standard should be at once and forever rejected; and the whole paraphernalia which accompanies its *cramming* process, in the form of grades, distinctions, medals, prizes, honors, &c., &c., discarded. They do injury everywhere. Their tendency "is evil, and only evil, and that continually." They injure both mind and body. They help in consigning many of our children to an early grave. They depress one class, dishearten and discourage them, while they puff up, and render the other vain and arrogant; and the writer has the satisfaction to know that since he began to agitate this subject through the press, and in the Boston School Board, several of those who were then opposed, have since come over to his side, and have already spoken out on the subject. Others will still come, and it is as certain as any moral question can be, that this old system of *quack* education, of mental *stuffing*, will give place to one wiser and better; one which will redound to the credit of our nation and the health and longevity of our children.

The system of *brain pressure* has already lasted too long. But, a brighter day seems to be dawning. People begin to understand that children have *bodies* as well as minds; and that God has ordained that there should be "*bodily exercise*," as well as mental cultivation. In awaking to this subject, somebody, blessings on his name! has made a donation to found a *gymnasium* for Harvard College. We are a fitful people, and when a thing is once begun, like *fame of old*, it soon gathers strength and force. Hence, we hear that "*Yale*," also, is to have a *gymnasium*. All joy to the "land, once, of crooked and narrow turnpikes, wooden nutmegs, blue laws, and steady habits." May the day soon dawn when every school in our land, from the Canadas to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall not only *have*, but *use* a *gymnasium*. Amen.

Better one small fish than an empty dish.

Blind men must not undertake to judge of colors.

Cut your cloak according to your cloth.

Daub yourselves with honey, and you will never be in want of flies.

Grieve for no deformities but those you bring upon yourself.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitudes and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed ;
" Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest !"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
" My errand is not Death but Life," he said ;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER.

THE TROAD—THE HELLESPONT—SEA OF MARMORA.

Approaching the Hellespont from the large island of Mitylene on the south, Lemnos, Imbro, and Tenedos loom up to the northward, while directly to the right the Troad stretches away its wide level, with the range of Ida rising behind it some fifteen miles from the sea. We ran up by the Turkish town on Tenedos, and the point of Sigœum where Achilles is said to have encamped, and anchored close in with the Asian shore, opposite the tumulus which bears that hero's name, to wait, with forty other sail, for a fair wind to pass these straits. From Sigœum to the Rhœtian promontory, now Cape Jannizary, is twelve miles. That was the head-quarters of Ajax, whose tumulus overlooks the shore. Old Ilion stood back at the foot of Ida with this extensive plain before it, coming down to these waters in a triangular shape. The position and spread of the country are commanding. Those hundred and twenty thousand Greeks had plenty of room to manœuvre their forces. Of course, the city of Priam has left no visible memorial. Even Alexander's Troas, just below our anchorage, which St. Paul visited, is now but an undistinguished shore. As we came through the channel between Tenedos and the main land, we recited the pathetic story of poor "Laocoon," but looked in vain for the huge "serpent," though we fixed the spot to our entire satisfaction where his transit must have been made. This is immortal territory. The mind fills itself with what has been rather than with what is, as you gaze on these objects:—

"High barrows, without marble or a name,
A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain,
And Ida in the distance still the same,
And old Scamander (if 'tis he) remain;
The situation seems still formed for fame—
A hundred thousand men might fight again
With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls."

Went ashore in the captain's boat and spent half a day wandering in and around a Greek town of 200 houses. We landed at

the foot of Achilles' tumulus, which we ascended, and surveyed the country inland to the foot of the Ida range. The valley which the classic Scamander and Simois water is of exceeding richness and under a good cultivation. Farm houses are scattered over it; and the minaret of a mosque pointed us to a Turkish village in the midst of olive and fig trees. The landscape was perfectly oriental. As we walked towards the town on the bluff above our anchorage, we came upon vineyards with the grape-clusters already set, enclosed by rude hedges of a sort of prickly broom, with fig, olive, and other trees along the borders. Water is carried in trenches along the rows of vines from stone fountain-heads higher up the hill-sides. As we climbed into one of these enclosures, a young Greek sprang up from his siesta on a straw mat beneath a large tree, and exchanged a few words of broken English with us very civilly. His costume was a loose vest, a bright scarf around his body, full, baggy trowsers tied under the knee and dropping over the leg half down, the universal close, red cap, and bare ankles and feet. Slippers and low shoes are common. This dress is becoming, and gave our fine-featured, and clear-eyed Adonis a really imposing air.

We were fortunate enough in the town to fall in with a kind of official, who could mix up a mongrel dialect of English, French, and several other tongues, and acts as interpreter to visitors. He asked us to his home, and gave us a good opportunity to observe the domestic economy of his people. The population is Greek and Jewish exclusively. It was Sunday with the latter, and St. Anastasius' feast day with the former; so we found everybody in their gala dress. The houses are all of stone with flat roofs, crowded together on narrow streets or lanes, running at almost every angle. Our entertainer took us up an outside flight of rough stone steps, from a front yard surrounded by a high stone wall and heavy gate, into a large square room unplastered, with two rows of dishes and other culinary utensils running around it near the ceiling, and hung underneath with embroideries of sacred subjects valued in the Greek church. Mattresses were piled up on one side behind a curtain, which, spread over the floor, make the sleeping accommodations of the household. His wife sat on the floor—a modest and quite genteelly behaved young woman, the mother of five children, the youngest of whom, three

months old, was lying awake on the floor, swathed from neck to feet like a cocoon, so as to render the movement of a muscle impossible, but as uncomplaining as if enjoying the largest liberty. This is the custom with babies. I do not see that the adult form suffers at all from it. The Greek men and women need not be ashamed of their physique.

Madame was in a careless undress of the general style of English and American women, which the Jewish females also wear, *sans* the hoop. Her husband explained her negligee to be occasioned by the recent death of her father. After the loss of a relative, the women do not dress up, or go into company, or to dances, or to any diversions for a year.

Our host presented us with wine of his own vintage, a pure and racy, but rough tasted article ; and offered us cigarettes, which he made on the spot from a very delicate Turkish tobacco, delfly wrapped in a small leaf of tissue paper and stuck in an amber mouth-piece, his wife politely handing us a coal from the open fireplace. The family is in good circumstances, but our friend bitterly complained of the Turkish exactions which take from this small town 140,000 piasters (\$5000) annually. Like everybody else, the Greeks expect "a good time coming" when their oppressions will cease. They are capable of better things. Our new acquaintance talked of old Troio and the great names of his *historia* with quite an intelligent enthusiasm.

The inhabitants were enjoying a warm afternoon in the streets ; a dozen women and children indefinite, crouched on the ground in gossip or frolic ; a few belles of the town, tricked out in finery, perched on the high walls to see and to be seen ; the men gathered in the *casinos*, or with a table out doors, sipping wine or coffee, and smoking either the cigarette, the chibouque, (a long reed-handled pipe,) or the fountain-pipe which passes the smoke through a glass vase of water and a lengthy, elastic tube. In one of these *cafes* or *casinos*, the Turkish police officer or tax-collector was sitting on a straw mat in Moslem gravity, with ponderous turban and sash, garnished with pistols and sword ; otherwise the costume is much like the Greeks. He eyed us in silence, with a manifest consciousness that his person carried a very considerable portion of his Sultanish master's importance. The Greek priest of the town, draped in black bombazine loose clothes,

with rosary in his fingers, was in another of these numerous resorts, chatting cozily with a parishioner. At another corner a knot of men was deep in a game of cards, with which these lazy and excitable people gamble to a great extent. We rowed back to our ship at sunset, much gratified that our first landing on these shores of the Orient should give us so complete a picture of eastern life. The specimen was all the more perfect as this community has no intermixture whatever of Frank inhabitants, by which name all Western Europeans and Americans are designated.

TROY.

The Major and myself procured horses and a Greek guide to visit the site of what was ancient Troy, two hours distant from our anchorage. Our nags were of the sorriest sort, infinitesimally, if at all, inoculated with the blood of Priam's famous mares, and as to equipment, there was but a single bridle and saddle among us. The first fell to the Major, and the last to me. Rope halters served for the other horses. The Major bestrode a huge thing made of rough wood and raw hide, and as he averred, stuffed with brick, looking much like an inverted mortar-hod, which he was glad to exchange very soon for the guide's stirrup-less pad. These wooden saddles are the common custom of the country.

Our route lay through long reaches of oak openings of a very venerable growth, alternating with olive groves scattered like a forest over the plain; next, across a wide, grassy vale watered by "the immortal rivulets," one of which, the Scamander—a few rods in breadth—we rode beside and forded. Over this rich interval, herds of goats, sheep, horses, and neat cattle were pasturing, watched by their Greek and Turkish keepers, making the landscape yet more picturesque with their gaily colored caps, turbans, tunics, and scarfs. Several Moslem villages dot these plains, looking prettily with their minarets among the thick foliages, but miserably squalid on a near view.

The spot now generally accredited as the site of the "alta mœnia Trojæ" occupies the slopes of two or three gentle declivities, at the foot of which the Scamander runs, backed by a ridge of high hills—the Ida range—and covered everywhere with broken rock, in a way entirely unlike the adjacent fields and emi-

nences. Its aspect is just what one would expect—acres of such ruin as centuries on centuries only can make, when hostile violence has done its worst in beginning the work of destruction. A Turkish village of twenty houses stands on a part of the ruins, in the rough walls of which we found marble and stone pillars, and others lying around, bearing marks of great age. In the rude, floorless *casino*, a full turbaned and trowsered Turk—a genuine “Hassan” or “Giaffir,” made us a cup of coffee and boiled us eggs on a hearth raised three or four feet above the ground, which was a single slab of clear white marble six inches thick by four feet long and two wide—the chiseling of which was antique and elaborate. In front, a cluster of grey beards were sitting cross-legged over their chibouques on the usual mat, leaning against a large stone cylindrical pillar, that *possibly* held up one of Ilium’s temples.

Large, beautiful, crane-like birds were flying and walking about, one of which kept his perch on the top of the minaret during the hour that we remained. They were white, with very red legs and bills, and seemed entirely tame like our doves. The Moslems hold the bird sacred, and make hollows at the ends of their horizontal grave-stones, to catch water for them to drink. Our Greek said that the name of this species is *lelek*.

To complete our surprises, on our way home we came up with a drove of eight camels, halting in an oak-grove, and browsing on the lower branches which their long, snaky necks easily reached. This uncouth animal can turn his head to any point of the compass without slackening his pace an instant.

20th. A sufficiently favorable breeze ended our blockade of six days; and, in a fleet of 200 sail flying the ensigns of all civilized nations, we made a brisk run between the castles of Europe and Asia into the Hellespont. At the town and forts of Dardanelles, fifteen miles up the strait, we had an exciting time, lying to and sending boats ashore to get our bills of health vised—amid the roar of cannon on either bank, warning any adventurous craft against attempting to elude this toll of about a dollar apiece. One or two Greeks showed signs of escape, but were promptly chased by an armed Turkish boat. This petty tax is a stupid and useless annoyance.

This strait is forty miles long and varies from one to three miles in width. The shores are bold ranges of hills running on

inland with rich vales opening between, all in the verdure of spring vegetation and beauty. Villages are frequent, and fortresses defend the pass on many a commanding point. Some of these are as old as the Genoese and Arab rule, and are in a very interesting state of ruin. The whole is a fine river scenery on a large scale. We studied the localities, where Xerxes led his immense host into Europe, and Alexander passed his army over into Asia; where the Greek boy swam across to meet his mistress—a gallant achievement. The romantic sites of Sestos and Abydos *vis a vis* each other over

“Helle’s wave—

As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave;—

but no cities now crown their slopes, hardly a broken wall marks their position. Better thus than to have so fair a spot disfigured with a dirty Greek or Turkish town. One solitary cottage half way up the cliff of Sestos peeped prettily from under a great green shade-tree.

Where the Hellespont debouches into the sea of Marmora, stands the city of Gallipoli (the ancient Callipolis) on the European side. This is an important naval station of the Turks. Its approach from below is unusually attractive, with its half dozen minarets, antique dark houses, and the massive ruin in the foreground, of the tower which the Sultan Bajazet built for its defence in 1391. The slopes to the south of the city are finely diversified with gardens and groves of olive. Vineyards abound, also, and the funereal cypress shoots up its tall, straight form—the burial-ground tree of the Moslem.

Marmora is a lake-like sheet of water, 120 miles long, and narrow enough to make its bold shores visible on both sides to the voyager. It takes its name from the marbles found on its islands. As we sailed along its still surface, the Mysian Olympus lifted its snowy head to the southeast. We saw, too, several mounds, which dot the landscape from Troy, like our western monumental tumuli,—the sepulchres of the Thracian and other kings, or mentes of victories in the heroic age of this now most unheroic country. The giants are no more among these hills.

NOTE. In the last number of this series, on page 190, line 33, for Malta, read Malea. The top line of page 191 belongs at the foot of 190. On page 191, line 38, for Ima, read Jura. On page 192, line 16, for Yet, read Yes.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

NO. II.

BY REV. A. S. WIGHTMAN.

IF men at a period of maturity were abiding in their physical and intellectual energies, our appeal to young men to hold themselves in readiness to catch their falling mantles, might be less earnest. But as things are; and they surely cannot be changed, those who now, in full maturity, act well their part of a great plan, will very soon manifest a marked want of adaptation to the responsible work of earth, and the young men, true to their position, to the great Governor of the universe, and to men, must advance and fill their places.

Act you must, earnestly and perseveringly, or some one noted for truthfulness shall write a significant *nothing* just opposite your name, chiselled in a half-polished slab, marking the place where one well nigh forgotten, sleeps unlamented and unhonored. If such a thought is humiliating, let it inspire you to divest yourselves of that disreputable tameness which must forever disqualify you for forming and commencing the execution of those plans of life, which, in their practical issues, are to honor you with the coronet of a philanthropist, and greatly bless the world.

Every young man should aim to be a great man. But let there be no misapprehension here. Many of the views which men entertain of the essential elements of true greatness are intolerable, and if endorsed by you, would work irreparable mischief. Some will declare him, who, with the deadly instruments and skill of civilization slaughters his thousands, to be the greatest man. Others will declare him who dares to insult the Bible and its system of Christianity, by writing out elaborate infidel theories, based partly upon the rocks and partly upon the so-called human reason, the greatest men. But he who loves his God and fellow-men and dares to do right, is a greater man than any of these.

Allow us to introduce Dr. Channing's definition of a great man, a better than which, I think, has never been given, and on which it will be perfectly safe to rely. "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest bur-

dens cheerfully ; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns ; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching."

According to this, which I am sure you will agree with me in saying is excellent, you are first to choose what is right. This will require careful observation, systematic thought, and logical analysis, for judgment formed from appearances, in many instances is not reliable. After an intelligent choice is made you are to maintain your position, not as the bigot whose firmness is nothing better than the stubbornness of the stupid brute ; but as one whose decisions are based upon an enlightened apprehension of what is right.

You are also to resist temptations in their various forms of approach. Ah ! here is great danger ; move with marked caution at this point. If one could always know at the first that it was Satan with whom he is holding a parley, the numbers caught in his insidious snares would be greatly lessened ; but his assumed angelic appearance is often the efficient means of thrusting barbed, poisoned arrows deep in simple hearts. The way in which young men journey is beset on either hand with bewitching bowery, gorgeously decorated with flowing evergreens and clustering flowers, beautiful in hue and structure, and charmingly odorous. But I beseech you enter them not, for in the centre of every garland which adorns their laticed walls, is treacherously coiled a loathsome viper, whose sting is highly charged with the virus of ruin.

You are also to meet all sacrifices requisite for the maintenance of true principle, cheerfully esteeming the right of more value than all of earth's treasures, with the frowns of an offended God upon you. You are to be calm, under trying and distracting opposition, leaving those to the force of agitation, who have no rock on which to stand. A moral tornado cannot rage in a heart consecrated to virtue and truth. You are also to be fearless under threatening. Atheism masked in legal garbs, may demand of you what God forbids, but beware how you obey laws which require a compromise of your duty to your Creator and your fellow man.

Do not esteem us as sanctioning sedition, for what we mean to say is, that men have as good a right to suffer and even die for the cause of virtue and truth, now, as they have had at any other age of the world. The flowing of a little pure martyr's blood might

be a *God-send* in the midst of these atheistical times. And finally, dare to do right, and with a firm reliance upon virtue, God and truth, change not your resolutions, however great the force which may prompt to the same. Stand in your dignity and conscious innocence,

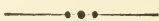
“As some tall cliff with awful form,
Swell from the vale and midway meets the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

In order that these important positions be maintained and these high responsibilities be met, you must get to yourselves such characters as shall fit you for the work. “We, all of us.” says John Randolph to his nephew, “have two educations, one of which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves.” It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the color of our fate hereafter. All the professors and teachers in the world would not make you a wise and good man without your own co-operation; and if such you are determined to be, the want of them will not prevent it. Let me exhort you to set about the work immediately, and earnestly. There may be many things already interwoven in your characters which are radically wrong, and hence must be corrected. This will be a work of perseverance, for it is often more difficult to undo what has been done wrong, than to do right what remains to be done. Do not be disheartened; but struggle manfully for deliverance, until disenthralled from the defect, and a brighter career shall lead you on. “All our observations and experience show that the characters of the young are moulded by education, comprehending all the means by which the intellect and moral feelings are developed, strengthened and disciplined.” According to this forcible truth which we most unqualifiedly endorse, you will be just what you make yourselves, and you can make yourselves what you wish to become. The whole matter then, under a merciful Providence, is in your own hands, and the fashioning will be your own, whether it be good or bad.

Labor for a “sound head, an honest heart and a humble spirit;” and this sublime *trio* shall conduct you safely to the portals of light. The obtaining of these will cost you an effort, time and

money ; but the investment will be safe. Allow me to refer you to the saying of one whose memory should be precious with every young American. Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says, " If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." Get for yourself a good library, and if you are not in circumstances to attend school, convert the corner of your bedroom into a little domestic college, cut your intellect loose from her moorings and let her try her sparkling pinions in the ambient air of human knowledge, and you will find new sources of joy of which you have hitherto been ignorant.

"Time is the warp of life ; O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."



LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

ACQUISITIONS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

It is a matter of special importance to you that you comprehend and thoroughly appreciate the difference between accomplishments and scientific literary acquisitions. A woman may have many acquisitions, and no accomplishments, in the usual meaning of that word, and *vice versa*. As the life of woman goes in this country, these acquisitions perform their most important office in the process by which they are achieved ;—that is, the great work which they do for a woman is that of training and disciplining her mind. Many a woman thoroughly learned Algebra at school, with decided advantage to herself, who never makes a practical use of Algebra. She may have been a good Latin or Greek scholar, but, having no important use for the acquisition in practical life, she suffers her knowledge of those languages to fade out. In short, there are very few of her text books which, in five years after leaving school, she would not be obliged to review with the severest study before she could reacquire the credit she won in her last examination. A woman may have a pet acquisition which she transforms by her manner of treatment, into an accomplishment. Botany is thus transformed, not unfrequently, into a very graceful thing.

An accomplishment differs from a science, or a system of truth of any kind, acquired during the process of education, in that it needs to be permanent, and so far as possible perfect, to be of any use to the individual or to society. Music, drawing, conversation, composition, the French language, dancing—all these in America are regarded as accomplishments; yet of fifty women who acquire either of them, not more than two retain them.

Miss Georgianna Aurelia Atkins Green was an intimate friend of mine, or, rather, perhaps I should say, her mother's brother boarded my horse, and I bought my meat of her father. It was the determination of Mrs. Green that her daughter should be a finished lady. During the finishing process I saw but little of her. It occupied three years, and was performed at a fashionable boarding-school, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, regardless of expense. When she was finished off, she was brought home in triumph, and exhibited on various occasions to crowds of admiring friends. I went one evening to see her. She was really very pretty, and took up her role with spirit, and acted it admirably. I saw a portfolio lying upon her piano, and knowing that I was expected to seize upon it at once, I did so, against Miss Green's protestation, which she was expected to make, of course. I found in it various pencil drawings, a crayon head of the infant Samuel, and a terrible shipwreck in India ink. The sketches were not without merit. These were all looked over, and praised, of course. Then came the music. This was some years ago, and the most that I remember is that she played *O Dolce Con-cento*, with the variations, and the Battle of Prague, the latter of which the mother explained to me during its progress. The pieces were cleverly executed, and then I undertook to talk to the young woman. I gathered from her conversation that Mrs. Martinet, the principal of the school where she had been finished, was a lady of "so much style!" that Miss Kittleton of New York was the dearest girl in the school, and that she (Georgianna) and the said Kittleton were such friends that they always dressed alike; and that Miss Kittleton's brother Fred was a magnificent fellow. The last was said with a blush, from the embarrassments of which she escaped gracefully by stating that the old Kittleton was a banker, and rolled in money.

It was easy to see that the parents of this dear girl admired

her profoundly. I pitied her and them, and determined, as a matter of duty, that I would show her just how much her accomplishments were worth. I accordingly asked of my wife the favor to invite the whole family to tea, in a quiet way. They all came, on the appointed evening, and after the tea was over, I expressed my delight that there was one young lady in our neighborhood who could do something to elevate the tone of our society. I then drew out in a careless way, a letter I had just received from a Frenchman, and asked of Miss Georgianna the favor to read it to me. She took the letter, blushed, went half through the first line correctly, then broke down on a simple word, and confessed that she could not read it. It was a little cruel; but I wished to do her good, and proceeded with my experiment. I took up a piece of music, and asked her if she had seen it. She had not. I told her there was a pleasure in store for both of us. I had heard the song once, and I would try to sing it if she would play the accompaniment. She declared she could not do it without practice, but I told her she was too modest by half. So I dragged her, protesting, to the piano. She knew she should break down. I knew she would, and she did. Well, I would not let her rise, for as Mr. and Mrs. Green were fond of the old-fashioned church music, and had been singers in their day, and in their way, I selected an old tune, and called them to the piano to assist. Miss Green gave us the key and we started off in fine style. It was a race to see which would come out ahead. Georgianna won, by skipping most of the notes. She rose from the piano with her cheeks as red as a beet.

“By the way,” said I, “Georgianna, your teacher of drawing must have been an excellent one.” I did not tell her that I had seen evidences of this in her own efforts in art, but I touched the right spring, and the lady gave me the teacher’s credentials, and told me what such and such people had said of her. “Well,” said I, “I am glad if there is one young woman who has learned drawing properly. Now you have nothing to do but to practise your delightful art, and you must do something for the benefit of your friends. I promised a sketch of my house to a particular friend, at a distance, and you shall come up to-morrow and make one. I remember that beautiful cottage among your sketches; and I should prize a sketch of my own, even half as well done,

very highly." The poor girl was blushing again, and from the troubled countenances of her parents, I saw they had begun indistinctly to comprehend the shallowness — the absolute worthlessness — of the accomplishments that had cost them so much. Georgianna acknowledged that she had never sketched from nature — that her teacher had never required it of her, and that she had no confidence that she could sketch so simple an object as my house. The Greens took an early leave, and I regret to say a cool one. They were mortified, and there was not good sense enough in the girl to make an improvement of the hints I had given her.

The Green family resided upon a street that I always took on my way to the post office, and there was rarely a pleasant evening that did not show their parlor alight, and company within it. I heard the same old variations of *O Dolce Concento*, evening after evening. The Battle of Prague was fought over and over again. The portfolio of drawings (such of them as had not been expensively framed) was exhibited, I doubt not, to admiring friends until they were soiled with thumbing. At last, Georgianna was engaged, and then she was married — married to a very good fellow, too. He loved music, loved painting, and loved his wife. Two years passed away; and I determined to ascertain how the pair got along. She was the mother of a fine boy, whom I knew she would be glad to have me see. I called, was treated cordially, and saw the identical old portfolio, on the identical old piano. I asked the favor of a tune. The husband, with a sigh, informed me that Georgianna had dropped her music. I looked about the walls, and saw the crayon Samuel, and the awful shipwreck in India ink. Alas! the echoes of the Battle of Prague that came back over the field of memory, and these fading mementos around me, were all that remained of the accomplishments of the late Miss Georgianna Aurelia Atkins Green.

Now, young woman, I think you will not need any assurance from me that I have drawn a genuine portrait, for which any number of your acquaintances may have played the original. What do you think of accomplishments like these? How much do they amount to? My opinion of them is that they are the shabbiest of all things that can be associated with a woman's life and history. I have told you this story in order to show you the

importance of incorporating your accomplishments with your very life. It is comparatively an easy task to learn a few tunes by rote ; to get up, with the assistance of a teacher, a few drawings ; to go through with a few French exercises ; but it is not so easy to learn the science of music, and go through the manual practice necessary to make the science available under all circumstances. It is not easy to sketch with facility from nature. It is not easy to comprehend the genius of the French language, and so to familiarize yourself with it that it shall ever remain an open language to you, and give you a key to a new literature. A true accomplishment is won only by hard work ; but when it is won, it is a part of you, which nothing but your own neglect can take away from you.

And now let me tell you a secret. Multitudes of married men are led to seek the society of other women, or go out among their own fellows, and often into bad habits, because they have drunk every sweet of life which their wives can give them. They have heard all their tunes, seen all their efforts at art, sounded their minds, and measured every charm, and they see that henceforth there is nothing in the society of their wives but insipidity. They married women of accomplishments, but they see never a new development — no improvement. Their wives can do absolutely nothing. The shell is broken ; the egg is eaten.

The first accomplishment that I would urge upon you, is that of using the English language with correctness, elegance and facility. There are comparatively, few young women who can write a good note. I know of hardly one who can punctuate her sentences properly. I beg of you never to write affection with a single *f*, or friendship without an *i* in the first syllable. Such slips destroy the words, and the sentiments they represent. If you accomplish yourselves in nothing else, learn thoroughly how to use your mother tongue. I remember one young woman with whom, when in youth I had the misfortune to correspond. In the arrenness of subjects upon which to engage her pen, she once inquired by note whether I ever saw such “a spell of wether,” as we had been having. I frankly informed her that I never did, and I hoped she would never indulge in such another, for it made me cool. She took the hint and broke off the correspondence.

There are many who can write tolerably well, but who cannot talk. Conversation, I am inclined to rank among the greatest accomplishments and the greatest arts. Natural aptness has much to do with this, but no woman can talk well who has not a good stock of definite information. I may add to this, that no woman talks well and satisfactorily who reads for the simple purpose of talking. There must exist a genuine interest in the affairs which most concern all men and women. The book, magazine, and newspaper literature of the time, questions of public moment, all matters and movements relating to art, affairs of local interest—all these a woman may know something of, and know something definitely. Of all these she can talk if she will try, because there is something in all which excites feeling of some kind, and shapes itself into opinion.

But whatever accomplishment a young woman attempts to acquire, let her by all means acquire it thoroughly and keep it bright. Accomplishments all occupy the field of the arts. They are things which have no significance or value save in the ability of doing. They become, or should become, the exponents of a woman's highest personality. They are her most graceful forms of self-expression, and into them she can pour the stream of her thoughts and fancies, and through them utter the highest language of her nature and her culture. Accomplishments make a woman valuable to herself. They greatly increase her pleasure, both directly in the practice, and indirectly through the pleasures which she gives to society. A truly accomplished woman—one whose thoughts have come naturally to flow out in artistic forms, whether through the instrumentality of her tongue, her pen, her pencil, or her piano, is a treasure to herself and to society. Such a woman as this would I have you to be. There may be something to interfere with your being all this; but this you can do: you can acquire thoroughly every accomplishment for which you have a natural aptitude, or you can let it alone. Do not be content with a smattering of anything. Do not be content to play parrot to your teachers, until your lesson is learned, and then think you are accomplished. Do not be content with mediocrity in any accomplishment you undertake. Do not be content to be a Miss Georgianna Aurelia Atkins Green.—*From Timothy Titcomb's Letters.*

LITTLE THINGS.

NO. III.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

I HAVE written you several articles on this subject; perhaps your readers have had enough of it. And yet there are other things I would like to say upon the subject of *little* things. I have given a variety of illustrations in the Happy Home, of the influence of little things upon the complex machinery of human life. I have spoken of the bearing of a single thought or emotion, or purpose, upon one's whole future and character, and upon the age and world. I have spoken of what is called *influence*, which is made up of a vast variety of little things, as illustrating their power to determine the course of human character and events.

I will now speak of *temptation*—as having a bearing upon this subject. One of the peculiarities of temptation is its indirectness, or the advantage it takes of slight impressions and conquests. It does not rudely shock the consciousness. It works its triumphs by gradual methods, by unperceived processes, and by captivating arts. Mountain heights of criminality are ascended gradually, circuitously. The *engine* is powerless against a perpendicular, or on too heavy a grade. I might better say the depths of degradation and guilt are reached, not by one rash plunge, but gradually—step by step—till the bottom is reached. Satan seldom plays upon us a bold game. He first shows us his wing rather than his foot. He covers his darts and arrows with a gilded drapery. Temptation never reveals her wills at once; but uses agreeable arts, plausible methods, winning ways and words, till she weave about us a silken web, or bind us with the cords of death. She lies long in ambush, whispers, reasons, frames apologies, excuses, pretexts, creeps in the garden, sings among the trees, glitters in fashion, captivates in wealth, fascinates in arts and beauty, charms in pleasure, and all in exact accordance with the nature and tendencies and tastes of her victim. Dr. Watts has expressed it exactly in the following inimitable stanza:

She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And makes a fair pretense,
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

Temptation is not rude, and rough, and rash, but slow, soft, sly, insinuating, but sure, unless resisted betimes. It only enters open doors, after a gentle rapping and a gracious or reluctant welcome. It appeals to the impressible in man; does no sudden violence either to the views or tastes. It carries weak points and out-posts, one after another, till it comes at last to the very citadel of character. It goes upon the waving lines of consent and conquest, till all is swept, as by the besom of destruction. As the letting forth of waters, the first little stream that a thirsty man could have drunk dry, cutting its channel deeper and deeper, and wider and wider, at length sweeps the mighty foundations away.

I am saying here, that temptation illustrates the power of little things. I might add that its power lies in little things mainly—in the use it makes of them. These are its instruments; here is the hiding of its power. It can make no use of great things; so that the management of temptation, or the controlling of it, lies in a power to perceive and control little influences, little arts, little encroachments, little things.

Let me say, likewise, that temptation is relative, not absolute. What would be a powerful temptation to one, would be no temptation at all to another. It does not, indeed, make us vile, so much as it shows us or proves us to be vile; and every such showing and proving makes us more vile. It touches the tinder that leads to a magazine of elements. If these elements are not explosive, it is harmless; otherwise, it is destructive.

Let each one seek to be such as temptation has no power over, to have within himself a *reservoir* of good principles and affections, such as temptation attacks in vain.

THE MERRY LAUGH.

I love to hear a merry laugh,
Out-ringing wild and free,
As floats the music of the winds
Across the sunny sea.

The merry laugh goes hand in hand
With happiness and mirth;
And at its silvery toned command
Joy nestles round each hearth.

The merry laugh bespeaks a heart
With noble feelings warm,

One that will bravely do its part
In sunshine or in storm.

The music of a merry laugh
Sets aged hearts aglow,
The smiles gleam o'er the wrinkled brow
Like sunlight on the snow.

Then let the merry laugh ring out
Upon the balmy air,
And let its gladness put to rout
The bold intruder—Care.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

BY REV. C. E. LORD.

THE great sin of our land is the ungodly worship of mammon. Where Solomon said "wisdom is the principal thing," our practice virtually exclaims, money is the principal thing. Not more idolatrous were the Israelites in their worship of the Golden Calf, than is the prevailing idolatry of the everlasting dollar. It is sickening to every shrewd observer, and reveals the most lamentable weakness of moral principle, to see the profound and heartfelt homage we pay to wealth. And this contagion runs through our schools, and higher institutions of learning, infects the very sanctuary of benevolent enterprise, intrudes into the church of God, poisons the generous impulses of youth, and makes a burlesque of religion itself. Nor does this undue and most unwise veneration for money affect one class of society alone; it affects all, more or less. Like the malaria of our great cities, it creeps into the by-paths—the houses of the poor and the rich; it permeates crevices and corners, wide streets and narrow lanes. It acts like an epidemic poisoning the fresh air, and tapping secretly, but certainly all the fountains of health. If there is anything that should mantle the cheek with shame, it is the peculiar emphasis, the sly meaning couched so often in the common interrogatory, *How much is he worth?* Some unsophisticated generous heart, some good self-denying soul, would perhaps infer from this question, so often put, that certainly it did not generally, or at least, always refer to money—he would in his simplicity exclaim, *worth and riches are not in common language, always synonymous terms.* Alas, the mistake made! *How much is he worth?* Let us examine this every day Shibboleth, so easy for some to pronounce, so hard for others to utter. Riches, and material prosperity, are but talents to be improved, inferior to other talents, but yet the worth consists in the right use, the benefit in the improvement. According to the philosophy of the gospel, riches are but loaned gifts—rightly used they are a blessing, ill used a curse. To be rich in this world's goods is an advantage, a privilege, simply and exclusively so when properly improved. But not so in the vocabulary of the world—riches are strictly looked upon as an end, the great object of life, the true reward of labor, the su-

preme god to be worshipped. Our love and veneration for a thing is to be measured exclusively by our affection, sacrifice, and practical living for it. And is it not true that the question so common, how much is he worth? reveals a great and lurking sin in the public mind? It is not the question so much in itself, as the emphasis put upon it, the manner in which it is asked, that is objected to. It is because the idea is so common, that riches is worth, and worth riches, that moral excellence is transmuted into gold, and that godliness is not so much great gain, as great gain is godliness. It is because self-sacrificing poverty is so contemned, and open-handed benevolence that despises a miserly spirit, is so practically ignored. These are the reasons why the making haste to be rich is such a prevailing epidemic of the day. There is nothing unlawful, immoral, or contrary to the gospel in its accumulation, in itself considered; but an idolatrous veneration of it, the looking upon it as the prize of life, the door that opens to all respectability and honor, this, *this* is the ruin that marks our age and land. No language can portray the protean shapes that avarice assumes; no words describe the evil consequences which the love of money leads, whether the golden idol is recognized or not, whether we confess it or not, yet when we seek the true solution of the existing state of society, it may briefly be comprehended in making haste to be rich.

One great evil that accompanies this haste to be rich is the false standard it creates of living. What a poor idea of life, that it is granted by God to us for the purpose of having a little time to flutter in the frivolities, and the glittering tinsel of the world; to act our part for a short period upon the stage seeking whom we may eclipse in ornament and parade, and in the practised arts and graces of fashion! What an ignoble estimate of probation, that it is a butterfly season for basking in the luxuries of wealth, and the pleasures simply of what is termed "high life." And yet the making haste to be rich creates and fosters this very evil. Riches are necessary to buy fine houses and gardens, to appear resplendent in costly equipage and dress; riches are necessary to live in the charmed circle of the "upper ten," to have palaces of marble and to sport rare jewels, and here comes the temptation. Let us make haste to be rich says the young and needy aspirant as he sees roll by his humble dwelling, the silver-embossed carriage and

prancing steeds of the man of wealth. Let us make haste to be rich says the envious crowd gazing upon the sumptuous mansions and grounds of the favored few, for life is short. Let us make haste to be rich, says the loitering observer, the mechanic, the broker, the merchant, the student, and the professional man, for why not step into the king-row on the chess-board of life? why remain only in humble places? Ah! the motto, "every thing has a price," is peculiarly true here. Does the soul longing to be rich, hoping, praying, toiling, fasting for this object, estimate as it should be estimated, the sleepless nights and anxious days, the detraction, the envy, the deceit, the pains of body and heart, the loss of principle, the savage animosity of rivals, the meanness, the graceless neglect of dependents, and the uncertainty, the danger, the fearful loss to the soul that must often be met, in this making haste to be rich? Does a bed of down, does the regal splendor of a stately mansion pay for the loss of peace of mind, a quiet conscience, and the love of Christ? How does this making haste to be rich environ us about with a mighty phalanx of evils! How opposed is this to the spirit of prayer! how inimical to Christian watchfulness! how deadly to growth in grace! It is *this* that throws down all the natural defences of the soul; *this* that opens the heart to the enemy's keenest shafts; *this* that quenches the fire of devotion; *this* that sows our moral nature with thorns and thistles, *this* that chokes with weeds the young plants of goodness; *this* that embitters the purest fountain of domestic peace; *this* that engenders social and individual ruin; *this* that is the mother of public panic; *this* that shuts out the light of heaven, and *this*, unless the grace of God interpose, which will hurry the restless, blind, infatuated, covetous soul, from the poor paltry enjoyment of earthly idols, to the irreversible experience of a wretched eternity.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
 Short and dark as our life may appear,
 We may make it still darker by sorrow—
 Still shorter by folly and fear.
 Half our troubles are half our invention,
 And often from blessings conferred
 Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
 Of evils—that never occurred!

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

THE PET LAMB.

BY JANETTE.

"Now tell us that story;" said Willie, "Bridget has cleared away the tea things, and 'tis stormy, no one will come in. We are all ready to hear it, cousin Jenny."

"Are you? What shall I tell you a story about?"

"O, about your home in the country, about the chickens, ducks and lambs."

"I guess your mother would not like to hear such stories."

"O, yes," said mother. "I like to hear them about as well as the children. It reminds me of the time when I stayed with your mother before you was born, and fed the chickens and played with the lambs."

"Do you have the same lambs now?" said Willie.

"No, they would be rather old sheep now; but I will tell you about some lambs."

"It was a cold morning, the snow was still on the ground, when my father brought in a basket with two little lambs in it, saying, 'girls, these lambs have lost their mother; what shall we do with them? you may have them for yours and make them live if you can. We looked at them, one was white as snow, the other was black.'"

"I wish I could see a lamb," said Willie, "how large are they and what do they look like, like a cat? and do they have hair?"

"About as large as your cat, only longer legs, with feet like your cow's feet, very small, and they have wool instead of hair, which looks like fine, curly hair."

"Oh, how I should love a little lamb!" said Ada.

"Yes, we loved them very much, and a black one was a rarity for us to see. We put some straw in the basket, and made them a nice warm bed, and wanted to put them near the fire. But father and mother said they were not used to the fire, and it would injure them; the back side of the room would be warm enough. I cannot tell you all the trouble we had to teach them to drink milk, nor how often they would spill the whole of it, after it was nicely warmed. But we never got tired of trying, and they did learn after awhile to drink, just as your cow drinks water, only they would get down on their knees, to get at the dish better. How sad we felt the first night we left them down in the kitchen alone, we could hardly sleep for thinking of them. We did not need to be called in the morning, and oh, how glad we were to find them living, though I think we should have taken them to bed with us, if father and mother had not said no, so decidedly. We were obliged to submit though it did seem so hard. They always had enough to eat, and our good mother often said we should kill them with kindness. So they began to grow, and soon the basket was too small, and was changed for a large box to give them room. As the weather

became warmer we carried them out into the sunshine. But they did not like it very well, for they soon learned to get up and follow us back into the house. When the grass began to grow, we had a little yard for them near the house, but they did not like to stay there alone."

"Did they not want to go with the sheep?" said Willie.

"No, they would run away from them, but seemed very well contented when we were there. We would spread our aprons and they would lie down on them. When they were not near, we would call them and they would answer, and come skipping over the hill to meet us. We called them lambs all summer, but when winter came, father said they must live with the sheep, and eat hay like sheep. They learned to be contented after awhile, but we used to go and see them many times a day and carry them some choice bit. But the black one always loved to be in the house best, and if the door was left open we were sure to hear the black lamb's feet pattering along. He would go into every room, into the parlor if the door was open, or pat away up stairs, and would always put his nose in a pail of milk if he could find it. He was troublesome in the night if any one went to the barn; he would slide into the house behind them and keep very still, and he was so black they could not see him; so he would lie there all night."

"O, what a rogue," said Ada, "and did he always keep so tame as that when he grew older?"

"Yes, he never forgot us. He was put with the sheep in the summer, but he would always answer when we spoke to him as we passed the pasture, and come leaping over the bushes and fences to meet us, and this tameness cost him his life at last."

"O, tell us how," said both at once.

"He was not afraid of a dog, for we had one that was almost as much of a pet as the lamb, and they used to play together. But a bad dog came among them, the other sheep were afraid and ran, but this one was not afraid, and the dog bit him in the neck very badly. It was a long time before it healed, and when it did he had a cough, grew poor, seemed sick, and father said he would die. It was winter and he had a nice warm bed, but he grew worse, and after he was too weak to get up he would bleat if we spoke to him and whenever he heard us near him. The last time I saw him, he called me as long as he could hear my step. Then I sat down and cried a long time."

"Now Willie can you tell me of another lamb that died?"

"Jesus Christ was called a lamb, was he not?"

"Yes, and can you tell me, Ada, why he died."

"He died for our sins," said Ada.

"And can you say your Sabbath school lesson which was so hard, beginning with John 1:29?"

"O, cousin Jenny, did you make up this story to make me love my Sabbath school lesson better?"

"No, this story is all true, but if it makes you love your Sabbath school lesson better, shall be glad. I hope, too, it will make you think of the Lamb of God. We loved our lamb and you love him, and love to hear me tell about him; but the Lamb of God taketh away the sins of the world. Dear Ada and Willie, he will take away your sins, if you will love Him and trust Him."

CULLED FLOWERS.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"Mamma," said Lizzie, after she was undressed, "this finger and this thumb has been naughty to-day."

"What have they done?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from your cupboard," said the little girl.

"Did nobody tell them to do it?" asked mamma. Lizzy looked down.

"I did not *hear* any body tell them," she answered, softly.

"Did they eat the raisins," asked mamma.

"They put them in my mouth," answered Lizzy.

"Were you not to blame to take them?" asked mamma; "your fingers had no right to them you know."

"They gave them to me," said the little girl.

"But the Bible says, if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. Must we cut any part of this little hand off?" asked mamma.

"What is offend?" asked the child.

"Making you do wrong," said mamma.

"But it was only one finger and one thumb," said Lizzy.

"They are two little thieves, then, for they took what did not belong to them. They can no longer be trusted; we must shut them up," said mamma.

Lizzy looked very sorry, while her mother found some black cloth and wound round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt clumsy. She went to bed and arose in the morning with them still shut up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"O, no," said mamma; "we have no proof that they are sorry yet, therefore it is not safe to trust them; they may directly go into the cupboard again."

"I think they are very sorry," said Lizzie, in a pitiful tone.

"But they have not said so," said mamma.

Lizzy went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. How she held her spoon I cannot tell. I do not think she ate much, for she looked unhappy.

By and by the little girl came to her mamma, with tears rolling down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "it was *I* made my fingers naughty — I — naughty I; I'm to blame."

"O, then, said mamma, "let us set the captives free;" and off came the black rags directly. Mamma took the little fat hand in hers, and said, "These fingers are pinching fingers, or stealing or striking fingers, just as Lizzy says. They are her little servants, whom God gave her to be usefully employed."

"And they *shall* be, mamma," cried the child. "They are not to blame; it is only I, naughty I. I am so sorry."

Mamma took Lizzy aside, and then knelt down, and prayed to God to forgive this little child for taking what did not belong to her and then wickedly

trying to throw the blame somewhere else. Lizzy put up her hand for mamma to kiss; and ever since it has had a good little mistress as need be.

THE BROOK.

Little brook, where is your home?
From the mountain do you come
Truant, have you lost your way,
That so far you seem to stray?

Stealing softly through the grass,
Yet betraying where you pass,
By the soft and lively green
Of your pretty velvet screen.

Peeping from its hiding-place,
Soon is seen your laughing face.
Whither now, so full of glee,
Little brooklet do you flee?

Down the mossy bank you glide,
Where the fragrant violets hide,

Where the gentle summer breeze
Whispers in the leafy trees;

Where the song of merry bird
In the shadowy grove is heard,
As he flits from spray to spray,
Carolling his joyous lay.

When the winters's icy chains
Circle round your leaping veins,
Pretty brook, your song will cease
Till the spring your bands release.

Through the fields and meadows gay,
Then you take your winding way,
And the little flowers rejoice,
As they list your silvery voice,

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

I wonder if the little boys and girls for whom so many interesting articles are written, ever think of those little children from whom their Heavenly Father has withheld seeing eyes. Children, when you think of the blind, you should thank God for giving you the organ of sight—He has been good to you, indeed far better than you deserve. I want to tell you about a little girl I saw at an institution for the blind, a short time ago. It was twilight when I went into the room, where some of the children were at play, and so dark that I could not distinguish objects in the room, yet they were playing merrily in the dark, for darkness and light are alike to them.

One of the children was playing with a doll. I approached her, she put forth her hand and commenced feeling over me; she said directly that I was a stranger. She entered into conversation with me, told me she was seven years old, had been two years at the institution; talked of her beautiful doll, and would pass her hand over its face, satisfied that it was indeed pretty. While an older pupil was playing and singing for me, I took little Bettie on my lap and asked her if she could sing. She told me she could, and when the other ceased, I asked for a song. She handed her doll to one of the girls to nurse for her, and broke forth into as clear and sweet a song, as I ever listened to. Even now sometimes the silvery notes of that song sound in my ear. After thanking her for her song, and putting her down, she danced so joyfully over the room with her doll, that I could not help contrasting her, happy even in her blindness, with the more favored children of light.

Children, are you as happy as little blind Bettie? If you wish to be happy, be good—for the good alone are happy; the wicked may appear to be happy but they are not, for they transgress the law of God, and he has said, that the way of the transgressor is hard."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

"HEIRS OF GOD." Rom. viii. 17.

TRUE Christians are rich. Though they may possess little or no silver and gold, they are rich because they are the "heirs of God." "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." They are rich in love, peace, joy and hope, now; but they are "heirs" to an inheritance that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." The heir may not yet possess. He may be a minor, and rich only prospectively. Yet his title is good to the property that will finally make him rich. No one can appropriate it to himself without the heir's consent. It cannot be sold or bartered because the heir has a claim upon it. The law is on his side, and public sentiment is on his side; and both unite to preserve his title clear and strong. Hence we speak of a person being rich before he actually comes into possession of his inheritance. It is secured to him as the heir, just as really as it would be if actually possessed. Hence he is rich before he handles a dollar of the thousands inherited—virtually rich when he is actually poor. It is so with the Christian. As we have already said, he is rich now in an important sense; but his great possessions are not yet inherited. He has a sure title to them—the last will and testament of the Lord Jesus Christ, signed and sealed by Jehovah himself. They will be his as surely as God exists. When earthly treasures have wasted away, and all their glitter and splendor is lost, these true riches, exhaustless and imperishable, will be his. "Things present and things to come, and this world, and life and death, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." And far more, too. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived, all that is laid up for the heir in the Father's kingdom. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." All that is worth the soul's having is his! This is wealth indeed! The heir to all these treasures—enjoyments—glories—must be rich.

Was not this the object for which Christ lived and died? Did he not become poor in order to make his true followers rich? "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." What love and benevolence is here! Who but the Saviour ever voluntarily became poor, so poor as not to own a place for resting the weary head, to make his enemies rich? It is often said of the unfortunate man,

who has lost his wealth, and who now pines in penury, "he has seen better times." We might say the same of Jesus Christ, as we follow him in his earthly sojourn, a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Surely, "he had seen better times." He enjoyed all the true riches of heaven with the Father, yet he relinquished them for poverty and reproach, that penitent, believing souls might become heirs to the wealth of the skies. Before he became incarnate, what an estate was his! "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountain, and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry I would not tell thee; for the world is mine, and the fullness thereof." And he might have added, "Heaven is mine, too, with all its countless treasures, the half of which, even the eyes of angels never beheld, filling, as they do, eternity with their costly stores." All this is sacrificed to make the penitent, broken-hearted sinner rich! A poor Saviour, and rich followers! The like was never known in all the human, and even in all other divine plans, that ever blest the world.

RUSTING OUT.

THE fear that certain resolute, active, ever-busy persons will "*wear themselves out*," is often expressed by their friends. They do not see how it is possible for flesh and blood to withstand so much hard work. If their physical power should break down some day, suddenly, they would not be surprised at all, since their opinion has been that so much labor must wear a man out.

Now, we would not assert that a person cannot wear out, for this would be untrue. We shall simply affirm that more men *rust out* than wear out. A degree of activity and toil is necessary to keep the powers in a working condition. They corrode and become impaired by disuse. It is with man, in this respect, as it is with machines and other things. Stop that factory, where a hundred or more hands have been employed, and let its machinery rest for the next five years, and it will be injured more than it would by running during that time. The accumulated rust of these several years would be a greater detriment than the wear and tear of motion. Shut up a house, and exclude therefrom every tenant—let it remain unoccupied for a series of years, and it will be materially injured for the want of that care which occupancy secures. Let the farmer hang up his utensils, the hoe, shovel and axe; let his plough stop in the furrow, and every other implement of husbandry be laid aside, and how long would it take the rust to render them unfit for use? Stop the engines upon a railroad, and let them cease to thunder over the plains, and through the valleys—would they last forever? Nay. They would very soon become useless by the corroding touch of time. The rust

would eat them up faster than daily use in drawing the ponderous train. Thus it is with almost everything. They must be used to be kept fit for use.

It is not less true of our mental and physical powers. There is less friction, and more ease and grace of motion, when they are used daily and systematically. God made them for use, and not for disuse. Let them remain idle for a season, and they become weak and imbecile. A lazy mechanic or farmer is more exposed to the gout, and a score of other evils, than he who toils early and late. A lazy student is sure to have a dull, sluggish mind, however brilliant his powers may be by nature. He brings little or nothing to pass, because his mental faculties rust out so much faster than they will wear out. He is never heard of beyond the narrow circle in which he moves, and he is known there principally for his inefficiency. He dies before he lives out half his days, and is laid away in the grave somewhat as the artisan lays aside a machine constructed for brilliant purposes, but never used, both alike having *rusted out*.

Said an old gentleman of more than eighty years, who had been an industrious, driving man all his days, "Certain persons used to tell me, when I was a young man, that I should wear myself out before I was forty years of age; but I told them 'they would *rust out* before I should wear out.' Those persons were all in their graves long ago," he added, "and here I am at eighty, able to labor every day, and good for ten years more." Rust is more destructive than toil.

LOOKING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

THERE is a story of Abdallah, a heartless Bedouin of the Desert, running as follows. One day he took shelter from a pelting storm, in the cave of Ben Omar. The latter was happy, though not elated, and was clad in garments that corresponded with his inward content. The former was evidently chafed and worried, while he was arrayed in the finest costume, wearing upon his head a costly turban, glittering with precious stones, that were plundered from a travelling merchant. As the fierce Bedouin robber looked upon the face of Ben Omar, he saw the traces of an enjoyment which he did not possess himself. He was unacquainted with true repose or security, for his criminal life exposed him to the constant assaults of fear, and the retributions of outraged justice. As he looked upon the undisturbed countenance of the anchorite, and thought of his own condition, he said,

"Omar, thou art wise! I can overtake the fleet ostrich; I can overcome the armed caravan, and I know where to find every spring of the desert; tell me where I must look to obtain wisdom." The reply of

Omar was brief and pointed. "*Look backwards and forwards,*" he said, as Abdallah turned his steed towards the wilderness. Without stopping to reply, he dashed away into the dense forest, with the words of the anchorite ringing in his ear, "*Look backwards and forwards.*" He could not banish them from his mind. They followed him by day and haunted him by night. Now he could not help looking backwards and forwards, if he would. He did, indeed, look backwards — and he saw iniquity of the deepest dye staining his youth and manhood — a life of crime rose up like a spectre, to appal and torment his soul. He did, indeed, look forwards — and he beheld nothing but ignominy and condemnation, unless repentance should work a great change in his course. He trembled in view of his guilt, and finally fled from the caves and plunder of the desert, to become a wise, humble, and penitent citizen and neighbor, seeking the good of the needy and oppressed, and becoming the friend of all.

There is a lesson for all in this ancient story. It is well for every one to "look backwards and forwards," in a world like this, in order to make the most of life, and best prepare for its duties. Looking backwards, we behold the errors and moral dangers of the past — we see the rocks on which our hopes were well nigh wrecked — and we learn how to demean ourselves in future, that we may walk more circumspectly and safely. Experience is a good teacher for all who are disposed to sit at her feet and learn. Her wisest counsels are often poignant with rebukes, and her commonest instructions of the most practical character. She holds up our iniquities to expose their deformities, and incite us, by the painful contrast, to live better in time to come. In short, she utters the language of wisdom, and says, with the poet,

"Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer."

Looking "forwards," we have a view of responsibilities to be met, of duties to be performed, of rewards to be enjoyed, or retributions to be experienced. There is probable change, joy and sorrow, disappointment and "hope deferred," in the future. There is character to be formed and sustained, important posts to occupy, and temptations to overcome. The "world, the flesh, and the devil," are combining to carry the soul away captive, and their cunning wiles are to be resisted. In short, the issues of this mortal life, as related to another and higher state of existence, may depend upon what remains of our being here below. How wise, then, to heed the advice of Omar, the anchorite, and "*look backwards and forwards!*"

A THOUGHT OVER A BUCKET.

HAVING a dry well, we have been obliged, for two or three weeks, to obtain a supply of water from a neighboring well, that seems to be replenished continually by an exhaustless spring. Although several families are dependent upon it, it fails not. For every pail-full that is taken out, another pail-full comes in. The supply and demand seem to be equal. Like the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil, that kept full, however much was used, the well is about "so so," after all the consumers have been supplied. But the well would be of little use without a bucket. This is provided to draw the cooling beverage from the deep fountain below. We must draw it up by the single pail-full at a time. Even if the well were to be drained, it could be done only by taking one bucket full after another. The bucket is as important as the well in one respect.

How aptly the well symbolizes the Bible, as the great repository of divine truth! The well of salvation is never dry. Its supply is equal to the demand. No matter how many draw therefrom, the exhaustless fountain is full. After one and another have taken all the truth they need, there is still as much left for others who are yet to come. Thousands are drawing from it daily, and ten times ten thousand more would not diminish that which remains. They have been drawing from time immemorial; and were the whole world to draw henceforth, till time shall end, the well of truth would still be full. When a preacher expounds the Scriptures, and unfolds the truth as it is in Jesus, he is only drawing a bucket full from the great reservoir; and though all the preachers in the world should dispense the gospel night and day, in time to come, they could never draw it dry. Christian volumes and sound sermons are only buckets full of this water of life. Bunyan drew a little when he wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Baxter, when he penned the *Saint's Rest*, and Alleine, when he gave his "Alarm" to the public, and thus on through a long catalogue of worthy names. Men and women have been busy with their buckets, and millions have been blest and satisfied thereby, and still the invitation of the Great Proprietor is, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." There is enough and to spare in this perennial spring of truth. Ye need not fear that its waters will fail, for the supply is equal to the resources of God himself. Draw as much as you please, draw as often as you please, draw when you please, draw for as many as you please — the well of life is ever full.

COST OF PLEASURE.

It is said that Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was banqueting, on one occasion, with the dignitaries of her realm, when she dissolved a jewel, worth three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and drank it to the health of Antony. At this enormous cost, she sought to gratify her desire for worldly pleasure. We are all surprised at her folly, and pronounce her anything but wise. We wonder how any woman in her senses could be so carried away by the excitement of the banqueting hall, as to prepare and drink such a costly draught. Yet, there is actually as much thoughtlessness exhibited around us. In pleasure scenes, at the present day, this strange affair is re-produced, so far as relates to the expensive sacrifice. How many there are of both sexes, who dissolve the immortal soul, a pearl upon which no price can be set, in the cup of worldly pleasure! At this moment, there are scores of young men and maidens in our land, who are parting with their souls in this foolish and sensual way. Then call not Cleopatra a thoughtless, extravagant woman, for dissolving a jewel worth less than half a million of dollars, for pleasure, when many in our day, as foolishly, throw away the soul, for which a wise man would not receive the whole world in exchange.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE LITTLE STREET SWEEPER.

THE tales of poverty in our populous cities are numerous and often heart-rending. The following, from the journal of one who did good service for the Five Points Mission of New York city, is very touching:

One pleasant Sabbath morning, in the year 1850, a crowd of children, beggars, street sweepers, and thieves, was clustered around the door of the mission room of the Methodist Missionary Society at the Five Points: the sounds of prayer and praise, strange and unusual to them, perhaps heard by many of them for the first time in their lives, had drawn them thither.

Among the crowd I noticed a little girl, barefooted, bareheaded, dressed in rags. She was leaning on the stump of a broom, and behind a face so filthy that the color of her skin could scarcely be distinguished, was a beautiful bright blue eye, and as she gazed intently upon the strange scenes before her, her wild and excited look was peculiarly interesting.

Some of the ladies of the Mission approached her, but she fled towards "Murderer's Alley," and with a wild laugh disappeared up the dark passages of that frightful den.

In a few moments back she came, but stood only for an instant. A

long, lank, hideous creature, who stood on the steps of the "Old Brewery," in the midst of a vagrant crew, sent forth a stream of curses in the wild Irish tongue, which so terrified the child, that she caught up the broom and fled towards Broadway, there to sweep the cross-walks, and hold out her hand, and beg of the passers-by for—"a penny! Only one penny! for her poor, dying mother, who lives in a low, damp cellar, sick and in great distress." Yes, that hideous creature, who has been a drunkard for years, and has burrowed in the dark holes and hiding places in the "Old Brewery," lives entirely on the money which this little street-sweeper brings home after a weary day's labor, without food, rest, or shelter from the storm that has beat around her from early morn until late at night. And when she drags her wearied limbs to her home——'home!' Oh, what a frightful home! A small, dark corner with a heap of straw, in a room crowded with scores of filthy creatures, and there amid the ravings of a drunken mother, or perchance the indescribable scene of "waking" some poor wretch who has gone to his long home;—yes!—through this crowd of dead, dying or drunken creatures, the child creeps to her corner and there spends the night, and knows no other home.

A few weeks passed away, and this little girl was induced to enter the Mission Chapel, and take a seat among the children who had been gathered from the alleys, from the garrets, cellars, and dark places in this vile region. For a while she was timid, but soon, kind words, pleasant faces, and a manifest solicitude to make her happy, gave her confidence in her new friends, and she was regular in her attendance.

Months rolled away, and the little girl was still a punctual attendant; no longer the dirty-faced, ragged girl of the past, but with clean clothes and clean face, and her joyous and pleasant voice the loudest and sweetest among the class of little ones who sang in strains that thrilled the heart of all who heard them.

One Sunday morning her seat was vacant. In the company of some of the ladies of the Mission, we visited her. We found her sick. The room was occupied by forty people, who all ate, drank, and slept in this same room.

Mary and her mother occupied a dark corner of this room, while the stench arising from the filth was nauseating. We urged her to consent to be taken to some more comfortable place, but her invariable answer was—"I will never leave my mother." Provisions and clothing were given her, and she was made as comfortable as she could be in such a terrible den.

Time rolled on: she failed rapidly, and to all appearance was going into a decline. By the earnest entreaty of Mr. Pease she consented (only on condition that her mother should go with her, which was granted) to be removed to the "House of Industry," and there they had the best of care, living in the room of good old "Father Burke" and his kind-hearted wife, who treated them with the utmost attention. But notwithstanding the change, she grew worse, and the doctor and her friends gave her up, and said she must die. Mary, conscious of her critical situation, was perfectly resigned. Her thoughts all seemed to dwell upon the pleasant scenes which she had witnessed in the Sabbath-school, and she was constantly humming some one of the little hymns which she had learnt there.

One Sabbath morning I visited her, and found her very weak. I said to her, "Mary, you seem very feeble. Is there any thing which I can bring you?—any little delicacy which you would relish? or any thing I can do to make you more comfortable?" With a pleasant smile she looked up into my face and answered—"No; no; nothing! I am in want of nothing." For a moment she was silent, but soon a heavenly smile came over her pale and emaciated features, and she beckoned me towards her, and whispered in a faint but fervent voice—"Yes! yes!—there is something I want. It is, that the children who are now in the Sabbath-school, who used to sing with me—may come up and sing with me once more 'The Happy Land.'"

Her request was granted. Two children—one of them still an inmate of Mr. Pease's large family—went up with me, and there beside (as we and she then thought) the dying bed of Mary, they sung "The Happy Land"—her feeble voice uniting with theirs in singing that beautiful hymn.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day :
O, how they sweetly sing—
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"—
Loud let His praises ring!
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land
Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand;
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

The hymn was finished, and we all knelt around her couch, while a fervent prayer was offered to God, that he would take this dying girl to heaven, that she might dwell among those "saints in glory," of whom she had loved to sing. When we left her she grasped our hands, and with a voice choking with emotion, said—"Now I can die happy! I know that Jesus loves me, and will take me to heaven."

But it was not His pleasure so early to remove her. Contrary to all expectation, time passed on and she still lived; still happy and resigned. The doctor recommended a change of air, and by request of Mr. Pease, she was taken to the Broadway Hospital. After remaining there several months, she came back to the House of Industry, and there she and her reformed mother have lived until this day. Her once wild, abandoned, drunken mother, seems now to be thoroughly reformed, and Mary—once the dirty, ragged street-sweeper, who, up to the age of fourteen years, had never worn a bonnet in her life, or scarcely a shoe—is now one of the most gentle and amiable girls in the house, and none know her but to love her. And now, as I visit the House of Industry, and see the inmates gathered in the chapel for morning or evening prayer, or on a Sabbath, to see the whole family gathered together in that chapel room, once a den of iniquity, now a place of prayer, my eyes wander over the throng, and always involuntarily rest upon the pleasant face and sparkling eyes of Mary, and the quiet countenance of her redeemed mother, and I thank God from the depths of a grateful heart, that he ever put it into the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Pease, and other friends, to found and raise up an institution by means of which alone the rescue of this devoted, precious daughter, with her mother, could have been accomplished, and which

is accomplishing an amount of good, the full result of which cannot be known, until that great and final day when God shall gather up his jewels.

T. S. E.

“IS HE RICH?”

The Greenbrier *Era*, discourses very lucidly under this head, as follows:

How often is this question asked! Has an acquaintance married a husband,—“*is he rich?*” is the first question propounded by her friends. Not, “is he honest, industrious, sober, and honorable,” but, “is he rich?” Not, has he a mind that distinguishes him among his fellow men, and calls forth their homage and adoration, but, “is he rich?” “has he the dollars and cents?” He may have everything else—a manly heart, a master intellect; he may be upright, steady and industrious, but if he lacks the “dimes and dollars, the dollars and dimes,” he is but “as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.” The great sin of our country is *idolatry*—an idolatry as degrading, yet as complete as that of the Hindoo, or the Pharisee; yea, more degrading, for there is something awfully grand and impressive in the majestic river, ever moving onward, yet silently, to the great sea, and in the gorgeous luminary of day, as he comes forth from the chambers of night heralded by streaming fire; but we bow down to the *Dollar*—the dull, senseless *Dollar*, and make it a god! We work for it day by day, we lay in our beds and dream of it by night, we go to the sanctuary of Christ, and instead of meditating upon his amazing love, we suffer the *Dollar* to come in and take possession of our thoughts!

Our lives are spent in the service of our real god-*Dollar*; we bring up our children in the nurture of the Dollar, we teach them that the Dollar is the main thing to be gained; we teach it by precept and by example. We profess to be charitable, we profess to feel for the poor, we profess respect for honest poverty, we *speak* of silver and gold, and this world's goods, as “*trash*,” and all the while we are hypocrites and liars, for we think more of our god-Dollar than of our Saviour Jesus Christ! We have missionary enterprises on foot, and we talk pathetically of the poor heathen bowing down to “stocks and stones,” and yet how much better are we, bowing down to silver and gold?

* * * * *

The practices of men all around us belie their professions—they profess to be the followers of Christ, and they are the followers of the Dollar. If the realization of the Dollar involves the selling of the widow's only bed, or the orphan's last dress, there are people, professed Christians, too, who would not hesitate an instant. “Is he rich?” Yes, he is rich, but riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away, and when he shall strive to enter heaven, and shall not be able, then he will understand how hard it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

One beautiful summer's afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six summers—started out for a walk. A little dog that was very much attached to the child, persisted in following us. Twice had I drove him back; the last time, as I thought, effect-

ually. The afternoon was very fine, and as I slowly followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, conversation very naturally turned to the scenes and little incidents of our walk :—the gayly-plumed songsters, the chattering squirrel, and the humming-bee, all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length, we sat ourselves down on a grassy knoll by the side of the railroad, about two hundred yards below where a sharp angle occurs, hiding it from view. Our little boy was higher up on the bank, busily plucking the blue-bells and dandelions, that grew in profusion around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, enwrappt in the beauty of the landscape spread to view. There a field of tasselling corn gently waved to and fro, while here a field of sweet-scented clover shed its grateful fragrance on the air. 'Twas like some enchanted bower—the silence broken only by the tinkling of sheep's-bells, or the lowing of kine, as they peacefully grazed on the distant pasture. I was thinking of the *infinite* wisdom and goodness of the Great Creator, in thus making earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how thousands are swept away from its charms forever and forgotten, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instinctively I turned to look for little Harry, when a quick exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was pale as death. "William, look at our child," she faintly whispered. I did so; and, my God! who can tell the agony that wrung my heart at that instant! The little recreant had wandered up the track unheeded, and had sat himself down *on one of the oaken sleepers* to cull his flowers, just below the curve, unconscious of the death that hovered near him.

I started up the track towards him, beckoning him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he, apprehending some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, and laughing gleefully as he went. The smoke from the advancing engine was at this instant distinctly visible; it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that cruel death. As it was, I was but hurrying him on to his doom. No, it was evident my efforts could be of no avail. I breathed a prayer to Him on high, and staggered back.

At this instant the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy *cleared the track* and grasped the little woolly intruder in his arms.

The train rushed round the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated of his prey. I am an old man, but I must confess that as I once more held our little truant in my arms—safe, the tear of gratitude started to my eye. The little dog perseveringly followed the child unseen, to be the means of saving his life. Blind, blind indeed, is he who could not see the finger of God in this.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Cassell's Natural History has the following interesting paragraph upon the human hand, showing how true it is that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made :"

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length? The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal! It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tool, in all which, a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined. On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumb, depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name ("*pollex*," from a Latin verb meaning, to be able, strong, mighty,) because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special work of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand. Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity. Were the tips of the fingers and thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now can take up what is small, soft and round, as a millet seed, or even a particle of human hair. So exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service—perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose; had they been placed on the tips of the fingers, they would have been a loss of power, but their position ensures their highest efficiency. An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hand and fingers to a thousand arts, requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to an ordinary observer, and the execution of performers on the piano-forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; these are among many instances of the advantage gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.

AN HONEST WITNESS.

A genuine Irishman often turns his wit to good account in the witness box, and answers the questions of bar and bench without giving much light on the question at issue. The following is a case in point from the *Philadelphia North American*:

Some of the drollest things that ever present themselves to the notice of a reporter, are the efforts made by lawyers to draw the testimony they desire from refractory or stubborn witnesses. We saw a Milesian gen-

tleman upon the stand the other day, who fairly bothered one of the shrewdest lawyers in Philadelphia. The case was an assault and battery, in which the exotic in question was called upon to testify for the prosecution before a police Magistrate. The dialogue that opened up was as follows :

" Mr. O'Dailey, where do you live ?"

" In Clinton Street, yer honor."

" And which way does Clinton Street run ?"

" Length ways, sir."

" Which way is that, north or south ?"

" If you stand at the upper end, it runs south, south, sir ; if you stand at the lower end, it runs north."

" Then you mean to say it runs north and south ?"

" Yes, sir ; provided you stand midway between the ends."

" And what is the width of Clinton Street, Mr. O'Dailey ?"

" From side to side, do you mean ?"

" Yes ; what is the width from side to side ?"

" Well, as near as I can come to it, it is just the distance from one sidewalk to the other. It may be, but I'd not take my Bible oath of it."

" With whom do you reside, Mr. O'Dailey ?"

" With the man I board with."

" And who is he ?"

" Do you know Dennis—Mike Dennis, the butcher ?"

" I havn't that honor."

" Then how can you know who I board with ?"

" Do you mean to say you board with Dennis ?"

" An' if I didn't, why should I hand his wife two dollars, every Saturday night—barrin the last one ?"

The Magistrate informed Mr. O'Dailey that he might leave the stand. He did so, and with a look of wisdom worthy Solomon himself.

THE PRAYER ON BUNKER HILL.

During the battle of Bunker Hill, a venerable clergyman (Rev. Mr. McClintock, of Greenland, N. H.,) knelt on the field, with hands upraised, and grey head uncovered ; and whilst the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the success of his compatriots, and the deliverance of his country. The incident has prompted the following beautiful ode from the pen of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney :

It was an hour of fear and dread,—
 High rose the battle-cry,
 And round, in heavy volumes spread
 The war-cloud to the sky,
 'Twas not, as when in rival strength
 Contending nations meet,
 Or love of conquest madly hurls
 A monarch from his seat.

Yet one was there, unused to tread
 The path of mortal strife,
 Who but the Saviour's flock had fed
 Beside the fount of life.

He knelt him where the black smoke wreathed :
 His head was bowed and bare—
 While, for an infant land, he breathed
 The agony of prayer.

The column, red with early morn,
 May tower o'er Bunker's height,
 And proudly tell a race unborn
 Their patriot father's might ;
 But thou, O patriarch, old and gray,
 Thou prophet of the free,
 Who knelt among the dead that day,
 What fame shall rise to thee ?

It is not mete that brass or stone,
 Which feel the touch of time,
 Should keep the records of a faith
 That woke thy deed sublime ;
 We trace it on a table fair,
 Which glows when stars wax pale,
 A promise that the good man's prayer
 Shall with his God prevail."

'INCIDENT AT A ROYAL FUNERAL SERMON.

The *Life of Rev. Wm. Jay*, of England, contains an incident that is worth preserving for the lessons it conveys to hearers of the truth. It is as follows :—

On the death of the Princess Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III., Mr. Jay selected his text from the second of Kings, ninth chapter, thirty-fourth verse, "Bury her; for she is a King's daughter." Whilst the preacher was in the midst of his discourse, a curious incident occurred. One of the fashionable visitors at Bath, attracted, no doubt, by his popularity and general repute, having overcome her scruples of entering a Dissenting place of worship, was of course accommodated with a seat in a conspicuous part of the chapel. Mr. Jay began by portraying the diabolical character of Jezebel, to whom the text immediately referred. This was merely his dark background upon which he designed to bring out in strong relief a modern specimen of female excellence, also "a king's daughter." The lady, however, would not wait for the cheering contrast of character, but got up, left the pew, slamming the door, and indignantly walked out of the chapel, the eyes of the congregation and preacher, who was nothing disconcerted, being fixed on her as an object to be pitied. She had come to hear of Amelia, she had only heard of Jezebel. Had she retained her seat but for a short period longer, she would have been delighted by one of the most beautiful, affecting and deserved eulogiums ever pronounced. But she left before the preacher had turned the angle of his discourse :

"If Jezebel, being a 'king's daughter,' was deserving of burial, rather than that her ignominious remains should be mangled and desecrated by the very dogs in the street; how infinitely more meritoriously entitled to sepulchral respect, veneration and a nation's mourning, was a princess whose greatest lustre was her piety, her filial and domestic affection, and

the unobtrusive and varied benevolence characteristic of her brief and sorrowing career."

Mr. Jay often related this circumstance, smiling at the folly of the lady, whose name was duly related to him, and thanked Providence that as he grew older, a more tolerant spirit existed between the various sects of the Christian family.

I'LL REST WHEN I GET HOME.

The *Christian Miscellany* very touchingly points the reader to the rest that remaineth:

While I was walking through a street in the city of —, a few days ago, I passed a man whose head was whitened and body bowed by the hardships of not less than sixty years. His limbs trembled under their heavy burden, and with much apparent effort he advanced but slowly. I overheard him talking in a low and subdued voice, evidently mourning over his weariness and poverty. Suddenly his tone changed and his step quickened, as he exclaimed, "I'll rest when I get home."

Even the thought of rest filled him with new life, so that he pursued with energy his weary way. To me it was a lesson. If the thought of the refreshing rest of home encourages the care-worn laborer, so that, almost unmindful of fatigue and burdens, he quickens his step homeward, surely the Christian, journeying heavenward, in view of such a rest should press onward with renewed vigor.

This little incident often comes to mind amid the perplexing labors of the day, and stimulates me to more constant and earnest effort. Each laborer toiling in his Master's vineyard, bearing the heat and burden of the day, can say, "I'll rest when I get home." Here let us be diligent in the service of the Lord, remembering that our rest is above. Fellow-traveller, are your burdens grievous to be borne, so that you are ready to faint in the way? Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." To rest from toil is sweet; to rest from sin is heaven.

A GOOD STORY.

An anecdote, worth laughing at, is told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat tail. But the garment was evidently too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant at once perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have always paid you up honestly and promptly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insist that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant.

And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend,"—cried the merchant,—“Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a *longer* coat, or steal a *shorter* codfish.”

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

A PUDDING MADE OF COLD RICE.

TAKE rice boiled the previous day, add milk and put it over the fire; when it becomes hot set it off, and stir it till it is well mingled with the milk. Add a little salt, a beaten egg, and two or three spoonfuls of sugar, let it boil up again, then take it upon a deep dish and grate nutmeg over it.

CRUMB CAKES.

Keep a bowl or pitcher with some milk in it, and from time to time throw in the crumbs of bread which break off when it is sliced, and also the dry pieces left of the table. When you next want some griddle cakes, take this mixture, and break up all the pieces with your hand, add an egg, salt and saleratus and a few spoonfuls of flour. No griddle cakes can be better.

GRATED CHEESE.

Take pieces of cheese that have become too dry for the table, grate them, and serve in a sauce, very good spread over bread and butter.

TOAST WITHOUT MILK.

Dip the slices for one instant in boiling water, immediately lay small pieces of butter on them, and keep them hot till the table is ready.

Most people toast bread slowly, so as to dry it before it burns. This may sometimes be necessary for an invalid, but it is not half so good as if toasted as quick as possible.

STEWED APPLES.

Have a circular piece of tin with holes in it, of a size to fit into a kettle half way from the bottom, put boiling water in the kettle, and lay in the apples; keep the water boiling, and in an hour they will be done through.

PLAIN CREAM CAKE.

Stir one teacup of cream and two of sugar, till they are thoroughly mixed; add two eggs beaten to a froth, a half a gill of milk, and a teaspoonful of saleratus. Stir in flour to make it as thick as cup or pound cake; flavor it with fresh lemon or nutmeg. Bake it in little cups twenty minutes, or in a pan forty minutes.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.

Take one cup of butter, two and a half of sifted sugar, a pint of sour cream, milk or butter-milk, a quart of flour, and a large dessert spoonful of saleratus. Use such spice and fruit as you prefer. Bake it three-quarters of an hour. This is excellent plain cake if made right.

INVALID'S GINGERBREAD.

One pint of molasses, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a very little ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to roll out. Bake it very thin. It is much improved by keeping a week or two.

NEW MUSIC.

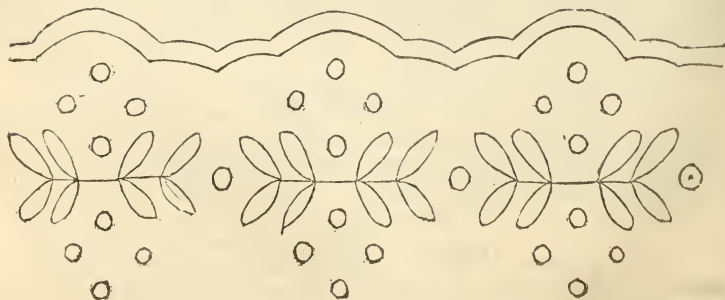
The following new music has been received from Oliver Ditson & Co.

1. *Mary Dunbar* ; song, by Geo. Linley.
2. *Murial* ; ballad, by Geo. Linley.
3. *Midnight Serenade* ; S. S. Burditt,
4. *Old Man's Soliloquy* ; Quartette, by W. D. Franklin.
5. *Loving Voices* ; songs, music, by Charles W. Glover.
6. *Dear Voices of Home* ; song, by Annie Fricker.
7. *The Babes in the Woods* ; Piano, by Miss Augusta Brown.
8. *You may win him back with kindness* ; by W. T. Wrighton.
9. *Retrospection* ; by R. R. French.
10. *Washington's Grave* ; song, by Henry Eikmieer.
11. *Star of my Hope* ; words by Edmeston, music, by Mozart.
12. *Genesee Falls, Polka Mazurka* ; Leopold Mack.

 TO CORRESPONDENTS.

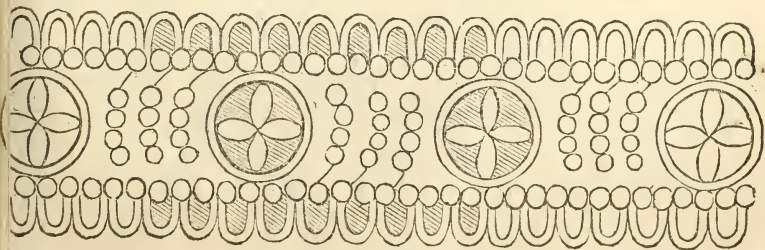
ARTICLES ACCEPTED. "Extravagance of Style and sentiment in Literature"—
 "Why?"—"Sonnet—to the soul"—"On Speaking of Others"—"My Father"
 —"Suffer the Little Children to Come"—"Where shall they lay me to Rest?"
 —"Responsibility for Influence"—"The New Path"—"Maternal Training ex-
 emplified by the Hindoo Mother"—"Joshua, or the Providence of God"—
 "Home, what is it?"—"The Lord is my Light"—"Old Letters"—"The Land
 Beulah."

Causes beyond our control having prevented our obtaining seasonably the
 designed Steel Plate for this month, we insert another, and shall insert the plate
 for this month in the December number of this volume.

 EMBROIDERY PATTERN.




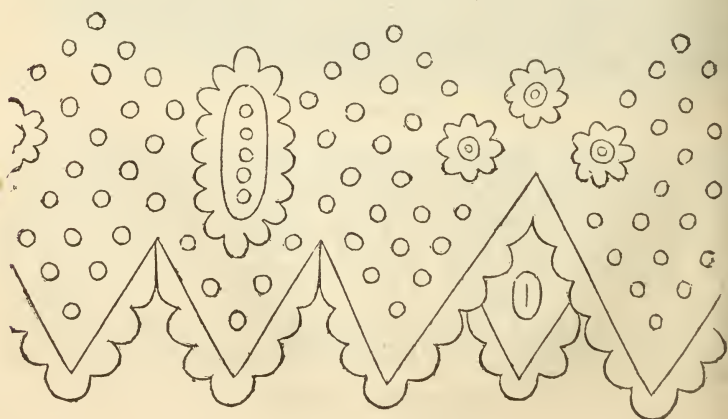
THE MILAN.



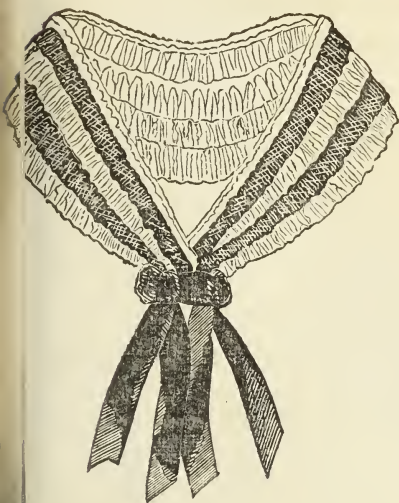
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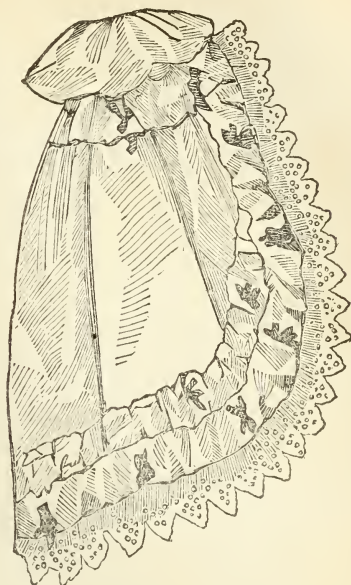
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



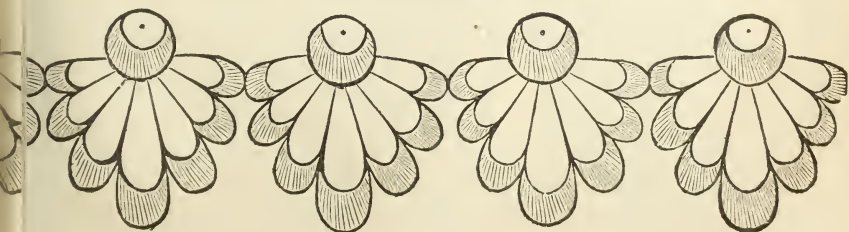
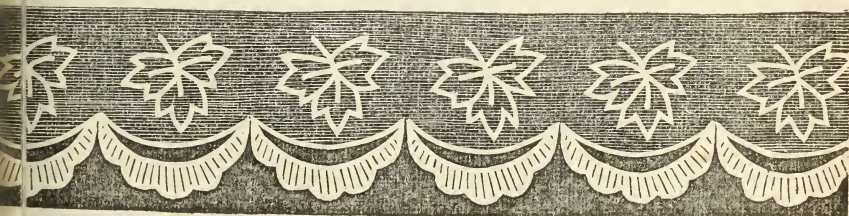
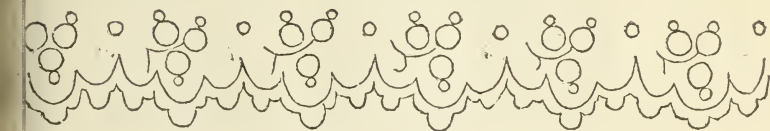
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THE HARVEST QUEEN.

MY SISTER SMILING PASSED AWAY.

Composed by T. H. HOWE.

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O. DITSON & Co.

1. The twi-light dew, in voi - ces soft, Had ear - ly woke the

flow'rs, And tear-ful - ly they gaz'd a - loft To greet the morn - ing

hours; When to the dawn's first gleam of day, The birds one song had

given, My sis - ter smi - ling passed a - way, To join the loved in

MY SISTER SMILING PASSED AWAY.

heaven. The love-light faded from her eye; She saw the an - gels

The first system of the musical score for 'My Sister Smiling Passed Away'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'heaven. The love-light faded from her eye; She saw the an - gels' are written below the vocal line.

near; They smiled on her so ten - der-ly, For they loved my sis - ter dear.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'near; They smiled on her so ten - der-ly, For they loved my sis - ter dear.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic structure.

2.

When o'er the past I view again
 The scenes of other years,
 The light of home in mem'ry's chain
 The brightest link appears.
 Again my sister's voice I hear;
 She smiles;—O, what delight!
 I hear her whisper in my ear
 Once more her soft "good night."
 Kind angels, in your tender care
 I leave her with a tear;
 When time shall bear me safely there,
 Be near me, my sister dear!

THE HARVEST.

EDITORIAL.

THE beautiful engraving in this number of our magazine is selected with reference to the season of the year. The harvest season, in many respects, is the most interesting period of the year. It awakens emotions of joy and gladness in almost every heart. The serenity and brightness of the atmosphere, the peculiar beauty of the fading forests, and the richness of the crops, are well suited to beget the class of emotions mentioned. Nor will these causes account for all the pleasurable feelings and sentiments that fill the soul. Doubtless, some of these arise from the singular adaptation of harvest time, in its appearance, associations and abundance, to the nature and wants of humanity. Then, too, it is intimately connected with certain grave truths of the Scriptures; and it is so frequently referred to therein, that it becomes invested with sacred interest. Note a single truth, contained in the promise to Noah, after he went forth from the ark, and "builded an altar unto the Lord," upon the ruins of a stricken world.

"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

This was the promise. What joyful emotions must have been awakened in the heart of Noah by its announcement! We can scarcely imagine with what feelings he left the ark, and stood again upon the earth from which every family but his own had been swept away. How solitary must the world have appeared without a human habitation, or another family with which to hold sweet converse! Noah must have asked within himself, also, as he mused upon the past, and thought of the sad change that had come over the dreams of the human family, "will another catastrophe like this occur?" "Am I to regard this as an illustration of the vicissitudes to which all the living will always be exposed?" How very doubtful and uncertain everything must have appeared, until his believing soul was cheered with the aforesaid promise. That was enough, if he understood its import, and hailed it as coming from his God! "While the earth

remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." Welcome promise to banish doubts and fears ! Another flood would never destroy the human race, since seed time and harvest would continue to the end of time. He had passed through an experience to which he would not be called again. The world was drowned for the first and last time.

Here we are impressed with the stability of nature. It is almost six thousand years since the foregoing promise concerning seed time and harvest was made, and yet there has been no change. The seasons have come and gone, and suns have arisen and set, with a regularity and precision that is characteristic of God. Call it a changeful world if you will ; it is changeful only so far as relates to man. There must be stability in a government that secures the revolving seasons and waving harvests to mankind for six thousand years. We can depend upon it. We can plan and execute in consequence with some degree of certainty.

It is interesting to reflect that the harvests of the present day resemble those that were gathered in the earlier ages of the world. The same kinds of corn that waved in the fields of Egypt when her pyramids were at the zenith of their splendor and glory, are now harvested from the earth. Grecian and Roman husbandmen handed down to us through successive generations, that which constituted for them, as it does for us, the staff of life. The sickle, too, was then as now, the instrument with which the ripened grain was cut. In the mechanic arts, one tool or machine has been superseded by another ; but the sickle has remained as unchangeable as the harvest itself.

We have spoken of harvest-time as a season of joy. In many countries the beginning and end of harvest has been celebrated by some kind of festivity, with which religious ceremonies were often connected. This was true of the Israelites. They had their day of "*First Fruits*," when the barley was ready for the sickle. On that day, "a sheaf of barley, publicly reaped, was given to the priest ; which being threshed, winnowed, dried and ground, was partly heaved and waved with oil and frankincense, partly burnt on the altar along with a lamb, offered in sacrifice." Then they were ready to begin their harvest. Five weeks after

the day of *First Fruits* came the feast of "*Pentecost*," one object of which was to celebrate the end of harvesting. Three burnt offerings and a peace-offering signalized the occasion, with two loaves made of fine flour, leavened. The "*Feast of Trumpets and Ingatherings*," also, was observed at the end of vintage. In France and Italy, at the present day, the vintage season is one of pleasure, and its close is often celebrated by festive demonstrations similar to those practised by the Jews. The singing of the "*HARVEST HOME*," is an important item in their joyful rites. The Greeks were accustomed to present offerings to Ceres, when the harvest was gathered. Ceres was the goddess of corn and harvests, and is said to have instructed Triptolemus fully in the art of agriculture, and then sent him forth over the whole world, to communicate to others, the knowledge he had received. The Romans were not less enthusiastic in their celebration of the finished harvest.

This exhibition of joy and thanksgiving is not out of place, certainly, when we reflect that the harvest is the reward of human toil. It is then that man reaps the fruits of his labors. From early spring until the "sere and yellow leaf" falls, he has toiled to procure sustenance from the reluctant earth, and now, in the abundant crops, he beholds what has been earned by the "sweat of his brow." Is it not, then, very properly, a season of joy and gratitude? The Scriptures refer to the period in this light; and one of the prophets compares the joy of God's people, "to the joy in harvest."

The "*HARVEST MOON*" contributes to the enjoyment of this season. God has ordered that the moon should rise *full*, and usually with more than ordinary splendor, during two of the autumnal months. Such a phenomenon does not occur in any other part of the year. When we consider that in many countries some of the labors of the harvest are performed by the light of the moon, it seems to be a Divine arrangement to promote the interests of the husbandman. The remarkable brightness of the "*Harvest Moon*" is probably owing to the state of the atmosphere, which is generally very dry and clear at this season of the year. From time immemorial men have talked, and poets have sung, of the beauties and glories of these autumnal evenings. The moon does, indeed, put on her brightest robe, and reign "*empress of the night*."

Behold a flood of light above the distant tree-tops, as if the forest were in a blaze ! It is the moon coming forth from her palace gates, bathing her own path before her in mild and charming radiance. Ere her burnished disc is full in view, the whole eastern sky glows with her beauteous beams, and the stars grow dim in her silvery light. The old sun, that has just gone down in his glory behind the western hills, is forgotten, in the beholder's rapturous view of this scene, which the brush of a Raphael could not imitate. On, on, she pursues her luminous way, irradiating every forest and hill, and scattering her softening beams, to dance on the mountain tops, and sleep in the silent valleys. Has earth a fairer scene ?

The season of the year, and the subject in question, remind us of the Lord's harvest, to which the Word of God points us. "THE HARVEST IS THE END OF THE WORLD." The great Husbandman has ploughed and planted, and is waiting to send the angel-reapers. A few more suns will rise and set, a few more seasons roll, a few more warnings be heard, and then the final harvest-time will come. The bright winged reapers will thrust in the sickle, and bind the golden sheaves for the heavenly garner. And over the plains of paradise, from ten thousand thousand ransomed souls, will waft the melody of the celestial "HARVEST HOME."

Some will tremble to see that day. Their lamentation will be, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." A sight of the reapers will fill them with consternation and dismay. The last hopeful day of probation is spent, its genial influence gone forever, and nothing remains but a "fearful looking for of judgment." Alas ! the terrors of that day to unpardoned spirits ! How they will shrink away from the presence of Him who comes to "gather his wheat into the garner," and to "burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire !"

A young man should walk in the open air six miles every day ; a young woman three or four. When still we use 500 cubic feet of air in a minute ; if we walk at the rate of one mile an hour 800 ; two miles an hour 1000 ; three miles an hour 1600 ; four miles an hour, 2300 ; If we run at six miles an hour, 3000 ; trotting a horse, 1750, cantering, 1500.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands,
 Beside the ancient portal
 A sentry grimly stands,
 He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door;
 And mortals who pass through it,
 Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is heaven,
 And death the sentry grim;
 The Lord, therefore, has given
 The opening keys to him.
 The ransom spirits, sighing
 And sorrowing for sin,
 Do pass the gate in dying,
 And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
 That leadeth to the gate,
 Yet grace comes with the message,
 To souls that watch and wait :
 And at the time appointed,
 A messenger comes down,
 And leads the Lord's anointed
 From the cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
 They're blessed in their ears,
 Their journey homeward winging,
 They leave to earth their fears.
 Death, like an angel seemeth,
 "We welcome thee," they cry ;
 Their face with glory beameth—
 'Tis life for them to die.

CORNWALL.

THE INFLUENCE OF A BOOK.

EDITORIAL.

A YOUTH of fourteen years received the present of a book from his uncle. It was a volume relating to sea-faring life, and presented the most agreeable side of the sailor's vocation. Having hitherto cherished some desire to try a voyage, he received and read the book with the deepest interest. It fanned to a flame the desire to be a sailor, and now he besought his parents to allow him to go to sea. At first they peremptorily refused; but this did not silence his importunities. He urged his plea again and again, and seemed unhappy and wretched in consequence of the denial. At length, however, his parents gave their consent, reluctantly, and he very soon sailed upon a three years' voyage. He was made a sailor by reading the volume presented to him by his uncle.

This fact illustrates the importance of exercising care and discrimination in the choice of books for the young. Probably this youth had a love for sea-faring life, which was developed by reading this volume. He might not have been a sailor, if he had received for a present, a book of another character. His uncle would not have presented him with the book if he had indulged

the slightest suspicion that it would thus have decided his destiny. In similar circumstances, an impure book has sometimes tainted the mind of a young person, and thereby sent him forward in a career of vice. A thought gleaned from infidel pages, may unsettle the mind of the young man in respect to the merits and value of Christianity. So that, unintentionally, a friend or parent may put into the hands of a youth that which will do him a lasting injury.

It is told of a brilliant student of Aristotle, that he became fascinated with the Illiad of Homer. He studied it in the school of his illustrious teacher, and was charmed with its graphic pictures of military life. He called the work "a portable treasure of military knowledge." It was his companion by day, and often his nightly vigils were upon its warlike scenes. At the age of twenty he ascended the Imperial throne. The Illiad was still his companion, and he was wont to lay it under his pillow at night, with his sword. That the character of Alexander, as warrior and conqueror, was determined, in a great measure at least, by his familiarity with this volume, is very generally believed. The fact is akin to the one just cited. In one case, a book made a youth a sailor; in the other, it made him a warrior.

We have said that care should be exercised in the selection of books for the young. More than this is required. Some knowledge of the natural love and tact of children for certain things, is indispensable. When the parent sees that his boy has a taste for a life on the ocean, he will not put into his hand a volume that will cultivate that taste, unless he wishes to make him a sailor. If he exhibits a fondness for military display, he will not supply him with books that describe military scenes in a fascinating way, unless he desires to see him become a soldier. If there is evidence of a skeptical turn of mind, he will study to keep away from him every work that drops thoughts on which skepticism can feed and live. And so it is in regard to other things. It is necessary to study the young heart that we may know its natural tendencies. Then, and not till then, are we able to provide intelligently for their wholesome nurture, and present suitable encouragements and restraints in their trials and temptations.

It is not difficult to provide bad books at the present day. They can be found in every village. Neither is it difficult to find good

books, except in one respect. The large number of volumes that are thrown off by the press, renders the matter of selection more laborious. One scarcely knows where to begin. Probably most Christian people are guided many times, in their choice, by the reputation of the author and publishing house for moral soundness and religious principle. And this is, in the main, a good criterion by which to judge. But in all circumstances, care should be instituted in respect to the reading of the young. You would not allow a child to play with a razor, or even with a sharp knife. A pernicious book may do him far more injury, inasmuch as it may pollute and destroy his soul.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY THE INVALID.

I saw a lovely cherub lie
 Within its cradle bed;
 Its eyes were like the summer sky,
 Its cheeks were rosy red.

A fair young mother watched beside
 Her only, darling child,
 And ne'er her heart such rapture felt,
 As when it on her smiled.

Each morning ere the break of day,
 An angel kissed its brow,
 And with each kiss some added charm
 Of grace did he bestow.

It grew in beauty day by day,
 And with a tender pride,
 Its parents watched the lovely bud
 Whose leaves unfolded wide.

Again I saw that little one,
 Upon its mother's arm,
 She pressed it closer to her breast,
 As if to shield from harm.

In the bright angel's place that morn,
 A pale, sad form had come,
 Had pressed with marble lips its brow,
 And chilled its heart so warm.

Once more I saw that little form,
 So beautiful in death,
 I thought 'twas childhood's gentle sleep,
 And hushed my softest breath.

And as I mused how that sweet bud
 Enriched that garden bower—
 I thought, not strange that angel bright
 Should choose so fair a flower.

Yet still *once more* I saw the child,
 Though *not* in mortal guise—
 My spirit borrowed angel wings,
 And soaring to the skies,

On Jesus' breast I saw it lie,
 While close beside it stood,
 The angel bright who kissed its brow
 Before it crossed the flood.

The vision gave my spirit peace,
 And scattered every tear;
 Thou'rt better in thy heavenly home,
 Dear one, than lingering here.

There may'st thou safely rest, sweet child!
 Without a pain or care,
 And when our life below is o'er,
 We hope to meet thee there.

Come gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
 And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
 And, without dying, O, how sweet to die!

PARENTS OFTEN CAUSE THE DISOBEDIENCE OF CHILDREN.

EDITORIAL.

PARENTS often say that their children will not listen to their counsels — that they are so wilful and disobedient that all their endeavors to lead them in the right path prove abortive. But is this so? In nine cases out of ten, is all this blame to be laid upon the children? Doubtless an impartial examination would show that in many instances there was parental neglect or mismanagement. Aristotle and Plutarch advocated in their day, that youth should be taken from the family and placed under public instructors, that they might contribute more to the public weal. It was their opinion that the ignorance, selfishness, neglect, and irresponsibility of parents did much to corrupt society and sap the foundations of good government. So strongly did they feel upon this subject, that they would take children away from their natural guardians by force of law, and place them under a system of instruction suited to mould them into vessels of honor. These ancient wise men were not altogether wrong. Perhaps they were more wrong than right in their theory as a whole; still there was evil then, as now, at the fireside.

Let the eye run over almost any community, and behold how many families of children merely “come up,” without any particular moral *training*. They are clothed and fed, and perhaps provided with employment, without enjoying any of the higher privileges and influences of well ordered, intelligent, and moral households. Their homes are characterized by confusion, want of refinement, and a general absence of those influences that elevate the youthful mind, and prepare it for usefulness. Suppose such children do not regard the occasional advice of parents which they hear, are not the parents themselves mainly to blame? They have withheld from their sons and daughters a training that would ensure their obedience, and they suffer now only the consequences of their neglect.

But we need not refer to this lower class of society. There is an intelligent, and perhaps professedly Christian mother, who, in order to enjoy a more quiet home, allows her sons to run at large in the street. If they are only out of the house or in bed, she

can have "some comfort of her life." They come in contact with the evil companions of the neighborhood, and catch all the vulgar and profane dialect of the street. When they come into the house, they are boisterous, uncouth, wilful and disobedient. Having had their own way out of doors, they very naturally insist upon having it in the house. But who is really the author of this disobedience? That indifferent mother, who thought more of her own ease and comfort than she did of the real welfare of her sons. She allowed them to run beyond her influence and control, and disobedience was the legitimate fruit of her folly. It would be cruel to charge all the guilt upon her sons.

There is a father, who, like Jacob, has more affection for one child than another, and does not keep it to himself. His partiality becomes manifest on various occasions. His other children notice it, and are provoked thereby to evil deeds. They not only envy or dislike the brother or sister thus favored, but cease to respect and love their partial father. The result is wilfulness and waywardness on their part. They are provoked to an evil course by the unwise and reprehensible conduct of their father. Is *he* not more at fault than they?

In like manner an impulsive disposition may fret a child, by censuring him too severely, when his fault is only one of accident. A hasty temper seldom ponders the intentions of the transgressor. It administers rebuke and punishment without waiting to discriminate. This provokes the child. He knows whether his motives are very bad or not; and to be treated as if they were of the basest kind, when he meant tolerably well, is calculated to arouse his indignation against such authority. Here, too, the parent is the cause of disobedience.

Again, the child may not be understood. All children are not alike. Scarcely any two in a family are precisely similar in their habits, natural disposition, and aims. One must be treated differently from another. The same treatment with all invariably might lead to disastrous results. Now, by not observing this fact, parents may provoke children to an evil course. Their treatment may cause them to be irritable, sour, and bent on doing as they please.

In these and similar ways, parents may actually occasion the disobedience of their children oftentimes. There is no doubt

that wayward sons are frequently blamed beyond their real deserts, because the mismanagement of home has developed their evil propensities. They are made headstrong and thoughtless thereby, so that filial gratitude, reverence, and love are almost out of the question.



FILIAL OBEDIENCE AND TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

BY REV. HOLLIS READ.

WE now assert that good and obedient children shall possess more and enjoy more of this world, while they live, than generally fall to the lot of the opposite class. They shall have more of life — and life in its better type. *They shall live long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* They shall possess the land, hold and enjoy it. They shall be rich, prosperous and happy.

Do you ask what connection this can have with the duty of obedience to parents? It has much every way. Parental instruction lays the foundation of their character. Though this sometimes is bad, yet it is seldom so bad as to be worse than the untutored, unrestrained condition of a child who is abandoned to its own childish ignorance and depravity. Even in its worst cases, where authority is enforced, and obedience ensured to unprofitable and hurtful instructions, there is, at least, a useful discipline gained, and a valuable habit of obedience formed, which may, even in these unfortunate cases, contribute something to ward the formation of a character which shall secure to the possessor a degree of prosperity in after life. And if it be so in those unpromising cases, what may not be affirmed of the benefits in this life, and in a temporal point of view, of obedience to parental authority, where it is used to enforce salutary instructions, and to establish useful habits. It now lays a foundation for respectability, industry, sobriety, and integrity, which can scarcely fail to work out prosperity. An example will the better enable us to discover the operation of this principle. Suppose a man of affluence to have two sons, who are to be the heirs of his estate. The older is early taught to feel the reins of parental restraint. He knows of no limit short of implicit and unconditional obedience. His will is the will of his parents. His confidence in

them is entire. He receives their instructions as oracles. He gives diligent heed to their reproofs. He carefully treads in their footsteps. He has, in a word, contracted those habits, and formed that character which fit him to retain and use the estate which his industrious and honest parents have gathered for him. The younger son is wayward and disobedient to his parents. His will is unbroken. He cannot bear restraint. Never knew what it was to feel the reins of authority. He has known no other master than the blinded passions of his own deceitful heart.

Need I ask which of these have the fairest prospect of a happy and prosperous life? Which has the best expectation that he shall receive and retain the generous patrimony which will fall to his share? Which is fitted and which is unfitted to receive the trust? The younger may die at an early age, a miserable beggar, while the elder may retain, enjoy and increase the inheritance of his father.

This is a fair illustration of the sure foundation for prosperity in this life as well as of happiness in the world to come. If he has once yielded to parental authority, he will then be able to yield to times, places and circumstances, in a manner that shall insure him happiness and success.

But this is not all a matter of worldly prudence. There is promised a positive blessing to those who religiously observe the fifth commandment. "*Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right and well pleasing in his sight.*" "*Honor thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with a promise) that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth.*" There can be no doubt but that God does regard with a peculiar approbation, and that he will treat with a peculiar regard, those who *do* honor the fifth commandment. He will cast a hedge about them, that the destroyer may not come near them. He will spread over them the curtain of his love; (of this we have abundant testimony in his word.) *My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck.* While, on the other hand, some of the most severe denunciations are pronounced against those who violate this law. In the family of Noah there was a rebellious, mocking son. His sins are proclaimed in terms of the severest reproach, "*Cursed be Ca-*

naan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Degradation, poverty, and perpetual servitude are the punishments in this life, for disobedience to, and the dishonor of parents. But how different the language concerning the children of Rachel. "*Thus saith Jehovah of hosts, the God of Israel, because ye have obeyed the commandment of Imudul, your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all he hath commanded you, therefore, thus saith Jehovah of hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rachel shall not want a man to stand before me forever.*"

What a marked distinction here, in favor of the observance of the fifth commandment. God would preserve and prosper them in all their coming generations. And never was a promise more literally and more wonderfully fulfilled than this. They remain a distinct and favored people unto this time. Though but a small tribe, they have outlived the existence of the mighty nations that then flourished, and have remained a prosperous, and happy people amidst the ruins of the mightiest empires. And if we may credit the testimony of the celebrated Jewish and Christian traveller, the Rev. Joseph Wolff, this people still live, and exhibit marks of decided superiority over the neighboring tribes, in the central parts of Asia. God has no doubt reserved peculiar blessings for those who fulfil this command. Yet his threatenings against the wayward and disobedient are equally stern. "*Whoso curseth his father or mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.*" Again, "*The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.*" What stronger language can be used by which to express a strong abhorrence of the sin and punishment of filial impiety?

Under the law of Moses, the "stubborn and rebellious son" was to be brought by his parents, before the elders, and all the men of the city were to "stone him with stones till he died," that they "might put away evil from among them." The design of this was something more than the preservation of family order or individual happiness. It was for the honor, strength and perpetuity of the State. There is not a more certain and fearful premonition of national corruption and decay, than the unrestrained condition of children.

MATERNAL TRAINING EXEMPLIFIED BY THE HINDOO MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. K. A., FORMERLY A MISSIONARY.

“I am entirely ignorant of the mode of worship among our heathen ; I have no anxiety to know it, as I hate it.”

Thus writes the daughter of a converted heathen mother. Happy, thrice happy she ! What joyful emotions and anticipations are awakened in the minds of Christians in this country by such testimony from one who has been brought up and educated on heathen shores and yet knows little or nothing of idolatrous rites and superstitions.

How glorious must be the Christian religion thus to shut out the darkness and degradation that surrounds it ! We should think this one declaration of a child of converted heathen parents, so simple yet so thrilling, sufficient to impress a belief in its efficacy on the most skeptical mind, and to recommend it to those, who manifest little or no personal interest in this religion, or in the cause of Christian missions. How rich, too, in thought and interest is it to the mother, surrounded, as she is, by so many adverse influences in training her little ones in this holy way. Let this example of maternal training strengthen and encourage her.

The mother of the author of the above quotation was a converted heathen. How did she manage to protect her child from the unholy, contaminating influences which surrounded her in her earlier and riper years ? It was by *early* instilling into her young and tender mind the sacred precepts which she had adopted ; for, says the daughter, “I have been instructed in the Bible from *infancy* by my Christian parents.”

The heathen understand how to initiate their children into their own superstitions. They begin in their earliest infancy. Even before the child is able to speak or walk, the heathen mother may be seen wending her way to the temple of her god. Let us follow this family group thither. The mother, with her infant, not yet arrived at its twelfth month, astride upon her hip, another, a little older, bearing a brass plate of rice, or sugar, or oil upon its head, another with a lota of milk and a garland of white jasmine flowers, as offerings to the god. Having arrived

at the temple, the mother places the palms of the infant's hands together, raises them to the forehead, thence bends them to the ground. Next, she prostrates the little one before the idol with its "mouth in the dust." She then raises those who have borne the offerings, to a level with the unique image which they are taught to worship and call god, to anoint it with its own tiny hands, and to decorate the neck with flowers. The other offerings are placed near the feet of the idol. She then lifts from the ground, the prostrate infant, and the others following, marches round the image, at the same time teaching the docile prattlers to lisp the name of the god, and as often as they come before it, bow the head to the very ground. Having repeated this a sufficient number of times to obtain *poonyer*, (merit) enough to appease the anger and secure the favor of the God, she directs her steps homeward.

Thus zealous and faithful is the Hindoo mother to train her children in the rites of that false religion, and thus faithful was the mother of this now converted child to train her in the religion of Jesus. How happy the results we learn from her own simple yet expressive language, "My Saviour is very dear to me. He is indeed my treasure. When I think of the sufferings and death of Christ, my Saviour, I have nothing to reward Him but my broken heart. When I see the people of my country sacrificing their money and property for the sake of idolatry, I go to my closet with a sigh and pray for the immediate establishment of the kingdom of Christ."

Hence, may the Christian mother expect to see the results of the training of her little ones, if she begin at this early period. Yes! begin before they can speak or walk. Let them see her, morn and eve engaged in prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon them; let them hear the voice of maternal love instilling into their tender and opening minds the precepts of the religion of Jesus. Let them see from her radiant countenance, the deep emotions and yearnings of her heart, as they watch so intently her every look and expression. Let her not be faithless but believing. If she, like the Hindoo mother, with diligence and perseverance, commence early to train the dear ones committed to her charge in the way they should go, God will crown these efforts with success. She will live to see her children following

in the footsteps of their parents, adhering to the precious religion of their ancestors, "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord."

If Christian mothers were careful to add, line upon line, precept upon precept," and enforce those precepts in their every day life, what a host of *active, living* Christians, ministers, yea, missionaries of the cross of Christ, should we see raised up! But alas! here is where the Christian mother fails. Shall the heathen mother rebuke the Christian for her want of zeal in instructing the dear lambs of her flock in the knowledge and worship of the true God? No, rather let her vie with the Hindoo mother in the faithful discharge of this duty. Yea, let her excel her in this, as she does in her elevation above her, which makes them so widely to differ.

When we think how low she is sunk in degradation and superstition, our hearts are pained and we would most gladly spend and be spent to raise her to the level of her Christian sisters in this our beloved land. In what better way can the Christian mother labor to accomplish this result, than by faithfully training her sons and daughters to be as "corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," that they may become heralds of salvation, and missionaries of the cross, to those who are "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death?"

DR. EMMONS IN HIS STUDY.

THE following poetic description of Dr. Emmons' study was written by his grand-daughter, about twenty-five years ago, when the venerable Doctor was ninety years of age, and it was read to him much to his amusement. We are happy in being able to furnish it to our readers. ED.

Dr. Emmons, strange to tell,
At ninety, is alive and well:
And stranger, should you like to see
This aged man where'er he be,
Just go to Franklin and inquire
Of Doctor, Farmer, or the 'Squire,
Or any one will point you out
His old white house, without a doubt.
Two stories in the front you'll find,
But tapered down to one, behind.
An aged sycamore stands guard
Between the doors in the front yard

The *study* door 's the farther one ;*
If he's at home, he'll surely come.
Now in his study, just beware
You do not take the Doctor's chair—
For that has stood for half a cent'ry,
Beside the book-case, near the entry—
He never sits in other chair,—
He never puts another there ;
Though all so like *you* could not tell
Why he should like this chair so well.
"This one sets here," he oft would say ;
Why should we change it every day ?
Beside his writing desk's *his* place,
For one to keep it is a grace.
Across the room, at his left hand,
You'll see another book-case stand ;
No doors of glass and polished wood,
Here show the Doctor's mental food ;
But cup-board tall, of plain pine wood,
And painted red is just as good.
Upon its top, his whip is placed,
Fit emblem—power on knowledge based,
Besides his whip, his cane doth lie—
A whale's tooth, white as ivory—
The chairs b-side the windows stand,
And cushioned well, wait his command.
They're painted *arm*-chairs, broad and low,—
Of oaken wood, each back a bow.
Between the windows front, a table's spread
With cloth of green and blue and red.
Above the Doctor's faithful glass,
Which hangs, reflects,— so let it pass ;
Above the glass, but at one side,
The Doctor's hat doth safely bide.
No stove-pipe or bell crown is that,
But a round-crown, three-cornered hat.
Between the windows west, you'll see,
A table often used for tea.
The Constitution of the States,
Above, in gilded frame awaits.
See yonder stands his turn'd up bed,
Hung with long curtains, white and red,
Where past'ral life is pictured out,
With flocks of sheep and ponds of trout—

* No one ever came to this door unless they came to see *him*.

Shepherds with crooks, and ducks in lakes,
Great country seats, with city rakes,
And lords and ladies, young and fair,
Are vowing love in country air.
Beside the bed, a stand is placed—
Beside the stand, a door's encased—
Upon that door you'll see a hook,
That has a quite forbidding look.
That hook for fifty years and more,
Has guarded well that study door.
From fam'ly calls, at times unmeet,
And shown them when his friends he'd greet.*
There's room for just *one* chair, no more,
Between the corner and this door.
The bellows, here do find their place,
With painted peaches on their face.
Another corner does not lack,
For in it hangs the Almanack.
And on the floor a carpet green,
With figures black and white is seen.
And now we to the fire-place come,
Beside the book-case, number one.
And here again's the Doctor's chair—
If he's not in't, 'tis something rare.
But lest he should be out, I'll make
A portrait of him for your sake.
He's very straight, and very spry,
And something more than five feet high.
His head is bald on top, and shines;
Around his head, his hair entwines
In nature's long white curls, that lay
Upon his shoulders every way.
His forehead's broad and high—his nose
Is thin, and great acuteness shows.
His eyes are blue and small, yet keen,
And twinkle 'neath a brow serene.
His cheeks, from age are fallen in—
He still retains his double chin.
A cambric stock his neck surrounds,
In folds of white it well abounds.
His study gown both long and wide,
When wrapped around, his vestments hide,
But when it falls aside, you'll see

* When any one came to his family and inquired for the Doctor, they tried this door; if it were fastened they did not disturb him unless it was a case of great importance. Then they would knock and receive an answer. When the door was unfastened, his family always considered their presence welcome, or any friends that were with them.

The silver buckle at the knee—
 His stockings long a calf display,
 You'll not see beaten any day.
 His shoe doth show a handsome foot,
 For in the house, he wears no boot;
 Large silver buckles show the way,
 They fastened shoes in his young day.
 This man of olden time you see;
 But do not shrink or fear that he
 Will make your visit dull—oh no,
 His heart is young and all aglow.
 His blue eye brightens as you tell
 Your youthful joys—he listens well.
 His wit is keen, and he, in turn,
 His thoughts will speak in words that burn.
 All that you know, he'll let you tell;
 Perhaps you'll feel exceeding well;
 And when he knows how much you'll bear,
 He'll ope *his* store of wisdom rare.
 You'll linger long, and when you go,
 You'll ask, is this man old or no?



CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

BY MARY MAY.

AMONG my pupils in A——, were two little girls of the same age; alike amiable in their disposition, and prepossessing in their deportment. They always came and went in company; occupied the same desk, and were on terms of such perfect friendship, that they seemed almost inseparable.

Equal in ability and attainments, and outward circumstances, to all appearance, they were still unlike each other.

They were *similar*, yet *dissimilar*; and their dissimilarity troubled and perplexed me as to its cause.

Why should there be so often a tinge of melancholy on the countenance of that naturally mirthful child? Why passed so often, a flitting cloud over Ella's face, while Anna's was always bathed in the sunlight of content?

If the demon intemperance flapped his deadly wings over her home, that would easily account for her sadness. But the parents were temperate, honest, and respectable; no brother nor

sister had ever brought reproach upon the sacred enclosure of Ella's home.

To unravel the mystery, seemed impossible, yet I was determined to accomplish it, if possible ; for I was certain that should there be anything secretly preying upon the tender sensibilities of that sweet child, it would as surely undermine her constitution as a worm destroys a ship. I was sure that her soul, like a musical instrument, had been marred and injured by rough, unskilful hands. To facilitate my plans, I resolved upon a call at the homes of these little girls, and was surprised to find Anna's much inferior, outwardly, to Ella's. It was a little brown cottage, neat, but plain and unadorned, save by a few roses that blossomed by the path, and by a luxuriant woodbine, trained with great taste over the porch and window. But I had no sooner entered than I discovered a clue to the mystery of Anna's perpetual sunshine.

In an old-fashioned arm-chair, by a small stand, on which lay a much worn family Bible, sat her aged grandmother, "the very angel of content." So mild, so benignant, so calm was her deportment, it seemed as though a halo of peace encircled her brow. To murmur or repine in her presence, would have been impossible, to complain of poverty or privation would have ill-suited the spiritual atmosphere of her apartment.

Discontent was never driven away or banished by her eloquence or argument, for it could never enter her presence. She always forestalled his approach, by pointing with the finger of faith, to brighter worlds, and more enduring riches than this world affords. When the dark, threatening cloud of sorrows arose in the west, she looked for the rainbow of hope, in the east. Her daughter, (Anna's mother), had been taught from infancy to trust in "Providence," and by the influence of her prayers, the young mother had evidently a "true and living faith in Christ," and their united influence, like that of "Eunice and Lois," upon Timothy had been exerted with similar effect upon their household.

While there, I could not help saying in my thoughts, "it is good to be here;" and I went away, feeling it to be as possible for the vast ocean to suffer from drought ; as for that trusting disciple to be "seen begging bread," however *deep her poverty*. But the insidious foe, sullen discontent, was not so evident at

first approach. Nothing could be discovered during my first visit at Mrs. Hardson's, which could account for Ella's hidden troubles excepting an occasional deep-drawn sigh from Mrs. H., and an inquisitive glance toward a maiden sister of Mr. H. before answering any question, and then seemingly afraid to utter more than a monosyllable, when her children were the subject of conversation.

Can it be possible, I asked myself, for a lady so agreeable, so pleasant, so affable to a stranger, as Miss Hardson appears, to cause the mother, the heaven-ordained head of that lovely family of children, to cringe and shrink in her presence?

As they had an extensive and beautiful farm, I requested the favor of boarding with them for a few weeks, that I might enjoy a longer walk to my school, in the lovely month of June. My request was granted; and by that means, my wish was accomplished; and though it was impossible to remove the cause, I taxed my energies to counteract the baneful influences, which were so deeply affecting, not only Ella, but the other members of the household. Although a short call could not confirm my suspicions, a day and a night was sufficient to prove the fact, that the embodiment of its evil genius, was none other than Miss Prudence Hardson.

She it was, who possessed the uneviable faculty of drawing out the ill-temper, the evil disposition of a family of children, and making them appear more odious than they really were. Every word, every motion of a child was annoying to her. She never anticipated a want, or willingly granted a favor. Foibles were magnified to faults, and faults to crimes. No sweet "good morning," from her lips, ever welcomed those dear ones to her presence; nor when most needed, did her gentle reproof repel and restrain the outbreak of passion at some untoward accident. Even the mother could not escape her censure, while soothing her little one, and changing its grieved lip to a smile, when too suddenly awakened from its morning nap.

The father, although so near of kin, was not exempt from her complaint. He was never so fortunate as to sow or reap upon the same day of the month his father did; his grass was altogether too green, and his grain too ripe when mowed or harvested.

In short, everything was done wrong, and at the wrong time.

It was not uncommon for others to take their pitch, from the note she piped, until a miniature Babel was produced.

How was little Ella to escape contamination? The case seemed well nigh hopeless; "Ethiopians cannot change their skins nor leopards their spots," neither could aunt Prudence be persuaded to change her conduct.

Part and parcel of the estate, she could not be expected to remove, as her bachelor brother was the owner, and Mr. H's family sole heirs, could they walk the undeviating line, marked out by their *exactors*? Nothing remained but to stimulate and encourage her to do right, to bear reproachings and revilings patiently, and never to despond, when conscience did not accuse.

I recommended her to the Scriptures for direction and comfort, reminding her, that "to have rule over one's spirit was better than to take a city."

I soon found that my efforts were not without success; sympathy had restored constant cheerfulness, and encouragement had nerved her to bear ills which she could scarcely sustain before; and her example was imitated by the family, each one assuming an independence which resulted from conscious innocence.

THE INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.—No. 1.

BY REV. W. M. GALE.

Its extent and importance are greater than is generally supposed. Both the temporal and the spiritual welfare of almost every family depends very much on the wife and mother. If she is what she ought to be, if truly wise and good, she will be the instrument of incalculable benefit to her entire household—she will seek, and not in vain, to promote their happiness both for this life and for the life to come. But just the reverse of this may be effected when a foolish or wicked woman occupies the place and sustains the relations of which I am speaking. Her influence over her children and family will tend in a moral point of view at least, to injure them; and if there are no counteracting causes will result in their final ruin.

There are three considerations which show that the influence of mothers over their children is usually great and immensely important.

In the first place their influence commences at a very early period. In the formation of character much depends on the beginning. First impressions are usually strong and permanent. Many persons can distinctly remember things which took place before they were three years old. Impressions made on their minds at a still earlier period, though not remembered may be equally important, leading to trains of thought and habits of life, which greatly modify their character, and perhaps decide their line of conduct as long as they live in this world, and indeed their destiny forever. There is much truth in the trite maxim, "just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." And not only so, but when the tree becomes a sturdy oak, it keeps the direction and the form which it received when a sapling. At first it could be easily bent in this direction, or in that, by the hand of a little child. But now it were vain to think of changing its position or its shape. And thus it is to a great extent, with the human mind. When young, it is tender and pliable; but when old, it is stiff and unyielding. Some are of opinion that the character of most persons is determined before they are seven years old. There can be no doubt, I think, that the inclinations, desires and turns of thought and feeling which almost every one receives in early childhood, will be retained, more or less, to the end of time, and probably for ever. But as a general thing it is the mother who bends the twig. And this she does perhaps when not in the least aware of it. Whatever she says or does in the presence of the child, as well as all her words and actions which relate directly to the child, make an impression on its susceptible mind. Such is the natural connection between an infant child and its mother—such the dependence of the former on the latter for the supply of its daily wants, and such the power of sympathy between them, that the influence of which I am speaking is unavoidable. Nothing can prevent it, but an entire separation of the parties.

Again, the influence of mothers over their children is constant in its operation. This again is important to be considered. The tendency of the human mind to assimilate itself to the objects with which it is most familiar, is a fact well understood by those who have given particular attention to this subject. It depends chiefly on the mother to say what objects shall most impress the minds of her children while they are quite young. Her inter-

course with them from morning till night, day after day — being with them at all times, when they eat and when they drink, when they retire to rest at night and when then they rise in the morning, when they are sick and when they are well, she has the opportunity of strengthening her influence over them almost to any extent; and she does as a matter of fact, greatly modify their dispositions and habits. Her conversation, her inadvertent remarks, her example, her looks and tones are all operating every day and hour, when they are awake, on their minds either for good or evil. If her influence is what it should be, it will be like the gentle dew and rain, and sunshine, upon the tender grass, causing it habitually to revive and grow. If it is not good, no created mind can fully estimate the evil which may result from it, on account of its constancy.

Once more it may be remarked, a mother's influence upon her children is very peculiar. There is in it some wonderful power to reach the feelings and sway the purposes and the conduct of her children. This is true, especially when the mother, in all her intercourse with her children is governed by religious principle — by a proper sense of her responsibility to God. In the case now supposed, the mother will do these things, and exhibit those feelings which are adapted to reach the conscience and the moral sensibilities of her children, as nothing else can do. Many are the ways in which a sensible Christian mother accomplishes the work assigned to her by Divine Providence. She does it by her instructions, by her example, and by her prayers; she begins early, labors without ceasing, and uses all appropriate means within her reach to secure the object which she has in view. "As is the mother," says one of the inspired writers, "so is the daughter"; and I believe it is generally true that as is the mother, so are the sons, also. Like Solomon, they will wear the crown wherewith their mother crowneth them. If counteracting causes do not prevent, she will impart to them her own moral character, as well as her intellectual and social habits. In accordance with this view are the general observation and experience of mankind, and also the current teachings of the Bible. In the history of Moses, Samuel, Daniel, Timothy, and many others whose names are recorded in the Scriptures, and of hundreds and thousands of eminently good men who have lived at all

the different periods of the Christian era, we see the value of that religious influence which was exerted upon them by their respective mothers. Widely different from this is the influence which another class of mothers have exerted upon their sons. Hazael, the son of Ahab, it is said, walked in the ways of his mother, who counselled him to do wickedly. Alexander the Great, was much under the control of an ambitious mother. And the fearful greatness and bloody career of Napoleon Bonapart may be accounted for in the same way—he followed the lessons early taught him by his mother.

From these and other like examples that might be noticed, it is evident that the influence of mothers has much to do, not only with the character and conduct of individuals, but also through them, with the weal and woe of human society to a very great extent. “Those who rock the cradle, rule the world,” is a remark of great practical importance. In the present state of families, and of other and larger communities, there is much that is wrong and even deplorable. But let the influence of mothers everywhere be what it should be, and how changed will be the state of human society on earth. All infidelity and vice, all discord and impiety will then disappear. The social and moral condition of the world in the *next* generation depends very much on the mothers of this. They exert an influence which involves the welfare of both Church and State. Mothers, then, are never more effectually promoting the best interests of mankind than when they are taking proper care of their little children; and never are they doing a work of more certain and irreparable injury, than when violating their duty in the particular now brought to view. It is for them to decide within a few years to come, what shall be the social and moral state of our country at the close of the present century, and how much shall be done in the mean time to evangelize, convert, and benefit the world. There will be an increase of Washingtons, Adamsses, Newtons, Cecils, and Paysons, in proportion as mothers like theirs shall be multiplied.

THE best throw ever made upon the dice, is to throw them away.

THE FIRST MAN.

BY REV. M. BLAKE.

ADAM is the most remarkable man of our race ; chiefly, because he passed through one more phase of moral character than has been the lot of any of his descendents. He was first perfectly holy, then entirely depraved ; again renewed and partly sanctified, and finally restored to complete holiness, and glorified.

Multitudes have passed through three of these stages of moral being, but Adam alone of us all has experienced the first phase of perfect innocence. His passage through these four phases of spiritual life make him the most remarkable man of our race.

We may, without an improper indulgence of the imagination, conceive of him in these several changes, and thus most vividly impress upon us his instructive history.

First phase.—A lovely and luxuriant landscape gathers form about us. Hill and dale undulate the surface. Trees of strange form and variety of foliage, skirt the margins of gentle streams and crown the hills. Flowers innumerable prank the sod. Vines trellis the trees. Melody rings in the groves. It is the ancient Paradise around us. Its placid quiet, its tropical luxuriance, its mild breezes, its flow of melodies, identify it for us. As we are searching its viney arbors for the inhabitant, we come upon the body of Adam, stretched motionless upon the grass. It has just been fashioned from the dust of the ground. But God has not yet breathed into it the breath of life. The vital spirit has not yet taken possession of its earthly tabernacle. The body seems like a man in sleep ; for the eyelids are closed. But it is not sleep ; for there is no heaving of the bosom, no warmth ; and yet it is not death, for there had been no dissolution. It is the complete physical machine, waiting to be connected with its motive power, to start it into living, admirable movement. It is the house ready fitted up and waiting for the incoming occupant. Then it will be Adam innocent, the first phase of his existence. While we look on the calm, marble-like repose of this still form, by some unseen agency the body is animated. It sits erect ; the eyes roam eagerly around ; the hands are lifted and pressed to the brow, in the first moments of consciousness and confusion of

thought. The figure arises in curious inquisitive innocent wonder, and looks to heaven in the joy of conscious, separate being.

How differently from his posterity did Adam begin his existence ! They, in the feeble helplessness of infancy, incapable of self-support, of self-protection,—the very reality of dependence. Adam sprang into life, as a stout man awakes from sleep, in full vigor and maturity, with every faculty perfect and active. But with a radical difference from the sleeper. For, to Adam was no yesterday, no past, no memory nor experience of anything. He knew not that he could step until he tried. Every thing was to be learned by experiment or instruction of God. But unlike his descendants, he had perfect powers to begin the process of self-education, and a teacher for his difficulties, such as none so ever intimately enjoyed.

But while we are looking, the sun descends. The brightness fades from the sky. The melody of the grove subsides, and stillness and twilight settles upon the scene.

The east is flecked with cloudy bars
And gliding through them one by one,
The moon walks up her path of stars.

The first evening has come to the first man,—the beginning of his Sabbath. Adam and Eve watch the slow-descending sun, and wonder as he sinks from sight, if the bright, glory will ever rise again. In speechless admiration at the flood of light, which he casts behind him, as he retires within his evening palace, they turn from the gorgeous sun to him who made it, and on suppliant knees adore the majesty of the Creator of such wonders. Bright evening hour of blissful worship ! Fairest beauty of the scene—Adam and Eve at prayer ! Angels hovered viewless in the air, and longed to lead the innocent pair up to glories brighter far than these. Satan also saw it, and, in his venomous heart, determined to spoil this picture of Adam in his first estate.

Second phase.—We look again. A blight has come on the view. The flowers hang drooping and crowded by the pert and luxuriant thistle. The paths are laced by the tangled briar. A chill wind whistles through the groves and scours the fallen leaves in eddies along the dells. Thunder mutters in the wan and cloudy sky, and a voice sounds through the woody paths—a

voice of wrath, and reproof, and pity. "Adam, where art thou?"

From the depths of the darkest thicket come the primal pair, cowering and shivering. The erect frankness of their innocence is gone. Its open ingenuousness has faded from their brow. Mutual aversion and suspicious dread cover their faces. "Poor Adam in thy second estate, where indeed art thou? Thou hast disobeyed the simple, easy command of thy Maker, and hast taken a new master to rule over thee. Canst thou hope to hide thy guilt and ruin in thickets and with fig leaves? and will thy self-excuses and mutual criminations avert the dreadful penalty?" Those fig leave garments are significant of their own view of the matter. They are confessions of guilt; as the coats of skins, afterwards worn, are significant of a covering gotten by blood. Adam has lost his holiness. A new emotion has entered his bosom, condemnation of conscience. It is not shame of his bodily nakedness, but it is shame of his guilt, which has suggested his covering. It is the same feeling as haunts every evil doer, and drives all evil deeds into darkness and privacy for their doing. It was a feeling the more keen to Adam as it was moral to him. Therefore he tries to present an artificial appearance to God, and so to make a favorable impression, by his outward hypocrisies, which he could not make by his proper self.

His example is followed to this day. The Pharisees clothed themselves in fig leaves, made broad and costly, and apparently impervious to light. They seemed, to the men of their time, goodly garments, and were praised and envied. See you a man exact in his externals, taking pride in the regularity of his religious duties, believing himself better than others, and contemplating his deeds with complacency, because he thinks they will effectually cover his proper self from the eyes of Him that hath the keys of heaven; see you such a man? He wears fig leaves and lives in a thicket; and believes that the eye of God's holy law, does not see through him. This fig leaf clothing is not a covering but a revealing, an indication of moral state. Instead of concealing Adam's guilt, it reveals it. It says that he dare not meet the eye of God. He must have an interposition. Adam has indeed acquired now the knowledge of good and evil. The good he painfully remembers, the evil he now as painfully feels.

He is in his second state, of entire depravity, conscious of guilt, but with no penitential confession of blame, nor hatred of the sin. But while we have been making these reflections, the scene has changed again.

Third Phase.—The luxuriant valleys of Eden have disappeared with all their nooks of quiet loveliness, and the view about us has put on a strange and desolate aspect. Dark, melancholy clouds drive across the threatening sky. The wind brings, now a sweltering heat from the south, and then a chill from the north. The wolf, is scouring the hills, and his howl rings dolefully out for prey. The vulture is screaming aloft and snuffing the scent of death. The tiger crouches in the jungle, watching for the thirsty deer. You can hear the crackling of the cane-break under the heavy tread of the elephant, and the cry of the antelope in the jaws of the lion. You can see the swoop of the hawk into the tree-top, for the nestlings of the dove. The animals have caught the feeling of mutual hostility.

Do you see on that hill-side a rude hut hastily erected and slightly put together? How the bushes have been torn up just around it, and a pathway made to the bubbling spring just below it? How wild and untamed is all about it! A small enclosure is built close at hand, and a few cows and sheep are nibbling near it. You look on the hills around, in vain for the sign of another habitation. No smoke curls up through the trees, no human voice echoes from the vallies. This is the home of the *first man*. It is not altogether unattractive, for many a flower transplanted, blossoms around the entrance. Here dwell Adam and Eve, alone in a lonely world. Days and weeks pass by, and no sound of another human voice is heard; no human foot visits the solitary home. When Adam is laboring at a little distance, to extract his daily bread from the reluctant earth by the sweat of his face, the panther and the leopard and the fox are the only faces which look in upon solitary Eve. The days pass and the nights come and go, and all the world is before them unoccupied. No news of revolution abroad comes to them,—no field for the exercise of the social charities at home opens before them.

But mark them more closely. There is still a sadness upon their faces, when they look off on the sunsets and talk of the sweet fields, now shut to their return. But see you not that

the guilty, cringing fear of their second estate has gone? Adam now looks towards heaven, not in bold impudence, but in contrite dependence. He is not the Adam you last saw. He has passed into his *third* estate. He has been created anew in Christ Jesus. It is, indeed, to him a dimly apprehended process of transition; but his heart feels new emotions and rejoices. The tear which you detect in the eye of Eve has more than natural sorrow in it. She has indeed left her paradise and all its flowery walks—"her first and latest care," to revisit it no more; but she weeps, as they talk of the past, not for the loss of these natural delights, nor for the loss of anything, except it be her primitive innocence, and that *she* should be first in the transgression. These tears express her tenderer womanly nature.

The question has been often asked, whether Adam and Eve did indeed repent? Let me, in reply, point you to the garments which our first parents now wear. The fig leaves are exchanged, you see, for coats of the skins of animals; and you know that He who clothed them, was the Lord God. For, "unto Adam also, and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." Is there no deep significance in this fact? Do you suppose the species of their garments is of so much consequence in itself as to be mentioned in the Bible, while other items of more intrinsic interest are omitted? No indeed! it is mentioned, not for the fact itself, but for the import of the fact. It has a moral significance, as have all the incidents mentioned in this condensed history.

Salvation from sin is dimly alluded to in the sentence of the serpent. Something of its plan and mode of application is taught in the institution of sacrifices, and more, still, of its personal use, in the dressing of the first transgressors in the skins of the animals slain and offered to God as a sacrifice.

These coats of skins, in which God clothed our first parents, were most instructive to them of the righteousness of Christ, the Lamb of God, thus slain from the foundation of the world. Clothed in these skins, they had again access to God, and could enjoy that communion with him which their first fall had broken. It was all to them a significant and instructive fact. It suggested that there was now the righteousness of another, in which they could appear acceptably before God.

Wonder not, therefore, if the lines of rigid despair are not engraven upon the face of Adam. Think it not strange if you do hear the voice of Eve mingling cheerfully with the songs which twitter in the branches above their woodland hut. For *hope* has shone in upon them; and, though they know that a life of pain and toil is before them, yet they rejoice to know that they shall not live in solitude and sin forever. They will sometime leave these scenes of their guilt and bitter repentance, and rejoin the company of those angel-acquaintances, who often tarried in their bower at Eden, and fired their souls with descriptions of their own glorious, celestial home.

We believe, therefore, that both Adam and Eve repented and were saved. True, their faith had less of material fact to spring from, than our own, with the truths of six thousand years, to build upon. But they must have been believers, to be suitable channels for transmitting the revelations of God down to succeeding generations.

But there is more affecting evidence still, to this purpose. Step within their rude habitation and look around on its rugged walls and the rustic implements of Adam's invention and manufacture.

But, especially, look at the infant in the arms of the mother of all living, and hear from her lips the strange words, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." It may not have struck you as remarkable, but there is the prelude of the Advent song, in these words, as they stand in the original,—*"I have gotten the man, the Lord."* It is pitiful to undeceive the rejoicing mother; but she is thinking that she already embraces the very promised Seed in her arms,—the Saviour who is to bruise the serpent's head, and to crush this arch plan of the devil. And so in the excess of her joy at the fulfilment of the promise, she calls him Cain—*possession*. It is the first note of the joy which afterward took place by the manger at Bethlehem, when one of her daughters did actually embrace the promised Seed, and rejoiced in God her Saviour. And though the graceless son soon showed how far he was from being the promised seed, yet his name tells us clearly of the faith of his mother, and of his father, also.

Yes! we contemplate their homely dwelling now, with less regret and sympathy. They may be alone in the world, and may have their souls harassed at times with bitter recollections, but

they sorrow, not as those without hope. They can sit in their tent-door, at the shutting day, when their toil is completed, and while away the twilight in many a sweet and bitter remembrance of their short life of innocence in Eden. And as the lingering sunlight rambles up the mountain side, and "plays in the plighted clouds," they can calmly talk of their own final leaves-taking of the earth, when they shall go with the angels, to learn more of that mysterious Seed who is to destroy this stratagem of Satan, but whom they now so faintly apprehend. And then, as the chill evening compels them in, will Eve drop by the low couch of the sleeping Cain, still guiltless of his brother's blood, and, with Adam, lift her evening prayer that God will teach her more of this wonderful way of escape from sin, and verify her hopes in his promises. Yes, God is truly worshipped in this humble hut, where sleep nightly, the whole world's population. Here is Adam in his *third estate*, when hope has dispelled despair.

Fourth phase.—Adam in his last and glorified state, we must yet wait our turn to see. We can now only follow him to the dark boundary which conceals that state, and watch his disappearance.

His lengthy pilgrimage draws finally to its end. We should like to know whether his beloved and faithful Eve went before him into eternity, but we cannot learn. Moses is silent to our questioning. We only know that century follows century, until the years of Adam's pilgrimage amount to nine hundred and thirty years. But at last the venerable white haired man is stretched upon his couch to die. His circuit has been slowly contracting, and less and less frequently has he visited his numerous children. It has been their turn to call upon him at the homestead, where the aged couple have lived the last five hundred years. Now, the heads of the goodly generations,—Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mehalaleel, Jared, Enoch and Methuselah—are assembled to hear the last counsels of their common ancestor, and to close the eyes of the first man!

What a subject for the greatest of painters would be the death-bed of Adam. He, of the eventful life and mournful memories,—holy, depraved, regenerated, and now to be glorified,—giving his dying charge to the group of elders about his couch, themselves carrying the weight of centuries upon their heads!

While Seth supports his head and receives the first born's

blessing, the patriarch's eyes close, his lips cease to speak, and the form which was once straight and fair as the palm tree, and which has stood the shock of more than nine centuries, lies as still as when God first fashioned it from the dust of Eden. It is borne forth to its burial, like no other funeral of human sort. It is mourned by the whole human family. It speaks of mortality to every one of the race!

Somewhere upon the plains of south-western Asia,—probably near where modern explorations are exhuming the relics of Nineveh and Babel, lies now the dust of Adam, undistinguishable and unknown. Its place is covered and obliterated by the detritus of the deluge, but it is known and watched by Him—that promised seed, who will by and by wake the occupant from his long sleep, and call the again united soul and body to be judged at the head of his countless posterity. Then shall the first promise have its last and richest fulfilment; not only to Adam, but to all who shall be clothed in the garment of righteousness which God has made for sinful man. Then shall the seed of the woman bruise the serpent's head.

To that first man we all bear an equal relationship, not only in the flesh, but in sin. But do we all stand related to him in his new birth and his spiritual life?

Ye sons and daughters of Adam! you have sinned and fell with him! have you also believed with him, so that you can stand with him on Mount Zion, when your sons may be musing over your grave? This is the great question, to awaken which, this slight sketch has been attempted. If it lead you to think upon it the present aim will be accomplished.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

LET to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
Of evils—that never occurred!

OLD LETTERS.

BY GENEVA.

HERE they all lie! Precious records of the happy past! How busy memory is this morning, as my eyes rest on each carefully sealed letter! Some of them look heavy and strangely forbidding; others tell only of some disagreeable business, and from them I turn hastily away. There are a great many in a faint, delicate hand. Dear, sweet Lillie May! Her home is far away now, where the palm branches wave, and strange sights and sounds greet her ears. And in the great work God has given her to do, perchance she has no thought of one who here this morning sends to that "Indian nest" an earnest, prayerful blessing. Here are "lots" of missives from "the girls." Records of school life! Friendships which have faded in forgetfulness, or that the angels have sealed in heaven.

There is the firm, bold, handsome writing of my father, mingled with the sweet, womanly letters of her who made my life so beautiful — my precious mother. Ah, those letters! I have laid my weary head oftentimes upon the dear, dear names written therein, as though that might bring a nearness to those so well beloved — a return of that love so lavished upon their cherished child.

Here are souvenirs of the "age of romance," when I first learned the sweet story which has been told over and over again, without losing any of its magic power. Long, long ago! when I did not dream that "dear Charlie," with his dark, clustering curls, bright eyes, and light footsteps, and the willful, wayward, yet loving child-wife, would ever grow grave and quiet. With the gray hair, telling of "many years," — Earth and its sorrows, and joys, so dimly seen, and our heavenly home so near, in all its sweet beauty! But here in this little ebony box, which bears yet its perfume of sandal wood, just as when the dear giver sent it to me "full of kisses," — here, in this little box, are the precious keepsakes — the carefully cherished letters of my first correspondent — my dear sailor brother.

Ah! the gay, merry playfellow of my childish years! My petted, idolized brother! who could not bear the restraints of the student life our elder brother had chosen; whose brave, high spirit, thirsted for adventure and excitement. Ah! do I not re-

member well that silent breakfast. How our noble father's brow wore a deep, quiet sorrow. How my gentle mother tried to pass Harry's cup, but her hand trembled, and, setting it down, she covered her face with her hands, and wept as we had never seen her weep before. Then how Herbert tried, in his manly way, to comfort her, whispering something which made her tears flow less bitterly; and my own feelings of relief to think that he would be left, almost mastering my wild grief.

My darling, noble brother! I can see him now as he impetuously pushed back his chair from the table, and standing by our mother, he laid his hand caressingly upon her head, while she leaned on Herbert's breast. "Say you are willing, mother dear; or I'll never, never go!" How brave and beautiful he looked! I was so proud of him, then—it seemed a sin, indeed, to chain such a spirit to the fixed rules of home life. His eye sparkled with the fire of enthusiasm—his head thrown proudly back. Yet I saw the trembling lip—the heaving breast, and marked the quick, hurried tones of his voice. "I am willing! But oh my son! my son! I am your mother!" Harry flung himself down at her feet, then, and laid his head upon her knee, just as he used to when a little child. He wept then as I thought he never could weep—my laughter-loving brother. It had the effect of calming our mother's grief, though. She softly put back the dark, curling hair from Harry's forehead, and looking long and searchingly into his dear face, she kissed him passionately, once. It was a very peculiar kiss. I knew then, that she had given him up.

"I do n't know but we'll have to send Nellie with him," said my father, trying to smile, and pausing in his excited walk up and down the breakfast-room. "They are too much alike to be apart. What say, pussie, to my cutting off these curls, and getting you, too, a midshipman's cap?" I was nestling close by his side. "Oh papa," I exclaimed, "I never, never could leave you and mamma, and Herbert, much as I love darling Harry. shall stay to take care of you!" "My precious child! who knows but you may be the comfort of my old age?"

The "Albion" was a noble vessel. The commander and officers men of honor, truth and bravery. She was "all ready," and this was Harry's last interview with the loved of home. Papa and Herbert went with him to the ship while I stayed to "comfort

mamma." Three years the dear wanderer would be absent, and then — oh, that was to be a joyful meeting !

We had a great many letters — "just like Harry !" Thrilling accounts of the dangers of the deep, which made me exalt my hero to the highest pinnacle of greatness. Brilliant descriptions of scenes and sights abroad — words of love to all — and plenty of "fun and nonsense for Nellie." There was an under current of earnestness running through them all, and I could see how Harry was longing to distinguish himself by deeds of bravery. He had a noble ambition and strove to merit the unqualified approval of his officers. Then there came gifts to the beloved at home. Little tokens of remembrance from foreign lands, carefully kept until a fitting opportunity to send them to our dear, honored father and idolized mother, or the brother whom we both loved and revered. But somehow, my gifts — my letters were different from all. It was "sister Nellie," who had shared in his wild sports and daring adventures ; sister Nellie, who had joyed in his mirth, and wept over his griefs, childish though they were — at that time we thought them very great. And in later years, it was "Dear Nellie, to whom all his plans and hopes were confided." We understood each other. Oh, there is a world of meaning in those little words.

After a while, there was a new bond of union between us, for Harry — my brave, bright, noble brother, became a child of God. He never rested until I could say that even here, we two had but one interest. There it is now — that precious, pleading letter. How I carried it next my heart — how many tears were shed over its sweet words of love.

"Good news, Nellie, love ;" said papa, helping me down from the back of Romeo, Harry's favorite horse. "What is it, papa ? something from the Albion ?" "Yes, yes ; you may sing 'Homeward Bound,' now, with a good will." With one spring I was in the house, waiting, how impatiently, for papa to follow. He drew me down upon his knee, while he read me a long letter from the commander of the Albion. It was all in praise of Harry. There had been a terrible encounter with a pirate vessel, and Harry had been so brave. He had "shown a courage and fortitude far beyond his years." How my heart thrilled when papa read these words. I knew then, by the kindling of my father's eye, how much that boy had filled his heart — our noble young sailor !

But Harry had been wounded, and was not then able to write. "Why, you need not cry, pussie," said Herbert; "that is part of the glory." How busy we were after that! Everything that was in the house and out had a reference to Harry's comfort or pleasure. Herbert laughingly said that he was no longer noticed at all, and threatened to do something dreadful if we persisted in so forgetting him.

It was blessed to see the love-light in dear mamma's eyes, as she gently moved about the house, thinking all the while of her dear wanderer coming back to the home-nest. "Harry is coming," that was the cry from morn to night. Romeo had a new saddle and bridle; Brutus, the great Newfoundland, must have a new collar. There were Harry's flowers to care for, his old moss-grown seat in the garden, under the great elms, to be put in repair; his books to be re-arranged; his room to be made beautiful, (which I insisted on doing all myself,) and a thousand things besides. Papa brought home a beautiful painting of the encounter of the Albion with the pirates, drawn from a "sketch" Harry had made and sent in his last letter. The letter I would not part with a moment, because it was the last — the last! for Harry was coming home.

We hung the painting over the mantle in the "young sailor's" room, and every day mamma gathered a bouquet of fresh flowers to place upon his table. All was ready, for we did not know when the dearly loved — the long looked-for should come.

Our watching and waiting were over. When I awoke to consciousness dear Herbert told me all the sad story. There had been a fierce, wild storm; I could remember that. One of those terrible tempests that rage around the cliffs of Devonshire. The Albion was coming in. She struggled nobly with the fierce elements, and seemed almost to know how precious was her freight. But He whose voice alone can calm the tempest's fury, spake not to the winds and waves that terrible night.

Just in sight of home, the noble ship went down. There were strong boats and they were quickly filled with their anxious, weary officers and crew. But the sea ran high. It was almost impossible for any vessel to live in such a storm. The shore was lined with strong, brave-hearted men, willing all of them to peril their lives in aid of their suffering fellows. There was one man

thrown upon the rocks with such violence that life was supposed to be extinct. He had been carried to our own home. It was the young commander, Sir Edward Montague. But three of the boats reached the shore. Our dear, dear sailor boy was not in any of them. He had staid by the Albion until the last, and when compelled to abandon her, he was seen to enter a boat already too much crowded for safety — that boat was never seen again. But the waves gave back our treasure. Oh, there were sounds of bitter weeping among those noble men who had “borne him company” on that fearful night, when we laid our bright, brave darling down to sleep beneath those same old elms that witnessed our childish sports. Sir Edward recovered. It was he who tried to bring consolation to the stricken hearts of the sorrowing father and mother — the dearly-loved elder brother. It was he who sustained my fainting form, as we set the solemn seal of our last kiss upon that fair young face, the high brow and clustering curls of dear Harry. It was he who taught my rebellious heart to say “Thy will be done.” He it is who for many years has been my counsellor and best earthly friend. Yes; I have been so blessed! Yet, God forgive me if I do wrong to-day, while I weep over this little ebony box of Harry’s letters!

“Homeward Bound!” These were the last words he wrote. Home, indeed! why should I weep that so soon, to him, the blessed harbor of heaven was opened wide — his young barque resting in the haven of peace. Thither will our Father bring us all at last; and until then, this little box of time-worn letters shall teach me many a lesson of sweet submission — patient waiting for that time when the loved, the lost, the longed-for, shall be re-united in Christ’s own kingdom, where we shall no longer be tossed on the “rough, restless tide” of life, but safely anchored at *Home, sweet home!*

INFLUENCE.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF STYLE AND SENTIMENT IN
CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY REV. JONATHAN CLEMENT, D. D.

THERE is a flippancy in many of our popular writers which sometimes trifles with weighty matters, and which is at variance with that severe simplicity of taste which we always love to see. Examples of this may be found almost anywhere. We select a few from a book that has been somewhat circulated of late, which is addressed to the *youth* of our country, and contains much counsel which may well be regarded by those addressed. It is dedicated to a clergyman of great eminence and excellence, but whose faults are of a similar kind, and too much imitated. Speaking of the disposition in young men to put off religion and enjoy the world, the author says; "This results, very much, from the *kind of preaching* you have always listened to. You have been taught that human life is a humbug, that these things which so greatly delight you, are vain and sinful, that your great business in this world is to be saved, and that you are to be saved only by learning to despise things that you love and to love things which you despise. You think that this is unnatural and irrational. I think it is myself." Again he says; "a man's bearing wins ten superior women, where his boots and brains wins one." Again, "a trade has taken some men by the shoulders and shaken their humanity out of them. It has so warped the natures of others that they might be wet down and set in the sun to dry a thousand times without being warped back again."

Speaking of office seekers, he says; "Whether it rained porridge or potatoes, paving stones or pearls, their dish was always out." Addressing the young man on the claims that society has upon him, he says; "You ask me what society would have of you? anything that you possess which has value in society. Can you act in a charade? can you dance? can you play whist? and are you willing to assist those to a pleasant evening who are not able to stand through a party?" Of some women who are in love with dress, he says; "They use it as a means of splitting grief into vulgar fractions, and are led out from great bereavements into the consolations of vanity by the hands of numerators

and denominators." He accounts in an uncomplimentary way for the fact that more women than men become pious; "It is because the female mind has to undergo comparatively a small revolution, to become religious. I suppose it is very rare that those who are denominated *strong minded* women become religious."

The fault of this style of writing, consists mainly in running into extravagances, in order to avoid being tame; straining after oddities, startling with uncouth expressions. To be smart, something must be said that is out of the common usage. The reader must be continually surprised by turns of language never thought of before. While attention is roused, nature is outraged. While sophomores clap, seniors hang their heads. Carlyle has genius, and learning, and truth enough to give deplorable currency to those arts and airs in composition which make the vulgar stare and the judicious weep. "The two eggs, thou hast to thy breakfast, might they not have been hatched into chickens and filled the whole world with poultry!" What vast suggestive meaning in these few words! and yet how dangerous the imitation of such style by those who have not the requisite genius!

The effects of productions of this sort are often very great but they are ephemeral, and attended by reaction which ultimately undoes all the good they seem at first to do. While they have their day, they serve to corrupt the taste and to pervert the sentiment of thousands.

The art of interesting deeply and permanently the general mind, and of fostering at the same time a correct taste, belongs to very few. One of these was Addison. We need such a man, now. Irving does indeed furnish us with a rich example, but he has never made it his object to pour such a flood of ridicule as the *Spectator* does on literary extravagance. So far is the public taste already corrupted, that, as Tuckerman says, to a majority of readers, the *Spectator* is a tame book. "They miss in its pages the rapid succession of incidents, the melo-dramatic display, and the rhetorical vivacity, which distinguish modern fiction and criticism. But it is in this very direction that popular taste is at fault; the overaction, the moral fever and restlessness of the times, have infected writers as well as readers. Both are dissatisfied with the natural and the genuine, and have recourse to arti-

ficial stimulants and conventional expedients ; and these are as certain to react unfavorably in habits of thought and in authorship as in scientific and practical affairs. It is to this tendency to conform the art of writing to the standard of a locomotive and experimental age that we ascribe the tricks of pen-craft so much in vogue."

As that landscape painting is to be condemned, which attempts to go beyond truth, however it may be the rage of a day, so is it with literature ; and we may find specimens in both, to which we may apply the language of Carlyle with quite as much propriety as it is applied by himself, "it is enough to make angels weep, and asses, too."

We are reluctant to complain when we read an author who aims at good moral results and widely influences the community, on the ground of sad deficiency in taste. But when we feel that his influence is owing, in a great degree to this very deficiency, that it must be transient, and on the road to oblivion be overwhelmed with ridicule in which morality must suffer, we pause and enter our protest.

It is true that inventive genius does deal in novel and striking uses of language, but then it is always in its brightest exhibitions faithful to nature. "The more original a man's thought is, the more direct is its utterance. Genuine feeling seeks the most simple expression. Just in proportion as what is said comes from the individual's own mind and heart, is his manner of saying it, natural. In confirmation of this, we might refer to all the admired productions of antiquity. Contemporaneous works, full of strange conceits, may have attracted more attention at the time, but where are they now ? Nature has put them off and retained only her own proper dress. Nor has this dress ever appeared more attractive than in the modern example of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Bunyan employs as many original turns of expression as can be found in any author, but unperverted humanity owns them all. Franklin wrote several pieces, both in prose and poetry, that have upon them the genuine marks of originality, but so simple in style as to warrant the playful threat of Sydney Smith to his daughter, "I will disinherit you, if you do not admire everything written by Franklin." The famous eulogy on Washington, *first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen*, makes its ap-

peal to the learned and the unlearned alike, and that in all lands and for all time. How would its glory depart, if it should be rendered into the manner of some of the most lauded writers of the present day! Perhaps it would read somewhat in this way; "The unparalleled leader of our revolution, did battle like a furious Hector, stretched his wizard wand over a distracted people and hushed them into quiet, and elbowed his way into the deepest affections of the whole country."

It cannot be doubted that an unnatural style of writing easily connects itself with the habit of *trifling with serious things*. Thus, in the book from which some examples have been taken to illustrate extravagance in style, the author is so anxious to show young men the importance of depending on themselves, that he comes out against the Education Society, on the assumption that it interferes with such self-dependence. His objections go just far enough to prove the necessity of guarding the society against abuses, but not to destroy the conviction almost universal in the churches, that it has done great service to Christianity. There is a carelessness, to say the least, in adding publicity to an opinion on this point, that is much more grateful to anti-evangelical feeling than to that which is according to Godliness. The author also *appears* to favor those amusements that have ever been regarded as adverse to the prosperity of Zion, and in this we fear that he is in harmony with a wide-spread feeling in the community. We have read of one place where religious meetings are quite early in the evening, in order to give the attendants opportunity to go to the theatre, and we know of many places where there is an attempt to reconcile fast driving, and dancing, and card playing, with a reputable Christian profession. We may freely admit that there are things which professed Christians do that are even worse than these, and yet we contend that these are a part of the vain conversation from which the consistent disciple of Jesus is redeemed, and why should the truly devout, heartily engaged in the great religious movements of our times, have any relish for such frivolities?

With sorrow we express our conviction that the extravagance of style, which is to be found in many of the most popular writings of the day, contributes not a little to what is dangerous in sentiment. More license is allowed to poetry, but even in this

"the fine frenzy" has method in it, which is transgressed in the verse of no ordinary poet. A passionate lover is assuring his lady that a certain inheritance is secured to her, and this is the language employed to give the assurance :

" As easy pluck
The golden stars from heaven's embroidered stole,
To pin them on the gray side of this earth
As make you poor again."

We know indeed that the vilest things may be written in language, which in a literary sense may be called chaste ; but yet those writers who abound in such hyperbolical descriptions as the above specimen, are often betrayed into inconsistencies and sometimes into graver faults, mainly through the influence of a perverted taste. We think better of the heart of the writer from whom we first quoted, than to believe he seriously intended all that the language cited imports. Does he really mean to make so light of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, as he seems to do, when he tells the young man that he has been unfortunately taught, that to be saved he must despise what he once loved, and loved what he once despised, and when he says that the female mind requires but a small revolution to become religious ? Is not a part of this seeming irreverence towards the Gospel to be ascribed to fault of style ? *Is this the style* in which Christ and his apostles speak of the new life ? Is it not very nearly the same language here imputed to preachers, as *irrational*, which was in fact used by the inspired apostle ? If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, *old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new* ? Do not the Scriptures teach that to cease from the service of Satan and serve God, is a *great change*, both in male and female, and to live the life of a Christian, demands of every one to watch and be sober ? Do they not declare almost the very thing which this writer condemns, not without an air of levity, and which others, less humane, treat with bitter scorn, that the *great business in this world is to be saved*.

If the young are told that it is a small matter to be born again, at least, in some circumstances, and that with the new life they may have also the keenest worldly enjoyments *as the world counts them*, will they not either cling to false hopes or what is more likely, disregard both the form and spirit of vital religion ?

The stern doctrines of the Cross, which are very little relished now by large portions of the people, are the very truths that take the strongest hold of the human heart. Our pious fathers understood them well and guarded them well against perversion. They truly described the kind of life to which they lead. They placed rational enjoyment on its only foundation by admitting no compromise with sensual pleasures. They taught, as the unerring word teaches, that *wisdom's ways* are the true pleasantness, that her paths are substantial peace, and that no joy can be compared with that of serving and pleasing the Lord. Should not the young now be urged to the same conclusion as solemnly drawn from the same source?

We desire to be candid; we commend the elasticity and earnestness and kindly spirit of much that is written amidst the faults which have come under review. But while the Spirit of the Lord is abroad in the churches and reaching in unwonted measure, the young, as well as those of advanced age, and in every condition; and while the earnest prayer is increasing that his spirit may more and more prevail, until it banish all error and wrong from the community—surely this is no time to point the young to inferior pleasures or to flatter them with false hopes. Let them rather be persuaded through every channel by which they can be influenced, that to fear God and keep his commandments, is the way to the highest happiness of earth, as well as to the infinite joys of heaven.

THE FORGERY.

BY VIOLA MAY.

WALKING a few evenings since in an ancient burial place, in company with an elderly friend, we came upon a new-made grave. The turf lay lightly upon the fresh gravel, while the bent grass, bearing the print of footsteps, told that a fellow-mortal had just been borne there to his last resting place. Close beside this grave was another half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with tall grass, through which a single rose-bush, planted by the hand of affection, was peeping. Seating ourselves by these mounds, my friend dropped a silent tear in memory of the departed. "The fate of these sleepers is a sad story," she remarked; and at my request she related it to me. It was just at the

close of a quiet autumn day — the season and the hour were impressive. As I listened there to that life picture, so faithfully delineated, so vivid an impression did it make upon my mind, and so forcibly did it illustrate the downward steps of crime, and its effects in overshadowing with the dark forms of sorrow, many a home and heart about us, I could hardly refrain from repeating it.

The little village of M——, nestling away in a wood-embowered vale, with its simple churches ; the little grocery, kept by deacon A——, and the more extensive establishment of Esq. S——, where to groceries, were added an assortment of prints, crockery, and so forth, together with its neat school-house, tasteful cottages, and rural grounds, had ever been a pleasant spot. But within a few years, several workshops had sprung up, giving to the little village an appearance of thrift and enterprise which kept the life-current from stagnating, with not enough of prosperity to engender the vices incident to a crowded population.

It was evening in mid-winter. Very quiet seemed the little village, as it slept, almost buried as it were, beneath the mantle of snow that enshrouded it. Borne upon the first breeze of morning, was a single whisper ; round and round it circled, till, gathering force from each succeeding echo, it burst with a fearful force, almost stunning the hearts of the villagers with its dark import. Allan Gray, a respected citizen, and substantial man in the business community, had been detected in the crime of forgery, and fled from his native village. Stern men echoed with white lips, the startling intelligence. By the perfidy of this base man they had lost their all. Bitter was the thought of the hard-earned fruits of the years of toil lost in a single day. Want stared them in the face. The cries of their little ones for bread rang in their ears. Nor did the villagers of M—— alone, embrace the victims of Allan Gray's treachery. Men who counted their gains by thousands, and whose hearts had grown avaricious with their increasing stores, felt their losses too heavy to be borne. Justice was clamorous for its victim. They sought the guilty man, but the same cunning which had enabled him so long successfully to carry out his wicked purposes, enabled him to elude his pursuers. There were others upon whose hearts that whisper fell with crushing weight.

Allan Gray had a name among the people of God. His hand

had given liberally in the support of every good cause. His voice had been heard in the place of prayer, and from his lips had dropped the words of exhortation. By his fair profession and apparent goodness he had won that confidence which his personal demeanor, the restless, averted eye, and cringing gait, betokening a capability for deeds other than noble and true, tended to destroy. Those with whom he had been as a brother, fondly hoped that in an evil moment of temptation he had fallen. But with the disclosures of a single day this hope had vanished.

Let us pause here a moment, and retrace the steps of Allan Gray, in his career of crime. He sits alone in his library. Already the village clock has tolled the hour of midnight, but he heeds it not. Rising from his writing desk, he draws the curtain more closely, places his hand upon the door to make sure that it is fast, though he can but remember that his own hand turned the key. Seating himself again, he grasps the pen nervously, dashes off a few lines and compares them with the paper before him. The deed is done—we read it in the almost demon-like gleam of satisfaction lighting up the countenance. Was this the beginning of Allan Gray's career in crime? Ah no; away in the secret chambers of his soul, where no eye but that of the Omniscient penetrateth, was a single thought born and nurtured by the love of gain, till it had developed itself in the deed just committed. Allan Gray was a selfish man. The desire of wealth, and through that, popular favor, had gotten possession of his soul. It was to gratify these passions that he had committed the base and wicked act of forgery. As he gathered up his unsuccessful imitations and consigned them to the flames, watching their consuming, lest there might be some tell-tale of his guilt, he resolved that this should be his first and last act of crime. But a temptation once yielded to, weakens the power of resistance. Again and again he yielded, till with scarce a check, save the fear of exposure, he rushed onward in his dark career, till his business affairs reached a crisis where he could no longer avert the exposure of his guilt. A community sorrowed over wrongs inflicted by one in whom they had trusted. A church mourned a brother fallen; the home-circle of which he had been the pride, felt that a dark shadow had crossed its threshold. But there was one heart, the bitterness of whose grief may not be spoken. It had wakened from a life-dream of happiness, to see the soul it had ever believed so good and true,

full of all wickedness — to feel itself deserted by the strong spirit it had leaned upon so confidently.

In the words of my companion, “I can remember of a bright New Year ushered in by a joyous bridal. There was a gathering in the old family mansion. The tables groaned with the good things with which farmer C——’s generosity graced the occasion. Happiness ruled the hour. In the midst of that joyous throng, Clara C—— stood before the altar and united her destiny with that of Allan Gray. They waved the evergreen over that brow destined so soon to wear evermore a cyprees wreath. Clara C—— was lovely in her person, lovely in her life. How rich a prize was that pure, trusting heart, so freely given. It stirs my spirit now, that so fair a flower should have been plucked by so base a hand. Sheltered in the bosom of a pleasant home, watched over by fond parents, surrounded by a circle of loving brothers and sisters, the years of her life had glided smoothly. To use her own expression, “She had ever been happy in her own home, and now, in the bosom of another home — one provided by her heart’s chosen companion, she was happy still.”

A brief year passed, and a little one nestled on her heart. Her cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing; but alas! almost ere it had been tasted, the chalice was dashed from her lips, and by him who two short years before, had promised to be ever her protector. Allan Gray had not sought Clara C—— for her lovely qualities of heart and mind. He had not sought her as a refining influence upon his own character, a star in his home, a jewel upon his brow, but for her gold. And he had fully wrought out now his base purposes. Robbed at once of her heart’s confidence and stripped of her worldly possessions, her parent’s home received her again. We stop not here to note the secret grief which such a step must occasion to a proud and sensitive spirit. Farmer C—— suffered reverses of fortune till his wealth had all taken to itself wings. Disheartened he sunk under the burden of his misfortunes, and within a few brief weeks, Clara C—— had seen the grave close over father and mother.

“Once,” said my companion, “I stood with her as I now stand with you, in the place of the dead; I was an orphan, and as I breathed into her sympathizing ear my many sorrows, she remarked, ‘How different in life has been our lot! you are young in years but old in care and sorrow, while I have never known a

real grief. Better days are in store for you, my friend, while my trials may be yet in reserve.' How little did she dream how truly prophetic were her words. And how quickly would have been checked the murmuring thought could I have known that for my best loved friend there were in reserve sorrows past the bitterness of death.

"But so it was. To desertion and bereavement was now added the bitterness of poverty. Oh, the sickening sensation which comes over the soul, when it feels that it must work or die, and all to preserve a poor life, almost too wretched to be borne.

In the beginning of affliction, ere yet our own hearts have fully realized the extent of its bitterness, friends are ever ready to tender their kindest sympathies. These are beautiful and consoling while they last, but they too often give place to indifference and neglect, or uncharitable censure. So it was with the wife of Allan Gray. She had shared his prosperity, and she must now bear a part in his disgrace. Allan Gray had not only broken the heart and blighted the prospects of a confiding woman, but had disgraced his family in the eyes of the world. Borne down by depressing poverty, Mrs. Gray labored to gain a daily subsistence for herself and little one. Thus she toiled, till exhausted by grief and care, she sunk into the grave. But her life so lovely and promising in its spring-time, its noon so darkened and obscured, was peaceful at its close. Under the chastening and refining influence of trial, she had long been ripening for immortal glories.

The snows of many winters had whitened the grave of the deserted wife; the rose had blossomed and faded there, and now again the autumnal winds were breathing a requiem in the branches of the drooping willow which overshadowed it. A traveller worn and weary slowly makes his way through the village of M——. His garments were soiled and torn, but more sadly marred was the squallid face and form, with the dark lines of passion and guilt. The little children shrunk away from the frightful object; women closed and barred their doors lest he should enter; men paused in their workshops to gaze at the sad wreck of a human being. The wretched man heeds them not; he has long been a wanderer, and outcast from society, and he listlessly pursues his way. Suddenly a strange feeling comes

over him. He feels to himself like one awaking from a dream. In his wanderings he has passed through new and strange places, but feels that he never before experienced a sensation like that which possesses him now. Something which he cannot explain, carries him irresistibly back to the past, awaking early memories. Faint with fasting, he unlatches a little gate and treads the gravel walk. He looks about him, and with a single glance takes in the whole scene. The dark years of guilt are for a moment obliterated, and Allan Gray stands an innocent man before his own dwelling, upon the very spot his feet have pressed before. Almost unconsciously he touches the bell, but ere its summons can be answered, overcome with fatigue and the tumult of feeling, he sinks exhausted upon the step. Strong arms bear him to a couch beneath the very roof whose walls could they speak, might reveal his deeds of guilt. Benevolent hearts minister to his wants, but he knows it not. All through the silent watches of that dreary night he raved in a wild delirium, but with the morning's dawn reason returned, and with it the memory of the last night's revealings.

A manly form watched by the side of the sufferer. For a time the wretched man regarded his countenance intently. Breaking the silence, he muttered, "Young man, your face is a magic stone in which I have been reading the past. I know not why it is, but it has carried me back to the time when, for a brief season, an angel walked by my side and a little prattler nestled upon my knee, lisping the name of father, but I was unworthy of the name. I am a wretched, guilty thing, and my lamp of life is going out in thick darkness. I feel that I am dying. Go call the man of God that he may offer one petition for me before I go hence." The aged minister came, and to the little circle which gathered sadly about that bed of death, the wanderer related his history, and poured out from an overburdened soul the confessions of a guilty conscience. When he had finished, Edward Gray, (for he it was beneath whose roof the wanderer had found shelter) embraced him, exclaiming, "*I am your own son, the very same who lisped in your ear the name of father, and now again would call you by that endearing name.*"

"Oh, my son," murmured the dying man, embracing him for a moment, then putting him from him with the exclamation, "I am not worthy that you should call me father. But where is your angel mother?"

“She sleeps in yonder church-yard, and but for her teachings I might reproach you as the author of her untimely death. She taught me to respect you as my father, and to cherish your memory as she had done. She loved you through all, and daily she pleaded for you at the throne of grace. With your name upon her lips she breathed out her spirit.” A chord was touched in the heart of the outcast, which had not vibrated for years. Tears flowed freely, and the lips long used to take the name of God in mockery, breathed a prayer — may we not fondly hope the tear and prayer of penitence, in answer to petitions long had in remembrance ?

The man of God was there, with silver hair and form slightly bowed with age, but there breathed in his presence, the same earnest, humble spirit, as when in days past Allan Gray had listened to his words of Christian hope and counsel. They bowed the knee, and on the wings of prayer, the spirit took its upward flight. Last eve we laid the body here, where side by side sleeps the deserted wife, the meek and suffering woman, and the man whose life was stained with deeds of guilt, to await in the day of retribution, the decision of Him who ever judgeth righteously.

A SURVIVOR OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY META LANDER.

“THE Central America is lost, and hundreds have gone down with her into the depths of the sea.” Who will forget the thrill of horror that this announcement occasioned ? And when the news came that one and another, and another had been picked up, many hearts beat quicker, and many voices died out in essaying to ask the question, “Is my brother, is my child, is my husband, among the saved ?” For the steamer was bringing some six hundred passengers to their eastern homes.

Not long since, while making a visit in a pleasant town in good old Connecticut, I met with one of the few survivors of that terrible catastrophe. It was a lady of about thirty, of an interesting countenance and pleasing manners. But why did that dark shadow rest upon her face ? Was it caused by the remembrance of those hours of untold suspense and agony ? Alas ! her deep

mourning apparel spoke of that peculiar sorrow which only death can bring. The companion of her youth was among the wrecked.

With painful sympathy I sat beside her and asked for her sad story, which I will attempt to relate.

After a long absence, she, with her husband and two little children, were returning home from California. For the greater part of their voyage, the weather had been propitious, but on their way from Havana to New York, the elements turned fiercely against them. Suddenly their bright anticipations were clouded by the cry of appalling danger. Ghastly death looked them in the face, and there seemed no escape.

What pen can describe the scene? "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and in that desperate struggle with death, that for which they had so laboriously toiled, perhaps for years, and to protect which they would not have scrupled to shed their blood, was now spurned as utterly worthless. The choicest treasures were left unheeded, belts of gold dust were flung aside, and life-preservers, a thousand-fold outweighing them in value, were fastened instead, around them.

Some Judases there were, however, who went about loading themselves with cast off spoils, and then went to the bottom with their booty. One woman, *most considerably* collected her large stock of jewelry and fastened it about her; and it was saved with her.

Another received from her husband all that he had, a check for several thousand dollars. He was a genuine husband, thus, thoughtfully, in the hour of danger, to ensure her against poverty. He was lost, but by his kind consideration she was placed above penury.

The young widow whom I saw, with a mother's heart, put some crackers in her pocket for her children. This was all the provision she made.

The flag had drooped at half mast and signal guns had been booming over the sea. At length a brig comes in sight and bears gallantly towards them. The boats are lowered, and to the honor of the male passengers be it proclaimed, that with hardly an exception, only women and children were let down into them. When we consider that there were hundreds of men looking on, almost all of them armed with revolvers, who could easily have

taken forcible possession of the boats, we cannot restrain our admiration at their truly gallant heroism. The one of whom I write, with her clinging children, was among the number consigned to the boats. The last sight that she caught of her husband, was as he stood upon the deck of the ill-fated vessel, anxiously watching the little craft that contained his heart's treasures, and fearfully uncertain whether they should ever meet again. But he was a Christian, and even in that hour of gloom, he could trustingly commend himself and his family to a merciful Father's care.

The brig lay a mile from them, and night soon wrapping every thing in darkness, the boat did not return again for passengers. All that they had carried, were taken on board, where their situation was made as comfortable as their forlorn circumstances would allow. At any rate, they had reason to chant a thanksgiving psalm that they had been saved from a frightful death. For a time they were necessarily kept on short rations as provisions seemed failing. And though scantily supplied with clothing, and without covering for their heads, they were obliged to remain on deck exposed to wind and weather.

One day a vessel passed them near enough to be hailed. The news given by the captain was that they had just met a ship, which had picked up several men from the same wreck. Instantly a thrill runs through those suffering hearts. Is my husband, or mine, or mine, of the blessed number?" But who dares ask? At length one woman unable longer to endure suspense, in a startling voice calls out, "Was B—— G—— picked up?" "Yes," replied the captain. "I remember that B—— G—— was on board." And the vessel passes on. One heart, only, of all that number beats, with joy. The rest must wait—who can tell how long?

Not long after, our friend was taken on board a vessel, bound for New York, and soon learned that she was a widow, and her children fatherless. All their property had been swept away, and their protection was gone. They arrived among their friends so browned by exposure as to be hardly recognized and utterly destitute. But He to whom in his last moments the husband and father had commended them, will not suffer them to want any good thing. In the example and prayers of a pious father, these little ones inherit a rich legacy.

In such scenes of peril, how worthless appear all other possessions save that of a calm trust in God. And who of us are secure against similar calamities? Ah, Christian mother, let thy prayers be more frequent and more earnest, that thy dear ones may early enter the ark of faith. So in those life-tempests which sooner or later come to all, shall they have a refuge from the storm, and be safely borne into the eternal harbor.

ANNIVERSARY.

BY JANETTE.

EVE of my natal day !
I joy to greet thee on my way.
Long years have passed me by,
And still my rapid moments fly.
How many tales of woe,—
How much of grief falls here below,
Oblivious years might tell ;
Yet few the days that numbered well,
Since I first saw the light,
Thousands have felt chill sorrow's blight,
Yet 'mid all trouble here,—
Sickness and death oft falling near,
I, a sinful one am spared—
Still have every blessing shared,
With scarce a thankful heart,
Till from them all I'm called to part.
I will not mourn o'er years
Which long have passed,—yes, some in tears,
But joy in those that be,
If added worth each brings to me.
I'll seek a purer heart,
A mind where striking thought may start,
And feel that God still lives ;
And with my life each blessing gives.

"THEY," says Mr. Henry, "who pray in their houses do well ; they who not only pray, but read the Scriptures, do better ; but they do best of all, who not only pray and read the Bible, but *sing* the praises of God." Ah, yes ; singing is a delightful exercise in the family devotions.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

*View of the Alps.*

THE VAMPIRE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

THE vampire resembles the bat,
 So worthy historians say;
 He is nearly as big as a cat,
 And wanders at night for his prey.

He seems both a bird and a beast,
 He is furnished with legs and with
 wings,
 He flies in the night to his feast,
 By day to the tree-top he clings.

This beast in America dwells,
 He has very sharp claws and long ears,
 The story each traveller tells
 Of the vampire, awakens our fears.

With a very long horn on his nose,
 And a very great longing for food,
 He comes while the weary repose,
 And sucks from their veins all the
 blood.

The vampire we never need fear,
 He lives in a much hotter clime,
 I have never heard of one here
 Tho' I've been here a very long time.

Ah! yes, the rum-seller is one,
 So pray you keep out of his way,
 Or else, like the vampire, my son,
 He'll suck e'en your life-blood away.

POLITENESS.

"How are you, my dear?" said a minister to a little girl, where he called in. How do you think she behaved? Did she put her finger in her mouth, and hold down her head, without saying a word? No, indeed! She looked up cheerfully, and said in a sweet voice, "I am well, I thank you; how are you?" And when she retired, observing that the minister looked toward her she very neatly bade him good evening, and slipped off to her room. That little girl was less than seven years old. How do you act when any one speaks to you?"

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH HIS YOUNG READERS.

LYING FINGERS.

SOME boys have very wicked fingers. The naughty things will lie outright, when the tongue refuses to tell a wrong story. True, these same boys do not think their fingers are so very wicked, and, on the whole, they are not disposed to blame them much. But let us see — here is a case:

James and Henry, Thomas and Charlie, and other boys, are at play in the street, running hither and thither, sometimes driving a hoop, and sometimes hiding from each other,

“Which way did Charlie go?” inquired Henry, as he came running round the corner of Deacon Jones’s house.

Tommy made no reply, but pointed his wicked finger up the street. Henry supposed that Tommy’s finger told the truth, and so he hurried on as fast as his feet could carry him in that direction. James laughed, and shouted away to Henry, who heeded him not, until he heard the words,

“He is fooling you. He did n’t go that way.”

Henry stopped, and all the boys laughed loudly, that Tommy’s fingers had deceived him so “slick.” But should they have laughed? Did n’t Tommy’s fingers lie? And is not this reason enough for looking sober?

Perhaps my young reader does not believe that Tommy told a lie. Let us see. Suppose he had spoken with his tongue, and said, “Charlie went up the street,” when he actually went the other way; would not his have been a lying tongue, in that case? I think every reader will answer in the affirmative. But when his finger tells the same false story that his tongue does, and deceives Henry as much, is not that lying. Certainly. Tommy’s finger did not keep truth on its side, and it better be cut off than to lie in this reckless manner. Better have no fingers than lying ones.

“But what is a lie?” some one may ask. It is the attempt to deceive another by telling things as they are not. It is very plain then, that boys and girls may lie with their fingers as really as with their tongues. They may deceive as actually with one as with the other. God sees them to be as guilty in one case as in the other. He knows very well that it is a wicked heart that makes both the tongue and the finger lie.

Beware then, boys and girls, of lying fingers. Teach all these little members better, so that you can always say, “we tell the truth clear to the ends of our fingers.”

RIPE APPLES FALL.

“WHAT if they do?” says Frank; “why should n’t ripe apples fall?”

But stop a moment, my lad, and see the wisdom of God in this little affair of having ripe apples fall.

“I do n’t see any wisdom about it,” said Nellie, who was listening to the conversation; “ripe apples can’t help falling.”

“Why can they not help it?” inquired her father. Neither Nellie nor Frank could answer this question, and their father went on to say:—

"God made them to hold on long enough to ripen and become fit for use. He might have made them to drop before they were half grown, and then they would have been worthless. Or he might have made them to hold on for some time after they were ripe, in which case they would decay. But now he has ordered that they should drop when they will be of the most use to man. You have noticed, Frank, that the mellowest apples are those which you pick up under the trees. So that very little boys and girls, who cannot climb the trees to pluck fruit, are often supplied by this good provision which God has made. Is not here the wisdom of God?"

Both Frank and Nellie thought they could see his wisdom now, and Nellie said, "I wonder I never thought of it before."

Her father added: "we shall find that God has made everything just as it ought to be made for our good, and those who find fault with his arrangements do not know what they are doing. I will tell you a story about one of this sort of men. One day he was lying upon the ground, under the spreading branches of a giant oak, admiring the strength and beauty of the tree. It seemed strange to him that so large a tree should yield so small fruit as the acorn. "There can't be any God," he said to himself, "or he would not have had the little acorn grow on the giant oak. Just look at the vine; what a little thing it is! and yet it yields pumpkins three times as large as my head. Everything is out of place. If there were a God, he would have had the pumpkins grow on great trees, and acorns on little vines." Just then an acorn dropped from a branch of the oak, and struck him on his face, with force enough to inflict a degree of pain. He started up, well satisfied that his views were wrong, and exclaimed,

"There is a God, and I am a fool, for if that had been a pumpkin instead of an acorn, my head would now have been a *squash*."

Frank and Nellie laughed outright to think of the atheist's head being beaten to a jelly by a huge pumpkin; and Nellie thought she should hardly dare to have her swing under the oak in the lane, if it bore pumpkins instead of acorns.

"We should be in as bad a plight as the atheist," added their father, "if, like him, we had things our own way. God knows best how to order things for our good. I hope my children will always remember the lesson that is taught by the truth that *ripe apples fall*."

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"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME."

BY F. B.

WILLIE is not much over three years old. He is a dear little fellow, with blue eyes which smile in their far depths when anything pleases him, and through which, at times, it seems as if you could almost read his soul. His hair hangs in light beautiful curls over his shoulders, and all feel that there is about him an irresistible charm.

But it is not his blue eyes nor his flowing ringlets, that so endear him to his friends. Oh! no. His winning ways and thoughtful mind are what keep our hearts so warm and full of love for him. He loves to think of the blessed Saviour, who was once a child, and of the God who made him and is so kind.

"Willie," I said to him one day, "do you love to pray?"

"Very much," he replied, earnestly.

How many of you, dear children, can give the same answer to the question?

Nearly a year ago, when Willie was but two years and a half old, he was one day seated in his little rocking chair, busied with his play; I think he was trying to sew, as many little boys do. Suddenly he threw aside his mimic work, and went to his mother. Looking up into her face, Willie said, "He wants to pray."

"Kneel down here by mother," she replied, and the child knelt.

"Mamma put hand on baby's head." She complied with her little one's request, and, folding his hands, Willie repeated the words of the Psalmist, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

He then rose and returned to his play. How beautiful this incident seemed to me! Who shall say that this little child did not feel the need of prayer, and that it was not an acceptable offering to the God who is Love?

CULLED FLOWERS.

HOW PROUD SHE IS.

"How proud she is, — the haughty puss!
I wonder who is she,
That she should treat an equal thus,
Nor deign a glance at me.

"She need not such conceit display,
Although she is so fine;
And yet she turns her eyes away
Whene'er they meet with mine.

"My friends are quite as good, I know,
As any she can bring;
And as to dress — but let her go, —
The upstart vulgar thing,"

Thus Lucy Gray indignant thought,
As Emma passed her by,
And anger in her bosom wrought,
And sparkled in her eye.

Ah, Lucy, hush those thoughts severe,
Nor quite so freely blame;
And think, before so harsh with her,
Do you not do the same?

Do you not sometimes look aside
When Jane you chance to meet,
And turn away in haughty pride,
Or even cross the street?

She's tidy, decent, neat and clean,
Respectful, too, to you;
Why should you blame, in Emma, then,
What you thus practice too?

'T is well sometimes to look within, }
And blame in gentler tone,
And, ere we chide another's sin,
To recollect our own.

THE BOY THAT WOULDN'T GET MAD.

I once heard an interesting story about two little brothers. One of them was ten years old, and the other eight. The oldest boy had, within a few months past, indulged the hope that God had given him a new heart. He thought he was a Christian, that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ. But his little brother did not believe that his heart had been changed. He thought his brother was no more a Christian than he had always been. He said he could not see any difference. Yet he meant to try him and see; for, as h².

brother now appeared more sober than usual, and was more willing to go to meeting than before, he did not feel quite certain that he was not a Christian.

Now, how do you think this little boy, eight years old, undertook to find out whether his brother was really a Christian? Why, every time he could get a chance, he would tread on his brother's toes, kick his heels, or pinch his arms to see if he would n't get mad, as he used to. But his brother bore it all with meekness and good-nature, without an angry word or look. This was very different from what he used to do. He had before always been ready to take revenge on the spot, for such an abuse.

The youngest brother was quite sure that he could not do so, for he knew he would get mad if anybody should treat him so unkindly. He soon became convinced that his brother was a Christian, and that *he* was not. He became very anxious about the salvation of his soul, and in a short time he too indulged a hope that God had pardoned his sins, and given him a new heart.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY,

CHILD.

"How big was Alexander, pa',
That people call him GREAT?
Was he like old Goliath, tall—
His spear a hundred weight?

"Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?"

FATHER.

"Oh no, my child; about as large
As I, or uncle James.
'Twas not his stature made him great;
But greatness of his name."

CHILD.

"His name so great? I know 't is long,
But easy quite to spell,—
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well."

FATHER.

"I mean, my child, his actions were
So great, he got a name
That everybody speaks with praise,
And tells about his fame."

CHILD.

"Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know it all."

FATHER.

"Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And levelled down her wall;

"And thousands of her people slew—
And then to Persia went—
And fire and sword, on every side,
Through many a region sent.

"A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red;
And, strewed o'er many a battleground,
A thousand soldiers bled."

CHILD.

"Did killing people make him great?
Then why was Abel Young,
Who killed his neighbor training day,
Put into jail, and hung?

"I never heard them call him great."

FATHER.

"Ah! that was not in war;
And him that kills a *single man*,
His neighbors *all* abhor."

CHILD.

"Well, then, if I should kill one man,
I'd kill a hundred more:—
I should be great, and not get hung
Like Abel Young before."

FATHER.

"Not so, my child, 't will never do;
The gospel bids be kind."

CHILD.

"Then they that kill, and they that praise
The gospel do not mind."

FATHER.

"You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you"

CHILD.

"But, pa', did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?

"And everybody called him great
For killing people so!
Well, now, what right he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.

"If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would anybody call him great,
For such a wicked thing?"

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

A LITTLE colored girl, who had learned to read the New Testament, one day ran to her mother to show her how many plums a kind friend had given her. "She has given you a great many," said her mother; she was very generous." "But," said the little girl, "here are not all she gave me. I gave away a part to Mary Jones." "But why did you give them to her?" inquired her mother. "Because," said the little girl, "she pushes me off the side-walk and calls me 'nigger,' and I gave them to her because I am commanded to love my enemies. I thought maybe she would n't call me 'nigger' any more, if I gave her the plums."

THE SAILOR BOY'S PRAYER.

The *Cordelia* was a good ship; but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days from the harbor, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us. I must tell you of an act performed by a sailor boy at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing a spelling book than furling a sail in a storm. The ship was rolling fearfully; some of the rigging got entangled at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and put it right. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order the boy to do it. He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling seas, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands upon the ratlines, and went up with a will.

My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending him aloft. "He will not come down alive, and why did you send him?"

"I did it?" replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds, like a squirrel; he's more careful. He'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered to go aloft.

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir. I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home. My mother wanted me to go to the Sunday school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and so I do."

"What was that you had in your pocket?"

"My Testament, which my mother gave me. I thought if I did perish I would have the word of God close to my heart." —*Children's Friend.*

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS have found ere this that the plate in the October number was not one of the series of the "Family Scenes." The proprietor was disappointed in not receiving the plate intended for the number, seasonably, and, at the last moment, he was obliged to take such a one as he could command. The plate designed for October (the last of the Family Scenes of the Bible,) will appear in the December number, that subscribers may have the series complete for binding.

The plate in the present number is more finely executed than most of those that have hitherto appeared in our magazines. From this time through 1860, we shall furnish plates upon a class of miscellaneous subjects, thus securing more variety than a series upon one subject will allow. Future plates, too, will be of a higher order than those hitherto furnished. The proprietor has been disappointed in the quality of a number of those that have appeared in the Family Scenes; but he hopes his arrangements are such that future plates will realize the expectation of all.

The prospectus for 1860 is published on the fourth page of the cover.

WHAT IS MONEY FOR?

TAKE a view of men as you find them in almost any community, planning, working, and struggling for riches or a livelihood, and then ask, what is money for? One would scarcely conclude that it is a means of usefulness—an instrumentality to be employed in blessing the needy, raising the fallen, and saving the lost. The multitude appear to desire it only for personal enjoyment or aggrandizement. It is a needful and pleasant pocket companion, begetting the feeling of ease and comfort, especially when other worldly matters correspond. But, as a heaven-appointed agency in a world's renovation and salvation, how few, comparatively, so regard it!

There is a man (and he is the representative of thousands) who has amassed wealth to his heart's content, and has retired from business to *enjoy himself* during the remainder of his life, ten, twenty, or thirty years, perhaps. It has been his aim to amass one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars, or more, and then retire from public business, to be happy in having nothing to do. He has never expected to be completely happy until he retires with a fortune to private life. Work is only

necessary to the acquisition of property, he thinks, and is not to be thought of as a means of happiness. He supposes that money is made for a good time the last years of life, provided one can pile enough of it together ; so he sets himself about enjoying it with all his might. He lives in a palace, keeps many servants, drives a span of horses, summers at Saratogas and Newports, and winters at home, where he can lounge on silk and velvet as much as he pleases. He lives very much as he would if there were no other family in creation but his own. True, he hands out a dollar or two occasionally to supply the wants of the needy ; but this is not what he plans to do. It is no part of his purpose to look about for opportunities of doing good. Such calls for charity he classes among the necessary evils of this sinful world, and submits to them very much as he would to the pulling of a decayed tooth, or the amputation of a diseased leg. The idea of seeking happiness in giving bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked, is not indulged for a moment. Now, what is money for to such a man ? The question is already answered, It is for self to enjoy ; and yet even self does not enjoy it as it could if God's design were regarded in its acquisition. Such men as Samuel Budgett and Amos Lawrence, derived more genuine satisfaction from the use of their money in blessing their fellowmen, than the Girards and Astors ever dreamed of. The latter had those narrow views of property which confine it to the possessor's family, while the former considered it a gift of God to be used as all other gifts are in the faithful prosecution of life's mission.

This idea of toiling with all the might for a series of years, to accumulate money enough to enable a person to retire, and live in indolence the remainder of life, is utterly at war with all the physical, mental, and moral laws of our common humanity. There is no argument for it in nature or revelation. A person may retire from business, and yet be as busy as ever in thinking and acting for his fellow-men. The fortune acquired, that enables him to withdraw from secular enterprises, may be invested and disbursed in a way that occupies his mind and time for Christ and his cause. What we mean is, that no person has a right to plan present work for future indolence.

We say again, look abroad upon the money-seeking throng, and ask what is money for ? How much need there is of making this inquiry ! The hard dollars pass from hand to hand, without so much as awakening such an inquiry in the minds of thousands. Yet each dollar has its mission. So has the tiny three cent bit that makes so little pretension to rank—it has a use, high, legitimate and noble. It is well to know exactly what that use is.

NOT STRANGE.

LORD BYRON once made the following confession, which was no credit to his head or his heart: "I once attempted to enumerate the happy days I had lived, which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy; I could never make them count more than *eleven*, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen." He could blame no one but himself. It was not strange that a man who had prostituted his noble powers to mere sensual pleasure, and lived with the lowest motives in his heart that can actuate immortal beings, should find his happy days so few. Had he employed the brilliant faculties of his mind in words of philanthropy, or even in the higher channels of literary effort, having an elevating Christian motive in his heart, his happy days might have been increased. But it is universally true that the amount of happiness enjoyed in this life depends upon the moral state of the heart. Surround a person with every thing that money can buy, and still he cannot be happy so long as conscience troubles him for misspent days. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." His is a wretched life, if an active conscience hinders the peace that might reign in his breast, no matter what his earthly possessions may be. "Abundance cannot make him happy if his heart be wrong. Though it be an abundance of genius, learning, wisdom, fame, or wealth, it fails to bring him peace. Indeed, less than this sometimes embitters the experience of men and women. There are many who are easily annoyed. Some little disappointment, or trial, will make them very unhappy. Every day brings perplexities enough to mar their happiness. Not because they are so wicked; for it is not sin that troubles them. They are more wicked in their discontent, perhaps, than in any thing else. Still the tremble is in their hearts. They do not view the experiences of life with the proper spirit. They see not God in the events of life, at least in those which trouble them most. They might say with Byron *that their happy days have not been more than eleven*, and we doubt very much if they will ever exceed "the round dozen." Such persons look on the dark side of things, and they make themselves unhappy when God is trying to fill their souls with joy. They are the most ungrateful class to be found. While their days are crowned with divine goodness, they are all the while complaining within themselves, if not to others, that they have so little to enjoy. He whose happy days are few will find something wrong in his heart.

SUICIDE OR MURDER.

SOMETIME ago we cut the following item of news from a paper, for the lesson it contains for parents :—

“Mrs. Bows, a young woman living in Chicago, poisoned herself a few days since. She was the daughter of a wealthy and respectable man in Montreal, who forced her to marry a man she disliked. They lived unhappy for a year, when she left him and returned home. Her father commanded her to return to her husband, but she chose to leave her friends. She took up her abode in Chicago, and after a short residence there, committed suicide.”

How must that father feel now ! How he must have felt when he stood beside the confined remains of his once loved daughter ! We are not informed why he compelled her to marry a man for whom she had no affection ; but it was probably for some mere worldly consideration, such as wealth or fame. Some such trifle usually influences such thoughtless parents, who make nothing of love in matrimonial transactions. But whatever may have been his reasons for forcing a child into wedlock against her wishes, they could not have been good reasons. He was as unwise as he was unloving. Tolerable affection for his daughter ought to have led him to regard her happiness ; and a decent share of common sense would have shown him the absolute necessity of love in such alliances. His case reminds us of another. A clergyman once informed us that the father of a girl, whom he married to a man old enough to be her parent, requested him (the clergyman) not to require her to promise to *love* him. He knew that his daughter did not love the man, and probably could not, and therefore his conscience said, “do not make her promise.” But what a queer conscience he must have had, that would allow him to sacrifice the happiness of his daughter, when it would raise its voice against her promising to love him !

We are doubtful whether Mrs. Bow's case is one of suicide in the sight of God. True, she died by her own hand ; but has that father nothing for which to answer at the bar of the final Judge ? Was he not, in a sense, accessory to her death ? Probably he would not have compelled her to marry if he had anticipated such a result. But he might have known that such an issue was possible, and even probable. The sad fruits of such parental folly and cruelty are abundant, and he who runs can read. Men may call it suicide if they please—it remains to be seen whether God will not call it *murder*, at the last tribunal.



“No duty will be approved of God that appears before him stained with the murder of another duty. For every duty has its season, in which done, it is beautiful and acceptable.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

SKETCH FROM A PASTOR'S LIFE.

THE *School Journal* has the following touching sketch from a pastor's life, which will be read with interest :

"It was on a cold cheerless night, during the winter that has just passed, that a few of the members of our church were gathered around the gladsome hearth of our pastor. For a while silence had reigned over us ; but at length its spell was broken by a request, that our friend would relate to us some of his experience as a minister. "My Children," he replied, "this day I visited the death-bed of a young man. Previous to his departure he related to me the history of his life."

"Sir," said he, "I was born in a little town on the shores of the Atlantic ; my parents were not poor, neither could they be called rich ; they had just enough of this world's goods to enable us to live comfortably. Blessed with a kind and indulgent mother, my youth was spent in rambling on the shore, climbing the rugged cliffs, or sporting in my tiny bark on the smooth waters of our harbor. My disposition, which developed itself almost in infancy, was open and confiding. Like all such, I had a keen sense of the beautiful. Often would I sit for hours on the beach, listening to the music of the breakers — gazing on the foam-tipped waves — watching the agile gull, as it pounced upon some little victim — entranced by the sublimity of the scene before me. When I had arrived at the age of sixteen, my father, whose name I speak with emotion, determined to send me to a neighboring city, that I might acquaint myself with the world and business. Swiftly the hours flew by, and long before I wished it, the eventful day arrived, on which I should turn my back against house and home, and cast myself upon a hollow-hearted world. With what anguish I beheld the stage that morning — how I clung to the bosom that had nurtured and sheltered me — how my frame shook as I stepped into the coach, and bade them all adieu, I will not say ; but sir, if you have ever left all you hold dear on earth, you can imagine. I will not trouble you with minor matters, suffice it to say, I arrived at my destined place, and was soon in all the whirl of active life. During the first two weeks of my stay I made many acquaintances, among whom was one Arthur C——. Soon we became firm friends, and as a matter of course, confidants. To my eyes, he was the essence of perfection. His face beamed with smiles at my approach ; his eyes brightened with apparent gladness whenever I met him. No ripple disturbed the smooth surface of our friendship ; no stinging word was ever heard from either. Thus time flew on, he retaining my love and confidence, and I placing in him implicit faith. While the sun of prosperity shone on my path all was well. But it was destined soon to be overcast. The heavens of my happiness were even then filled with clouds of coming sorrow, and a low-toned thunder broke dismally on my heart. It had ever been my pride to be called honest. In other respects, I might have been a wild and wayward boy. But, before that God, in whose presence I am soon to ap-

pear, I can truly say, that honesty was always my policy. Well, not to weary you, the firm in whose employ I then was, missed from their drawer a sum of money. Thinking it probably an accident, and not wishing to charge any with so heinous a crime, the fact was apparently unnoticed. But soon it was repeated, again and again. One evening, ah ! how well I remember it, I was called into the private counting-room, and addressed with these words : — ‘ Charles, we have lately missed various amounts of money ; they have not been large, it is true, and we have hardly felt their loss, but it pains us exceedingly to know that we have those in our employ in whom we have reposed the utmost confidence, who would turn and rob us. We have examined all your fellow-clerks, and feel they are innocent of this grave charge. Would to God it were so with you ! But we have examined your trunk and found in it this note, which bears our private mark, sufficient evidence of your guilt.’ Sir, my brain reeled, my eyes burned like coals of fire, my heart felt like a mass of molten lead, and with a heart-rending shriek, I fell to the floor insensible. How long I laid there I know not, but when I returned to consciousness, I was hurried away to a prison, cast into a damp and gloomy cell, and there left to await my trial. Oh ! the thoughts, the bitter, burning thoughts that ran through my frame. There I lay in a dungeon, charged with theft. I, the child of a mother’s prayers ! Oh ! with what lightning speed my thoughts went back to that parting hour. Mother ! Mother ! I cried in anguish, visit your poor sorrowing boy. But the dull echoes rebounded against the prison-walls, and answered me in the dull clank of some poor criminal’s chains. Many bitter days passed, and then I stood in the prisoner’s box, before a tribunal of my country. The only evidence against me was the identical note, which was sworn to have been found in my trunk. This, however, was conclusive, and I was proven guilty. Guilty ! I was as innocent as the prattling infant, laughing in its mother’s eyes. But I was proven guilty, and condemned to drag out a weary year between a prison’s walls. At its close, I was once more free. Yes, free as was Cain ! I walked through the streets of that city with the brand of infamy upon my brow. My first thoughts were of the home, for which I longed, and thither I directed my steps. When I reached it, O God, the news that reached me ! The gray hairs of my mother had been brought in sorrow to the grave — my conviction had broken her heart, and its shattered remnants were laid beneath a mossy mound in the village graveyard. My father met me at the threshold, and with stern looks, bade me begone ! With a bursting heart, I wandered here to die. Since my arrival I have found, to my sorrow, that he who professed to be my friend, placed within my trunk that note which convicted me. Should you ever meet him, bear him, as my dying legacy, my free, my full forgiveness. Now, sir, I am dying — dying of a broken heart, shattered by misplaced confidence, and a suspicious father. Pray for me ! “ I knelt,” said the good old man, “ at the mercy seat — I besought the God of the orphan and the forsaken to take this soul to the mother that had gone before. When I had finished, I gazed upon the form before me. It was still ! On the wings of prayer that spirit had entered the realms of immortality. He was dead.”

As we left that house, many an eye was moist with emotion ; many a heart throbbed with sympathetic sorrow ; and many a prayer went up to Heaven for the poor broken-hearted boy.

"MY ANGEL LOVE."

WRITTEN by the late Mrs. EMILY C. JUDSON, soon after the death of her husband, Rev. Dr. Judson of Burmah.

"The widowed heart of the gifted one, with her apostolic husband just gone before her to heaven, thus exquisitely tells the story of their love."

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood,
Among the sons of men —
By his deep spirit-loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I —
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky;
Strange my dull thoughts could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever, through the rifted clouds,
Shines out one steady star,
For *when my guide went up, he left*
The pearly gates ajar!

A CURE FOR DISCONTENT.

THE *Sabbath School Banner* has a good recipe for discontent in the following article:

"Oh, mother!" said little Clara, "I get so tired eating just bread and butter and potatoes for my supper, and drinking only cold water out of this tin cup! You do not know how beautiful Mr. Carrington's table looked to-night when I went home with the work. They were just taking dinner, and asked me into the dining room to get my money. Every thing was so bright and sparkling. The tea things were silver and the plates china; and little Ellen, who is no bigger than I am, had a cup of coffee and a little silver cup for water, too. There were such nice things on the table—fresh fish and chicken, and every thing so good! Don't you wish we were rich people, too, mother?"

"My little girl must be careful to keep 'Giant Discontent' out of her heart if she would be happy. We must be contented to live in the sphere in which God has placed us, for he knows a great deal better than we do what is best for us. If you had been with me this morning, Clara, and had seen what I did, you would feel more thankful for your good, wholesome supper of fresh bread and butter, and mashed potatoes."

"Where did you go, mother? Down to see poor Margaret again?"

"Yes, my dear, and found her worse than ever. She cannot go out washing any more, and her two little children were almost starving. All they had to eat yesterday were some turnip parings, Johnny gathered from the street."

"Oh, mother, how dreadful!" said little Clara, her eyes filling with tears. "I wish I could take my supper to them."

"They are well provided for, now. A kind gentleman for whom I have been sewing, has sent them provisions enough to last several weeks. You should have seen how the poor woman's eye lighted up with joy at the gift, and how eagerly she supped the bowl of warm gruel I made for her."

"When we are tempted to fret, Clara, and envy those who are better off than we, it will be a great help to remember how many are in a great deal worse condition. You have read the sweet little story about the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.' You know his little daughter felt 'so sorry for those poor people who had no *salt* to eat on their potatoes,' while they had 'a dish quite full of it.'"

"Cultivate the same spirit, my little girl, and it will make even a dry crust taste sweeter than many a rich man's dainties."

THE MARTYRS OF THE PRISON SHIPS.

No tales of the revolution are more affecting than those connected with the Jersey prison-ships, where the most inhuman cruelty was inflicted upon American captives. *The Rhode Island Schoolmaster* contains an article on the subject from the pen of A. M. Dana, of Amherst College, and we give it entire, below.

On the eastern slope of the city of Brooklyn, is an inlet from the East river which in earlier times was well known as Wallabout Bay, but is

now occupied by one of our finest naval yards. To this Bay is attached a more than historical interest, linked as it is with a chapter in our Revolutionary history, the awfulness of which has never yet been fully revealed. As the stranger visits this interesting spot, and stands on the well-washed decks of the North Carolina, the receiving ship of the yard, his thoughts naturally recur to the scenes that there transpired. Volumes, perhaps, might have been written on the heart-sickening incidents that there took place, but history, as if fearing to unfold the awful realities of that inhuman tragedy, makes but a partial revelation. It is doubtless best that a veil of obscurity and ignorance, conceals from public contemplation this black chapter of humanity's sufferings, lest sense and feeling reel under the frightful picture, and the finer susceptibilities be blunted by the unearthly revelations.

In 1776, and for six succeeding years, there was anchored at Wallabout Bay, several condemned hulks of the British, which were used for the reception and confinement of the American prisoners of war. Ever since then, they have been more widely known as the Prison Ships. From reliable statistics that have been furnished to the world, it is ascertained that eleven thousand five hundred American prisoners here met death—rendered worse than torture by the ravages of disease, the dreadful gnawings of hunger, and the miasma that their unutterable condition engendered. A large transport, the *Whitby*, was the first of the Prison Ships anchored here. Four more were soon after added, two of them the *Hope* and *Falmouth* were hospital ships, as they were termed. In April, 1776, the *Jersey*, a British ship of line, was added to the number. Her appearance was truly prison-like, "She was dismantled, her rudder unhung, her only spars a bowspritt and derrick for taking in water. Her port-holes were closed, and two tiers of small holes cut in her sides, to admit but a meagre supply of light and air. These were protected by transverse bars of iron to prevent all possibility of escape. It is supposed that ten thousand American seamen perished in her during their confinement. Her outward appearance, stripped of all ornament, corresponded but too well with the despair, suffering and death that reigned within."

No Howard or angel of mercy ever visited her. Medical attendance was for a long time unknown, and the poor victims courted death as the only alleviation to a life too intolerable to be borne. Says one of the early pastors of Berkley, Massachusetts, who was a prisoner on board for some time, "On the commencement of the first evening we were driven down to darkness between decks, secured by iron gratings and an armed soldiery. A scene of horror which baffles description presented itself. On every side wretched, desponding shapes of men could be seen. Around the well room an armed guard was forcing the prisoners to the winches, to clear the ship of water and prevent her sinking, and little else could be heard but a war of mutual execrations, reproaches and insults. During this operation there was a small light admitted below, but it served only to make darkness more visible and terrific. In my reflections, I said this must be a complete image and anticipation of Hell. Milton's description of the dark world rushed on my mind,

'Sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell.' "

This was but one day's experience in this black hole of despair and death. Conceive it repeated for weeks and months, and the dread reality is more fully apparent. Their food consisted of the condemned provisions of British ships of war, putrid beef and pork, and worm-eaten bread. Water, the smell of which would have affected the degraded African, called, as if in mockery, the relief water was their only drink, although in full sight of the ship ran a fresh pure stream, whose life-giving draughts might have saved many precious lives. Yellow fever and the small pox seized nearly all who were imprisoned, and the wild and incoherent ravings of delirium and temporal insanity, rendered the place too awful for human language to depict. The very fellow that had lain down by your side in apparent health the night before, was found as the first faint gleams of the morning sun illumined the dismal gloom, a cold corpse. As the parched palates of the feverish prisoners, urged them to cry for water, their irregular attempts to ascend the hatchway, were met by the gleaming point of the bayonet, and when, with the morning light, came the glad summons to ascend on deck, the night's work of the King of Terrors was revoltingly revealed. Boats filled with human corpses were seen slowly moving towards the shore, and there, amid the shifting and tide-washed sands, the common and shallow pit was filled to the top with these human bodies, and slightly covered sand, left for the returning water to wash off, and generate the miasma that filled the surrounding air.

"Each day, at least six carcasses we bore,
And scratched them graves along the sandy shore,
By feeble hands the feeble graves were made,
No stone memorial on their corpses laid,
In barren sands and far from home they lie,
No friend to shed a tear when passing by,
O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand and curse the rebel dead."

All the savage glut for vengeance and for blood, seemed here exhibited by those whom education and nature had taught better. "Thousands there suffered and died whose names have never been known to their countrymen. They died where no eye could witness their fortitude, no tongue describe their suffering or praise their devotion to their country." And though no historic record of man's device has preserved their names, yet the patriot's God will not permit their secret devotion to their country to pass forever unrevealed. This will be a part of the future's just but awful revelations.

On May 26, 1808, under the auspices of the Tammany Society of New York, the entombment of the tenants of these sandy graves took place. Thirteen capacious coffins carried the remaining relics of eleven thousand American citizens and soldiers who perished on the prison ships. The civic, military and naval bodies of the two cities joined in the funeral ceremonies, while the glad sunshine was reflected from the numberless sails that like the banners of peace floated o'er the rippling waters of New York Bay. The beating hearts of thirty thousand spectators were the witnesses of the solemn pageant. The memories recalled by the scene, rendered it solemn; while the hearts of the American soldiery felt anew the inspiration that had won their noble service.

Near the Naval Yard that is an honor and a strength to the government, for whose establishment these victims gave their life, and an ornament to the city within whose precincts they perished, is the final grave of these American martyrs. To-day, within the shadow of the lofty spire of the Trinity of New York, stands a monument whose chaste architectural beauty arrests the attention of the passers by. Of the same style and material as the church itself, facing the street through which, in either way sweeps the great city's crowded population, it is designed as an honor and a tribute to the memory of these noble martyrs. Still another is yet to be raised on the highest eminence of the "city of churches," a crowning testimonial to their memory.

Now, where once those dreadful ships were stationed, is anchored the receiving frigate of the yard; while instead of the boats that made their daily trips of death, is the ferry between the ship and shore, carrying over the numerous strangers that visit this interesting locality. On the once low shore, then the patriots' burying ground, are now the costly docks, extensive ship-houses and machine shops. The din of busy life, and the rattle of machinery, with the music of the rippling waters are now their only requiem. America, truly, is rich in her graves. The memories of the noble dead should surely inspire us, their descendants, with some of their ardor and devotion. Each precious life lost on those ships of horror and woe, should solemnize life into what it is—a battle-ground of truth. Though the trials and privations of war are not our fortune, yet in the life struggle of every freeman there is quite as much of self-denying effort and patient suffering. The idea of human freedom—the problem of self-government and the perpetuity of our institutions, are now the contests that invoke our truest service. The past with its mighty dead—its sufferings and successes—admonish us, the future with its bright hopes and expectations inspire us—

"Shrink not from the strife unequal!
With the best is always hope:
And ever in the sequel,
God holds the right side up."

FAMILY RECEIPTS,

TEA BISCUIT.—Take a pint bowl full of light dough, wet wholly with milk; break into it a fresh egg, and add a piece of butter the size to an egg. Knead in these until perfectly incorporated with the dough. If will require about ten minutes. Roll it out a little more than an inch thick, cut it with a tumbler or dredge-box-lid, into biscuit. Lay them upon a tin sheet or shallow baking pan, and let them rise in a moderately warm place. They will become very light and should be baked in a quick stove, baker, or oven. They will bake in twelve or fifteen minutes, and are injured by being baked too long. They are a delicious biscuit to eat hot, but it is more healthy to bake such things in the middle of the day, and thus have them cold, though fresh, for tea.

TEA BUNS.—Made exactly like the biscuit, except the addition of two spoonfuls of brown sugar, and a few drops of essence of Lemon.

BUTTER-MILK BISCUIT.—Take a large pint of butter-milk, or sour milk, and a quart of flour. Rub into the flour a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add a teaspoon full of salt and another of cream of tartar; stir the milk into the flour. Dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of saleratus in a very little hot water, and stir into it. Add flour enough barely to mould a small loaf; roll it out upon the board, and cut out and bake exactly like the tea biscuit. The advantage of putting in the saleratus after the dough is mixed, is, that the foaming process occasioned by combining the sour milk and alkali, raises the whole mass; whereas if it is stirred first into the milk, much of the effervescence is lost, before it is added to the flour.

CREAM BISCUIT.—To be made in the same manner as the butter-milk biscuit, except that no butter is required; the cream will make them sufficiently short.

LITCHFIELD CRACKERS.—To one pint of cold milk, put a piece of butter the size of a small egg, a small teaspoonful of salt, and one egg. Rub the butter into a quart of flour, then add the egg and milk. Knead in more flour until it is as stiff as it possibly can be made. Then pound it with an iron pestle, or the broad end of a flat-iron, for at least one hour; then roll it very thin, cut it into rounds, prick and bake in a quick oven twelve or fifteen minutes.

DROP CAKES.—To a pint of cream put seven eggs, very thoroughly beaten, a little salt, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake in little cups in the stove, about fifteen minutes, or in rings.

BOOK NOTICES.

METHODIST MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October. This is a well conducted monthly of the Methodist denomination. It is sustained by an able body of contributors.

THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER for October. Good as usual.

THE FIRESIDE MONTHLY, W. W. Hall, editor. This is a new magazine, published in New York, and appears to be ably conducted. We welcome it to the field of labor in which we have pleasantly toiled.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—"Poetry in the Home Circle." Several articles from **THE INVALID.** "An Appeal to Young Men," No. 3.

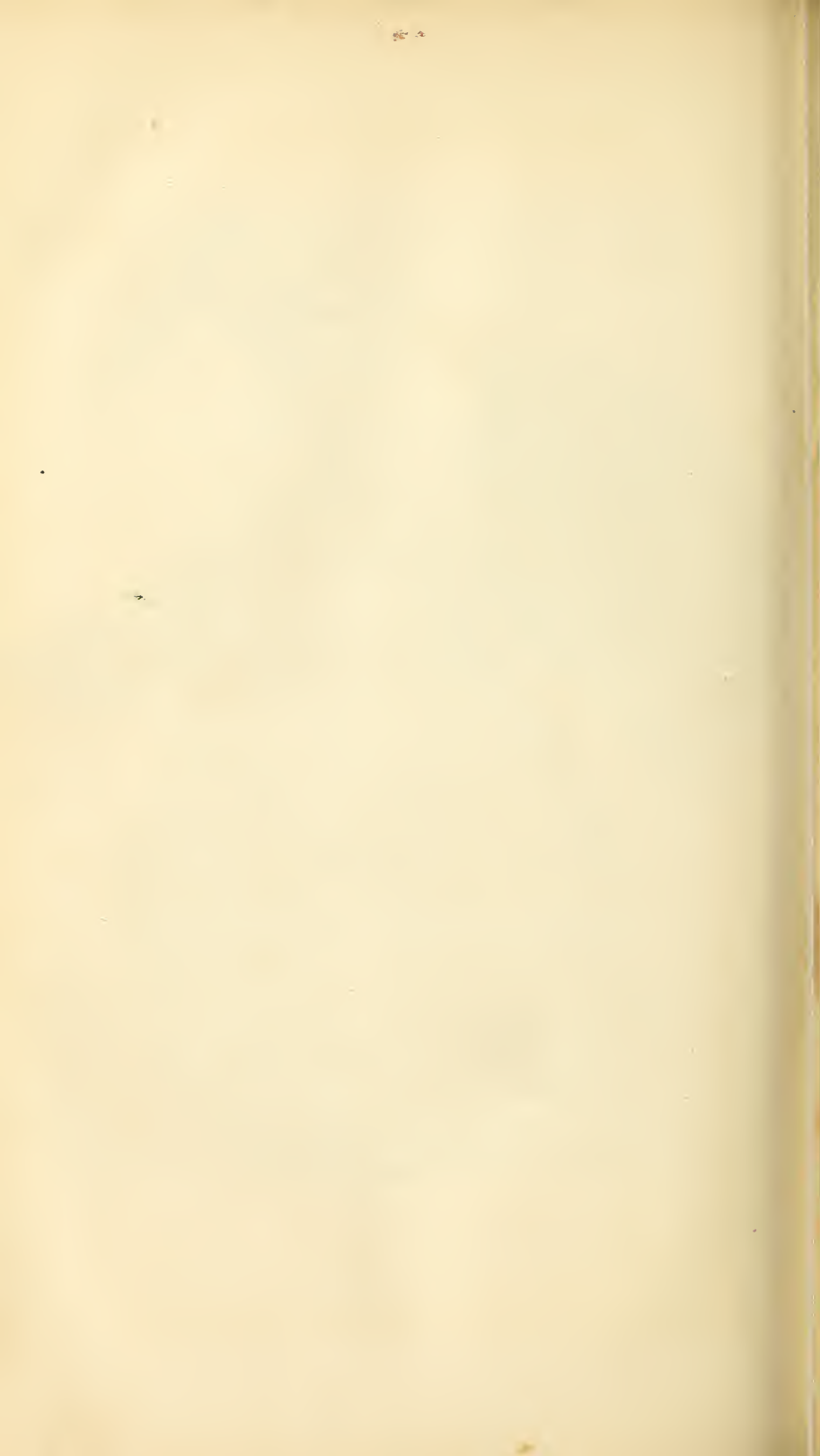




MURDER OF INNOCENTS



BARTLETT PEAR.



MURDER OF THE BABES OF BETHLEHEM.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING: ALSO MATT 2: 16—18.]

BEHOLD that poor distracted mother! She has burst the enclosure of tyranny, the massive iron gate, and convulsively embracing her doomed infant, has descended by the stone steps from the temple of justice, and secreted herself and her offspring in a small recess by the side of the stair-way, in the vain hope of preserving her babe from the executioner's knife. Her countenance, wild with agony, is in strange contrast with that of her babe, resting on her breast and unconscious of danger.

Other mothers have pressed through the same open gate. They flee like a flock when a wolf suddenly darts upon an innocent lamb in the midst thereof. Oh, that their winged feet may bear their babes swiftly away from the destroyer—far away where he shall find them *never*; no, NEVER!! Gracious God, speed them in their flight, and support them under the mountain weight which presses the life-blood from their breasts!

Alas! the executioner with his bespattered turban and girdle, and with his gory blade in hand, closely pursues them. His every step is in the blood of murdered innocents. No wonder these mothers are horror-stricken at the sight of him, and flee at his approach! Who can look unmoved on the glare of his flashing eye, on the blood that stains his garments and drops from his reeking sword? Who can think without a tear of the awful scene of butchery within that baby-slaughter house from which they affrighted fly? These are fearful signs of the massacre going on within its walls, more horrid than that of olden time among the Jews, under the sanguinary decree of Ahasuerus—yea, than that in modern days among the Huguenots in France, whose blood ran down her streets like a river—

because here are defenceless and innocent babes whom, in the sacking of cities and the overthrow of kingdoms, nature commonly prompts the most relentless conquerors to spare. How appalling the scene! We sketched it, unaided by authentic history. We merely embody traditions, to which the usages of that time, place and people impart an air of probability; traditions from which the old masters drew their designs and transferred them to the canvass. From these our engraving is derived. We only fill up the outline, apply the shading, and give the whole expression.

These mothers, it is natural to suppose, were assembled in the government-house by the decree of Herod, which it was death to disregard, and which required the presence there not of themselves only, but also of "all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under."

The proclamation of the royal edict doubtless awakened various emotions among the inhabitants of that city; at first curiosity, then anticipation or apprehension. What can be the occasion of this decree? was the spontaneous inquiry of scores of mothers. "Is there to be another taxing? Why then, are our eldest sons, and especially our husbands and fathers omitted? Has the heart of our sovereign been moved with pity and generosity toward our boy-babies by the example of the presents of the wise men to the first-born of Mary and Joseph? Is he about to bestow on our offspring gifts more princely and magnificent to illustrate the superiority of Judea's king to all the sovereigns of the Magi? It may be so. But what if a second Haman has turned his heart against us, and this decree should conceal a plot for the destruction of ourselves and our children?"

As the time approached, their anxiety increased; and the tide which coursed through their minds dashed high its crested waves. On the night preceding that day, sleep fled from their eyes. How could they rest when they knew not whether the call which they had received was the invitation of friendship or the summons of death? In vain their husbands, who with difficulty suppressed the utterance of their own fears, endeavored to

comfort them and put a cheering and hopeful construction on the royal edict. Others thanked God that their children were daughters or sons whose age exempted them from appearing, at the time and place appointed, to await the revelation of the king's design.

The morning dawned. No cloud nor mist was visible. No breeze stirred the leaves of the fig, the olive, or the vine, nor waved the grass that grew on Rachel's tomb, or in the fields where David fed his father's sheep, or where the shepherds watched their flocks by night. A balmy fragrance filled the air, a beautiful serenity overspread the sky, and nature reposed in loveliness. Was it a favorable omen, or the stillness which precedes the earthquake? The sun arose, and poured his radiance on the city, the vale, and the surrounding hills. Those mothers, obedient to the call and attired in their best robes in honor of their king, took their babes, bade the loved ones at home farewell and went their way to the government house. Its gates stand wide open. They enter the inner court where are officers of state, and talk to each other of their hopes, but dare not express their fears.

When all are assembled, and the hour is fully come, the doors are shut, and closely barred. A deadly pallor steals over their countenances, and their blood chills in their veins as an officer of state presents himself surrounded by soldiers with sharp and glittering swords. He draws slowly from his belt and reads, in tone and manner like a military chieftain on the battle-field, the decree which consigns all these infants to immediate death. The signal is given; the horrid massacre begins, goes on, is finished.

At this distant time, it is impossible to tell how many dear children perished in that dreadful scene. The Greek calendar and some Oriental legends estimate the number as high as fourteen thousand; but Michaelis and other modern writers reduce it to a score or two. The truth probably lies between these extremes; for Bethlehem was then an inconsiderable town with a few thousand inhabitants. But only a small portion of the population of any place is under two years of age, an age below which the slaughter was limited, because the infant Saviour had

only completed his first year and past a few months of the second. But the original of the passage implies that it was farther restricted to *males*. He whose death it was designed to consummate was a prince, by birth ‘king of the Jews.’ Hence there could be no motive to destroy the female children. Here begun the fulfilment of Simeon’s prophecy at the presentation of the infant Redeemer in the temple, “Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel.”

Take the smallest probable number; suppose that only fifty were slain, and consider the misery which followed,—not merely from the dying agony of the innocents, and from the convulsive grief of their agonized mothers, but also from the sorrows of their fathers, brothers, and sisters, and of all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Wheresoever the heavy tidings flew, a stream of sorrow flowed. Doleful laments and wailings filled the air, as after the conquest of Jerusalem by Nibuzaradan, when the Jewish captives were assembled at Rama, near Bethlehem, and driven thence in chains into cruel bondage. Now as then, and here as there, the common mother of this tribe who had for centuries rested in her suburban tomb, is represented as moved with sympathy and pity for her suffering offspring; and her voice was heard, “lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.” Was ever apostrophe more beautiful or expressive? Did ever a scene of sadness surpass this? It was like “the mourning in the valley of Hinnom, where there was no comforter.”

It was sad and cruel in the last degree. But such scenes are not without a parallel in history. Early in the present century, the Pacha of Egypt invited to his capital a tribe called the Mamelukes, and when they all had assembled without distrust or even suspicion, his executive officers slew the whole of them at his command.

But what awoke the malice of Herod against these innocents? Alas! the inquiry of the wise men, “Where is he that is born king of the Jews?” This it was that “troubled him and all Jerusalem with him.” This was the problem he submitted to the sanhedrim and required that august body to solve.

Guided by Micah (5 : 2) and other prophets, the Jewish council announce to Herod their decision, — “in Bethlehem of Judea.” This, he bore to the wise men, and like other hypocrites, like the most deluded and unworthy members of the church, wrapped himself closer in the garb of piety that he might more successfully perpetrate his villany ; yea, he even strove to make them unwittingly the servants of his lust, the accomplices of his crime. He said to them, “Go to Bethlehem, and search diligently for the young child ; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him.” Heavenly Father, deliver the church from such assassins ! Suffer not this murderer to approach Him who has come for Israel’s redemption, for the world’s salvation ! Preserve thine own dear Son from his concealed dagger !

The eye that seeth in secret read his murderous design, and after the wise men had opened their treasures, presented their gifts and rendered their devout thanksgivings, and when they were sleeping in security, God warned each and all of them by a dream “not to return to Herod, but to depart into their own country another way.” They obeyed the heavenly message.

But when the king saw that they had refused to minister to his wishes and had mocked his jealous fear of his young Rival, his anger burned, and to crush this rising power, he resolved on the destruction not of him alone but of all the male children of that city of equal or inferior age. Forth his heralds ran ; his executioners followed them and consummated his cruel design.

Will a just God allow such iniquity to go unpunished ? It is written, murderers shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven. But can the perpetrator of such a crime reasonably expect to escape divine judgments in this world. Does not evil pursue the sinner in the present life ? Let us watch the natural retribution of God toward this guilty man. Already in return for his deception of the Magi, we have seen them elude, disappoint and mock him. But is that all ? Has retributive displeasure nothing in reserve for the murderer of these babes, for the man who slew three of his own children, who murdered Marianne the wife of his bosom, and committed so many crimes that Augustus said, “In Herod’s house it were better to be a hog than a

child," evidently because his regard for Judaism restrained his hand from swine while neither religion nor natural affection could keep his murderous knife from those most closely allied to him, from the shedding of *their* blood whom he was most sacredly bound to protect.

When God's hand takes hold on vengeance, let tyrants tremble, and all the wicked fear. Even Josephus who passes this massacre in profound silence, perhaps to conceal the perfidy and cruelty of a man whom he delighted to honor, yet says that one Judas and a certain Matthias, two eloquent and mighty men stirred up sedition among the Jews, tore down and cut in pieces the Roman eagle and other works which Herod had set up and finished, while he himself was sick of a most loathsome disease, and that being summoned into his presence they openly and boldly insulted him. His disease grew worse ; parts of his body putrified and bred worms. In vain he invoked the aid of physicians ; he died in agony the most excruciating and in the ravings of his madness. History records no tears shed around his death-bed, or at his grave's side. Whose heart now mourns for him. "The name of the wicked shall rot." Herod is the abhorring of all flesh. We would not withdraw the veil that separates time from eternity, and witness his remorse ; but we would leave him in the hands of that God who saith "no murderer has eternal life abiding in him ;" and by his example we would warn the young, the old, persons of every age to beware of the envy, the jealousy, and the hatred which moved him to this massacre, and to most of his crimes, and in which his destruction commenced.

"But where is he that was born king of the Jews ?" Was he numbered among the massacred babes of Bethlehem ? Did the cruel steel which this murderer's envy unsheathed and aimed at him penetrate his heart ? Did the cradle of Christianity prove its coffin ? Did Herod thwart the designs of heaven, and throw the care of providence off the track of the divine purposes ? No ; "let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth ;" but "woe to him that striveth with his Maker !" "Who hath hardened himself against God, and prospered ?" Herod perished ; but God preserved his own son. "The angel of the

Lord appeared to Joseph " his foster-father " in a dream," perhaps at the self same hour in which the wise men were warned, and said, " Arise, take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word : for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

In obedience to the celestial messenger, he instantly arose, and fled to the land of the Pharoahs, and there abode till the same mysterious voice informed him of the death of that great man, (*great* principally in crimes and judgments,) and called on him to return to his fatherland. The most wonderful of the babes of Bethlehem, the very child whom this monster sought to destroy, lived, and died not, till in the manhood of his strength, and on the cross he freely poured out his blood like water, that "whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He who was the babe of Bethlehem, is now the king of glory.

Fathers, mothers, children, rejoice that you dwell in this delightful land, where the passions which murder innocents are restrained by civilization, law and religion, and commit yourselves to the Saviour, love and serve him, and hereafter you shall live, and reign, and sing, and shine with him for ever.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

As gently as a wearied child upon its mother's breast,
 Upon its crimson couch, the sun has softly sunk to rest.
 Above the lofty forest-tops, the moon smiles soft and clear,
 On the pleasant plains of Bethlehem, and the mountains of Judea.
 With joy the Hebrew mother lays each household task aside,
 And bending on her little ones a glance of joy and pride,
 She strives with earnest heavenward eye to lead their thoughts above,
 To Him, their Father and their King, the source of light and love.
 He rescued Israel's chosen band from Egypt's cruel rod,
 To Him alone the knee should bow, the true and living God.
 She speaks of Isaac's fervent zeal, of Abraham's faith and trust,
 Of captive Joseph's filial love, of Moses, meek and just;

Of David's mild, paternal rule, type of *His* mighty sway,
 Whose sceptre and whose glorious throne will never pass away.
 From Him, the ancient prophets told, a royal prince would spring,
 The hope of Jacob's erring sons, their Saviour and their King.
 Then gazing on their lifted brows, with sweetly serious face,
 She tells of Eli's wayward sons, of Samuel's infant grace;
 Seeking to press upon their hearts, in the first dawn of youth,
 The law of love and gentleness, of wisdom and of truth.
 Then drawing to her faithful breast their cherished forms more near,
 She breathed His high and holy name, whom Jew and Gentile fear,
 That His strong arm might guard them through the danger of the night,
 And grant that they with joy might hail the radiant morning bright.
 She folds the snowy covering above each little breast,
 And lulled by soothing melodies, they calmly sink to rest.

But hark ! whence comes those sounds of strife, which rend the tranquil air,
 That fearful shriek of agony, of horror and despair ?
 From many a fair and pleasant home, from many a calm retreat,
 Comes the fierce and hurried clash of arms, and the sound of trampling feet.
 Man's earnest and imploring tones are borne upon the gale,
 Mingled with woman's piercing cry, and childhood's plaintive wail.
 It is a sound of wild dismay of mingled fear and pain,
 Wrung from the tortured hearts of those who mourn their children slain.

Unto that mother's peaceful hearth those heavy steps draw near,
 Claspings her children to her breast with wild and sudden fear,
 She sees the Roman soldiery upon the threshold stand,
 The fearful instruments of death within each murderous hand ;
 Beneath the torches lurid glare their steel-clad breasts gleamed bright,
 Stained with the purple tide of life, oh, dark and fearful sight !
 In vain, with wild imploring cry, she lifts her hands to heaven,
 Through her dear infant's peaceful breast the cruel sword is driven ;
 The breast from which it drew life's stream, with blood is sprinkled o'er,
 And the arms in which it fondly laid, will clasp its form no more.
 Strange and mysterious are thy ways, oh, Merciful and Just !
 Before thy dread and awful throne, we feel we are but dust.
 Though dark this fearful providence, we lowly bend the knee,
 We may not murmur at thy will, or question thy decree ;
 We may not understand thy heart, yet surely we may know
 That kind and gentle is the hand, though heavy was the blow.
 With golden crown and little harp, those murdered infants stand
 Before heaven's high and glorious throne, a radiant angel-band ;
 There is upon their infant brows no trace of guilt or shame,
 Back to the spirit-land they went, as lately hence they came.

M. G. H.

THE SCRIPTURES.—The mine of Scripture is inexhaustible, and from the time at which it was first opened, till the time when faith shall be changed for sight, not one laborer who works therein, even from the most robust to the most feeble, will remain unrewarded by a participation of its wealth.

THE JEWS.

OH! who shall see the glorious day
When the throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which blinds the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye!

Then Judah! thou no more shall mourn,
Beneath the heathen's chain!
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost Exile home. — *Judah's Lion.*

JENNIE AND THE BABY.

BY COUSIN ELLA.

"Jennie, do take the baby a little time, and see if you cannot quiet him. He is very restless, and I am so tired that I must lie down for a few minutes before tea."

Mrs. Hunt did seem weary. Her thin face was completely colorless, and the long silken lashes drooped upon her pale cheek. Jennie said nothing, though her countenance very plainly expressed her dissatisfaction. She had just commenced the perusal of a new book, and had become deeply interested in its fascinating pages. With a clouded brow she took the child, and her mother, with a slow and weary step, left the room. Jennie placed the child on the floor, with a more cheerful countenance, for a bright thought had occurred to her. She surrounded him with cushions to prevent his falling, and gathering all his play-things together, she placed them within the cushioned enclosure. She watched him for a moment, and then, with great satisfaction, proceeded to take possession of her rocking-chair and book.

For half an hour perfect silence reigned. Jennie was immersed in her book, and had lost all consciousness of sur-

rounding objects. The baby, too, was deeply interested in his employment. The ominous quiet at last startled Jennie, and throwing her book upon the table, she hastened to her brother. The little rogue had crept to the table, on which lay a valuable book, and his mother's work-box. Both these articles he had taken into his own care. After strewing the fragments of the book about the room, he had commenced operations upon the work-box. Spools of thread, half unwound, were mingled with unfolded papers of needles, and the needles themselves were scattered upon the carpet, with scissors, silk, thimble and the other articles usually found in that receptacle. Jennie's patience was completely exhausted at this sight. In the first effervescence of her anger, she struck the child a severe blow, and leaving him to scream, applied herself assiduously to restoring order to the disarranged room. It was a work of time, and taken in conjunction with the baby's screams, she did little toward restoring her equanimity.

In the midst of her labor, her mother entered, with the same slow, weary step, with which she had departed. She paused at the door, and looked at the room, lately so neat and tidy. The fragments of the book and the contents of the work-box were scattered over the carpet. The pile of cushions occupied the centre of the floor. Baby lay screaming unregarded, while the rocking chair and opened book, shewed what his sister's employment had been. Jennie's appearance was quite in unison with the objects around her. Her face was flushed and her hair in perfect disorder. Mrs. Hunt stood a moment in silence, then, in a low, sweet tone, she repeated those words which so often come into the mind of the harassed Christian, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." She then drew a chair to the fire-side, and taking the baby, endeavored to quiet it, while Jennie, with burning cheeks, pursued her task. Under the influence of Mrs. Hunt's pleasant smiles and soothing words, baby soon exchanged his noisy screams for a low, happy chirp; while beneath Jennie's nimble fingers, quickened, as they were, by a desire to remove the evil effects of her error, the room was soon restored to its usual neat and comfortable appearance. Mrs. Hunt said nothing to Jennie, but her conscience troubled her, as

she looked on her mother's pale cheek and white lips ; and sitting down beside her, she laid her head upon her knee, and in a low tone said, " I know I was wrong, dear mother, but what can I do ? "

" The book you received last Christmas will tell you better than I can," replied Mrs. Hunt. ' Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.' Had you attended to but one thing at a time, and done with your might what your hands found to do, we should not have had this trouble."

At this the door opened, and the children rushed in from school. Six little hands and as many feet must be rubbed and warmed ; outside garments must be removed, and put in their proper places. Jennie declared that one pair of hands was not a sufficient allowance for an older sister. She used what she had, however, right willingly, cheered by an approving glance from her mother, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the three children, each in their own peculiar chair, sitting round the warm fire, and watching mamma and the baby. They narrated their school experience to their patient listener, fully convinced of the paramount importance of each little item. With light step and nimble fingers, she prepared the simple supper, and, by the time her father came in, baby was in bed, supper ready, the children with clean faces and smooth hair, and Mrs. Hunt and Jennie at liberty to welcome him. Very pleasant to the weary man did his home appear, and with a truly thankful heart did he offer up his evening oblation of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good. Jennie had learned a lesson, and her internal resolution henceforth to " do with her might what her hands found to do," was not suffered to fall to the ground.

The incalculable happiness which an elder daughter can bestow upon a family is not generally known. Let one of their number, though fully conscious of her own failures in duty, admonish her sisters to " do with their might what their hands find to do," since we must soon be called to give an account both of our own actions, and of the influence which we exert upon others.

THE THREE SONS.

BY REV. J. MOULTRIE.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
 That my child is grave, and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
 I cannot say how this may be, yet I know his face is fair;
 And still his sweetest comeliness is his meek and serious air.
 I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;
 But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;
 But that which others most admire is *the thoughts* that fill his mind,
 The food for grave inquiring search, he everywhere doth find.
 Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, doats not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhoods ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
 With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray;
 And strange and sweet and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
 Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
 A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be.
 And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a *second* son, a simple child of three,
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be;
 How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
 I do not think his light blue eye is like his brother's, keen;
 Nor his brow so full of childish thoughts as his has ever been.
 But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling,
 And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
 When he walks with me, the country folks who pass us in the street,
 Will shout for joy and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
 A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
 Will sing his happy song of love when left to sport alone.
 His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
 To comfort us in all our grief and sweeten all our mirth.
 Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
 As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love;
 And if beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
 God comfort us for all the love that we should lose in him.

I have a son, a *third* sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
 For they reckon not by months and years where he has gone to dwell.
 To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
 And then he bid farewell to earth and went to live in heaven.
 I cannot tell what form is his; what looks he weareth now;
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
 Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know, for God hath told me this, that he is now at rest,
 Where other blessed infants are, on their Saviour's loving breast.
 I know his spirit feels no more, this weary load of flesh,
 But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy forever fresh ;
 I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
 And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things,
 I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I,)
 Where God, for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
 Whate'er befalls his brothers twain, his bliss shall never cease,
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles, their souls from bliss will sever,
 But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
 When we think of, what our darling is and what we still must be ;
 When we muse on that world's perfect bliss and this world's misery ;
 When we groan beneath this load of sin and feel this grief and pain,
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him back again.

FOR THE YOUNG.

BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. PIPER.

I propose, in this article, my young friends, if approved by the editors of this valuable magazine, to give you a short, but true sketch of scenes which have fallen under my personal observation. They will illustrate traits of character to be imitated or avoided. The names only are fictitious.

It was a winter afternoon, cold and dreary. The frost was abroad, and made its presence felt by the keen pinches which it gave to the persons whom necessity or business compelled to be in the streets as night approached. A young girl with a very lovely countenance stood at the window of a spacious and comfortable dwelling in — street, watching the passers by.

"Mother," said she, "I wish father had given me a few more dollars for the dress I am to wear at Charlotte Abbott's party. I shall not look nearly as well as the rest of the girls. I wish you would tease him for me ; he always confides in your judgment, and if you say that I need more money, I shall have it."

Mrs. Carlton replied, "I cannot consistently do as you wish, my child. How many there are, even within a stone's throw of us, who are suffering for the comforts which are so common with us that we scarcely give them a thought ! I felt, when

your father gave you the money for your dress, that your new and comfortable merino would have answered well to have worn to your friend's party. I will relate to you a scene which I witnessed yesterday, and then, perhaps, you will understand my scruples about your spending more money for your dress. You will remember that I was absent several hours yesterday; and you were impatient to learn the cause which detained me. I will tell you. I had arranged my business, and was returning in joy at the prospect of a warm home and an affectionate welcome, when my attention was attracted by a female figure so slight, and so thinly clad, that I felt that poverty alone, or an extreme need of food could have sent the poor girl from her home (if she had any) at such a time and under such circumstances. I hastened my steps, and soon overtook her. As I approached, she turned her eyes toward me; they were filled with tears, running in streams down her pale cheeks.

I soon learned that she had once dwelt in a *happy and comfortable home*, and had been surrounded with friends. But her father, formerly a wealthy merchant, had met with heavy losses, and had sought to drown his sorrows in the wine cup. This only made his condition and that of his family worse. Property, friends and all that made life desirable had been squandered by his drunkenness. He died, leaving his wife in feeble health, with a daughter dependent upon her for support. Years passed on; the mother's wasted frame was rapidly sinking into the grave; and her child will soon be left in this selfish world without a protector.

"My daughter, when I stood by the bedside of that mother, and felt the chill blasts of January as they whistled through the miserable room where she lay, I realized somewhat the folly and wickedness of spending money for elegant and costly dresses, to be once worn and then thrown aside. How much good you could do, Anne, with the money which you desired me to give you to prepare for your friend's party!"

My young friend, Anne went to the party, but she wore the merino dress; and the money which was to have been spent for her new and more costly suit, was devoted toward making more comfortable the last hours of the widow and of the future orphan.

Now, probably, that mother, then so poor and distressed, is an angel, but her last words were those of thankfulness and blessing in respect to the friends whom God had raised up for her in her hour of need. The orphan has found a dwelling-place in the homes and hearts of those who have long since learned that it is far "more blessed to give than to receive."

Shall not we go and do likewise? It is surely in the power of all to do something toward alleviating the woes of others.

"Then we'll sleep the death-sleep calmly
And our hearts will cease from pain."

LOVE OF HOME.

Goldsmith speaks in the following lines of the universality of this sentiment, this love of home, that needs but a place which it can call home, irrespective of its merits or demerits, then sighs to be there, and is miserable when away:

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home."

It is worthy of remark, that the inhabitants of dreary, desolate, and barren, of high, bleak, mountainous, and picturesque countries, seem more attached to their native land than those whose homes are in more favored sections of the world. One reason for this may be found in the fact that equality of rights is more general in countries of the former description. Luxury enervates the rich, whom nature thus makes physically the equals of the poor, while these latter seem instinct with a spirit of liberty, which the mountain heights of their country are particularly calculated to foster; and their robust constitutions, invigorated by climbing the heights and breathing the pure atmosphere of the everlasting hills, increase this same spirit by heightening the buoyancy and elevating the tone of mind, and giving it that elasticity which perfect health imparts, and in which independence finds those conditions requisite for maintenance and perpetuity. — *N. Y. Courier.*

LIGHTLY TREAD.

BY H. HAMBLIN.

The Principal of the Quincy Grammar School, Boston, having requested his pupils to write an imitation of the song "Lightly Row," the next morning this original song was presented to him by one of his pupils and sent to us for publication. We hope it will be sung in hundreds of schools. — *Life Illustrated.*

Lightly tread —
 Lightly tread,
 So our teachers oft have said;
 Softly go —
 Softly go,
 'Tis the law we know,
 Lightly tread the echoing floor,
 Lightly shut the slamming door.
 Lightly all —
 Lightly all,
 Let our footsteps fall.

Childhood here —
 Childhood here,
 Comes to learn, obey and fear —
 Fear the wrong —
 Fear the wrong,
 This our strife and song.
 Mingle with our studies here.
 Pressing on —
 Pressing on,
 Youth will soon be gone.

Far away —
 Far away,
 We may run, and jump, and play,
 Laugh and shout —
 Laugh and shout,
 Childhood ringing out;
 But assembled here in school,
 Let us all obey the rule.
 Lightly go —
 Lightly go,
 Thus our love we show.

Study now, —
 Study now,
 Happy heart and healthy brow,
 This the time —
 This the time,
 Now in youthful prime.
 Wisdom, goodness, honor, all,
 Childhood to obedience call.
 Let us all —
 Let us all,
 Listen to the call.

LIZZIE ATHERTON,

OR THE UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

PART I.

A bright, beautiful, and happy creature was Lizzie May. She was the darling of a widowed mother, and the pride and pet of two grown-up brothers, who thought there was nothing in the world half so pretty as "sister Lizzie." Wild, wayward, and impulsive as she was, few could look upon that frank, sunny face without loving her, or feeling that she was worthy of being loved. She was the light, the joy of the whole household; and a sad day it was for them when they yielded her up to the sunlight of another.

But who won sweet Lizzie May, the wild flower of Arnmore? It was not the young doctor, who so often drove by her door in his smart gig in order to display to her admiring eyes his fine person and exquisite horsemanship. It was not the handsome young carpenter, who never failed, rain or shine, to post himself by the Church door, arranged in his "Sunday's best," to escort her home from meeting. It was not the grave and dignified school-master, who swayed the birchen sceptre over some score of white-headed, unruly urchins, and who was heard once to say, that "whoever won Miss Lizzie would win a treasure."

Neither was it the smart, young clerk, whose fine speeches, and flattering attentions might have turned a far stronger brain! No, it was neither of these. To the surprise of all, and the chagrin of many, who fancied that she would ultimately choose one of her numerous suitors, and settle down among her old friends, she gave her hand to Frederic Atherton, a comparative stranger, and several years her senior.

There was little known in regard to him, except that he was rich,—owned a beautiful place in ———, and came down to Arnford for the benefit of his health, where he saw, wooed and won sweet Lizzie May, carrying her off in triumph from a number of competitors. He was not over communicative, and his somewhat stern and haughty air prevented the inquiries of impertinent curiosity. But the clergyman with whom he stayed, spoke warmly in his favor. His manners were prepossessing, and his sentiments and actions those of a Christian and gentleman, and there was little room for fear. But it was a hard thing for the widow May to commit her only daughter to a comparative stranger, and her heart shrank from the trial.

“Lizzie is too young, Frederic,” she said, in reply to his earnest entreaties for an immediate marriage. “She is nothing but a child, utterly unfit for the duties and responsibilities of a wife. Wait, at least, till she is eighteen.”

“We may both be dead by that time,” was his impatient response. “I don’t call sixteen very young; many marry still younger. Besides, my sister will relieve her from all care and responsibility for the present. She will only exchange your home for mine. Why should you hesitate? You surely do not doubt my love for her.”

“I do not doubt but that you love her now,” was Mrs. May’s reply, “but I very much doubt whether you possess the gentleness and patience requisite in dealing with one so wild and impulsive as Lizzie. Wait until time has imparted the strength of body and mind necessary to enable her to discharge the duties which will devolve upon her with honor to herself and to those around her. And then, if you still desire it, I will throw no obstacle in the way.”

Opposition, however, served only to arouse the strong will and redouble the ardor of Atherton, and he determined at all hazards to have his own way. His influence over the young susceptible heart of Lizzie was almost unbounded. The new-born love awakened in her heart for the stranger was stronger than that she bore those who had known and loved her from childhood. At last, wearied by the importunities of Atherton, and still more moved by the silent, but all powerful appeal of

the tears of Lizzie, Mrs. May yielded a reluctant consent. Yet, while the gentleness and tenderness of his manner prepossessed her in his favor, occasional glimpses of the natural imperiousness of his temper made her tremble for the happiness of her daughter.

They were to be married in Church, and then to proceed immediately to his residence. It was a beautiful sight; he, so tall and stately, and she, looking even smaller and more childish than usual, attired as she was in white muslin, her clustering curls of gold looped back with a single string of pearls, with no other ornaments around them save a wreath of white roses. Nothing could equal the expression of perfect and almost child-like confidence with which she placed her hand in his and pronounced the words which made them one forever.

"Be very gentle with her, Frederic," said Mrs. May through her tears, as they were about to separate, "Lizzie has never heard a harsh word from my lips; let her never hear one from thine. She is very wild and thoughtless, and will, I fear, try your patience. But she has a warm, loving heart; be very gentle with her."

It was not till the carriage which was to convey her to her new home drove to the door that Lizzie realized she was about to leave, perhaps forever, the home of her childhood, and the companions of her youth. Then she clung to her mother and brothers as though she could never be separated; and the old cottage, with its simple furniture, its clustering vines and flowers seemed dearer to her than ever. It was with the utmost difficulty that her husband could prevail upon her to enter the carriage, and when she did so, she threw herself back, and burying her face in its rich velvet cushions, sobbed as though her very heart would break.

For some time Atherton endeavored to comfort his young wife. But at last, wearied by her tears, and finding all he could say of but little avail, he exclaimed impatiently, "This is utter folly, Lizzie; you surely did not expect to live with your mother always!"

At these words, Lizzie raised her head, and fixing her eyes upon her husband with a half-grieved, half-wandering look, said

timidly, "Now you are offended with me, Frederic. Do not be angry with me, I have now no one but you to love me. I have never previously been away from home, and I thought, that, perhaps, I should never see it again." Here her lips quivered and her eyes filled again with tears.

"I am not offended with you, dearest," replied Atherton, touched by the beseeching look and pleading tones of his gentle wife. "It is very natural that you should feel sad on leaving your friends. But remember you are not now a child, but a *wife*, with new duties and responsibilities. Did you ever think of this, Lizzie."

A puzzled and perplexed expression came over the countenance of the young wife as she listened. "I thought," she returned artlessly, "now that we are married, we should be always together, and we should be very happy, shall we not?"

"I think so; nay, I am quite sure of it," replied Atherton, warmly pressing the little hand laid so confidently in his. "But Lizzie," he added earnestly, "life has its duties as well as its pleasures; and if we do not discharge the former we cannot expect to enjoy the latter. My happiness will depend in a great measure upon you."

Awed by the grave and earnest manner of her husband, Lizzie remained silent. Atherton, perceiving this, changed the subject, striving to interest her by describing the home to which he was taking her. "I fear you will be disappointed in my sister," he said gently, in reply to some question of Lizzie's respecting her. "She is ten years older than I am, and somewhat peculiar in her ideas and appearance. But she has a good heart, and I am sure you will like her in time.

The sun had nearly touched the western horizon, throwing its rich crimson rays across the grand old woods which surrounded the dwelling, when the newly married pair reached their destination. It was a fine old mansion, situated on an eminence, with broad marble steps leading to the chief entrance, on the top of which stood Miss Prudence Atherton. Frederic opened the carriage door, and Lizzie sprang lightly out.

"Oh! Frederic," she exclaimed, "see that dog! how like he is to old Ponto." With these words, she darted forward, and

brushing past her husband's sister, who stood ready to receive her, arrayed in all the dignity of rustling silk and starched muslin, she stooped to caress a large noble looking hound that lay stretched across the hall door.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" exclaimed her husband in consternation, as he seized her hand, "Lizzie, this is sister Prudence of whom you have heard me speak."

"Is it," returned Lizzie, throwing her arms around the neck of the astonished spinster. "How do you do? I am very glad to see you;" and, hardly pausing for a reply, she called the dog to her, and began to feed him with a piece of seed cake she found in her reticule.

Vexed and mortified as Atherton was, at this exhibition of childish folly on the part of his young wife, he could hardly avoid smiling at the air of offended dignity with which his sister adjusted her cap, and smoothed her ruffled collar, and the look of wonder with which she regarded her.

"Perhaps Mrs. Atherton would like to be shown to her room," said Miss Prudence, turning to her brother.

"I think she would Prudence," he replied quickly. "She is somewhat fatigued by her journey, and he added in a lower tone, is hardly herself by reason of excitement and fatigue."

Prudence Atherton was the half sister of Frederic, a kindly well-meaning lady, whose disposition and character but ill-fitted her to become the companion of one possessing Lizzie's ardent, excitable temperament. The dignity of her family, of which her brother was the sole representative, was her chief hobby, and and she looked with disapprobation upon a marriage which she thought so little calculated to advance the family honor.

"You cannot help loving Lizzie," said Atherton a few weeks after this as he and his sister were discussing the subject of his marriage. "She is so warm hearted and affectionate."

"I do not doubt it," his sister replied coldly, "but she is hardly such a person as I should have supposed my brother would have chosen to become the mistress of Atherton Hall. See her," she added, drawing him to the window. Glad to escape from the restraint of the drawing-room, Lizzie, with no other companion, save a large dog, had sought the garden,

and weary of rambling about, had taken the flowers she had gathered, and, making them into a garland, twined them around the dog's neck ; and, placing her gipsy hat upon his head, stood laughing in childish merriment at the droll figure he made.

But she looked very beautiful as the summer breeze tossed back her bright curls and displayed a brow pure and white as an infant's, while her dimpled cheeks glowed with exercise, and her eyes sparkled with animation.

"She is very young," said Atherton excusingly, yet gazing admiringly upon the animated countenance of his wife. "And Prudence, we must be very patient with her. She has been much indulged at home, and is, I own, somewhat wild and thoughtless. But she is very tractable," and, he added smilingly, "under your careful tuition, will, I doubt not, do honor to my choice and family."

When Atherton and his young bride were alone, he remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her rambling out so much unattended, and gently, but firmly made known his wishes with regard to it. Unaccustomed to restraint her proud spirit rebelled. Irritated by this, he spoke harshly and sternly, sharply reproving her for her childish folly.

A feeling of remorse touched the heart of Atherton that night as he bent over the form of his sleeping wife. There were traces of tears on the cheek, and ever and anon, the stifled sob, and deep drawn sigh told how deep was the wound inflicted on her gentle heart. Whose fault was it ? He had taken her from kind friends and from her happy home, and had brought her among strangers to be the mistress of his proud Hall. He placed upon her youthful shoulders a burthen they were ill-fitted to sustain. And because in her childish ignorance she erred, he had grieved her spirit with harsh words. He had taken for a companion a mere child. Did he expect to find in her the thoughtfulness and dignity which belong to mature womanhood. He inwardly resolved that he would in future deal more gently with her ; and for some weeks he kept this resolve.

But, regarding her as a child, with whom it was folly to reason, his quick and imperious temper exacted from her a blind submission she was ill-prepared and unwilling to render. This

was the cause of many altercations between them, gradually alienating his affections from her, and causing him to treat her with a coldness more wounding to her sensitive heart than a sharp rebuke?

But Lizzie loved her husband too well to brook his displeasure; and the opposition, commenced on her part so resolutely, ended at last in her unconditional submission. She seemed to be a mere instrument in Atherton's hand; or, if she had any preference or will of her own, she ceased to manifest it in the presence of her husband and his sister.

Miss Atherton still retained her position as house-keeper, She made this sacrifice, as she told one of her dear friends, "for Frederic's sake, since his wife knows no more about household affairs than an infant." Thus, the envied wife of the master of Atherton Hall, was only its nominal mistress, a mere cypher in her husband's house.

(To be Continued.)

HONOR YOUR PARENTS.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

PART II.

This, my young reader, is in accordance with a law of your nature. Nothing can be more unnatural than a feeling of independence and insubordination on the part of children. What if beams of light should refuse to honor the fountain from which they spring, and should cut themselves off from the sun! What would follow but darkness and self-annihilation! What if the rain-drops should disdain to own their origin from the cloud, and should conspire to separate themselves from the great ocean above and beneath! The earth would be turned into iron, and the heavens into brass! Or what if the rivers should proudly break themselves off from their fountain springs, and set out to

flow by their own strength! How soon would their beautiful *falls* cease to murmur, and the cattle graze in their green beds! Or what if the plant or tree should separate itself from its roots, disdaining dependence thereon! How soon would the leaf thereof wither, the fruit perish, and the lofty branches lie ruined upon the ground! All this is plain, and natural, and inevitable: but it only illustrates what would follow the rashness of inexperienced youth and children disdaining parental instruction and restraint, and setting up for independence of their parents! The Author of all who imparts to every creature the nature and instincts that are most befitting its circumstances, has not overlooked the necessities of the young. A sense of dependence upon parents, a feeling of filial obligation and regard, — a disposition to look upon natural parents with reverence and honor, are among the best safe-guards of childhood, and the brightest ornaments of youth. He who despises his parents, or treats them with disrespect or disdain, does violence to the best instincts of his nature, and prepares himself for early ruin. God hath inclined us in our mental and social constitution, to this most essential duty; and it is literally monstrous in a child to set itself up against parental authority, and in the young to treat the opinions and principles of their superiors with disrespect.

To honor your parents is an *excellence* in itself. It is beautiful in morality, as well as a fixed law of youthful instinct. What can be more charming than to witness the emulation of children in showing kindness and respect to their parents. Such an exhibition of social and filial virtue would be interesting to the angels. It would even commend itself to the admiration and conscience of a barbarian. Much as men differ upon questions of expediency and in expediency, I believe the universal voice of mankind would be in favor of this virtue. There is no language upon earth; there is no philosophy, nor principles, nor creed, in which the mere statement of the opposite sentiment would not be absolutely absurd and shocking. Indeed the advocacy of this virtue seems like the repetition of truisms, or the needless statement of moral axioms. The *Scriptures* everywhere commend reverence to parents, and respect to superiors. They put this virtue upon the high ground of obligation and

right. "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is *right*." The curse of God is recorded against stubborn and rebellious households. Saith Agar, "the eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The fixed arrangements of God are realized in their perfection, only by the proper subordination of households to their proper head and the due rendering of filial obedience and affection on the part of children to those under whom God hath placed them.

The first step toward *submission to God*, in fact the very first lessons in religion, are taught in the institution of the family. How can it be expected that children will yield obedience to their Creator if they have not learned to obey their parents? Honor cannot be rendered to the heavenly, till it is first rendered to the earthly. Subjection to the earthly is preparatory, and indispensable to proper subordination to the heavenly. We only regard the family as a kind of probationary paradise upon earth. When our first parents were driven out from Eden, from its trees and brooks, its flowers and birds, they were still left to enjoy this paradise of household endearments and attractions. We are introduced into this garden of joys in our feeble and unconscious infancy, and are placed under the gentle sceptre of paternal kindness and decision, to develope temperament, and to form our characters, yea to prepare us for, and initiate us into the higher, broader, vaster sphere of moral responsibility. And if there is rebellion in this Eden; if the child resists the authority of the parent, how poorly prepared will he be to submit to God his Heavenly Father? The first moral lesson of obedience is learnt in the family: the first correct idea of true religion, the first perverse idea of it is commonly gained there. The first step in an endless career is taken in the nursery. Filial obedience cultivates the moral sentiments on which religion may flourish, and strike deeper and stronger its roots. On the other hand, if the habit is framed in childhood, of resisting parental authority, religion is rendered difficult, and well-nigh impossible. Here, then, we have an argument in favor of this virtue. It inclines us to a course or habit that will be altogether favorable to our future welfare. It is a plant that will not have to

be uprooted when religion commences. It is a fresh and healthy stalk, well-grown and prepared, upon which the scion of heavenly grace may be safely inserted. Very much that is in the course of natural growth and habit has to be uprooted at conversion, as wholly unprofitable and pernicious. But the verdant plant of this essential virtue is not only *permitted* to stand; but it cannot be spared. It is indispensable to the growth and maturity of the future Christian graces.

But, again. *Gratitude* to our parents should prompt us to do them honor. Who has done and suffered for us what they have? What affection can compare with a mother's love, or a father's tenderness? No other prompts to such care and hardships, or encounters such anxiety and anguish. None prompts to so many prayers, or awakens so many tears. What will not a parent do or suffer for his child? What ease or pleasure will he not forego? Children are bound to remember this, and to feel that such affection and disinterestedness ought to be requited. How can they reflect on the labors, privations and pains of their earthly parents, without deep emotions of gratitude, such as will impel them to filial obedience and respect.

There are great *advantages* in this virtue. God has connected our duty with our interest and happiness in this world. Reward follows faithful effort and self-denying toil. I may safely challenge you to bring from the whole field of providential and retributive dispensations, clearer illustrations of this principle than can be found in the family; either where children have been properly trained, or have grown up in disobedience and rebellion. A career of earthly prosperity seems inevitably to follow a course of filial obedience and respect. The exceptions only confirm the rule, and are to be accounted for on other principles. The comfort it must afford the parents, the harmony it produces in households, the peace it dispenses to society, and the sweet reflex returns of joy and health to the conscience and heart, are a few earthly handfulls, reaped from this source. But this is not all. For what though the child who had honored his parents, the youth that had yielded noble and high minded submission to the domestic authority, should perchance fail to realize all their hopes in the externals of prosperity? What

though the same cold winds blow upon him, the same rough storms beat around him, and the same fierce lightnings flash about him! It is a false standard that measures real prosperity by temporal circumstances, or that graduates life's tides, and those of the ocean by the same scale. There are *two* worlds here, as well, as hereafter. And he who begins life aright,—who strikes its key-note in harmony with Heaven's song, has started in a career of prosperity which all outward and adverse circumstances will only tend to heighten.

But if it be duty to honor *earthly* parents, how much more to honor God! Can you measure the ingratitude of not honoring and loving your Heavenly Father? Just suppose that your earthly parents had done for you what your Heavenly Father has done, that they had made for you this beautiful world, intersected it with mountains, and rivers, and valleys; carpeted it with green, and adorned it with fields and flowers! Yea, they had made the heavens—so bright and so beautiful. Suppose they had provided for your eye and taste, all that the air and earth and waters afford. *More*—that they had even done for your welfare in the next world, what your Father in Heaven has done! How great a debt of gratitude and love would you owe such parents? But this is just what God has done for you, and will he hold you guiltless, if you withhold from him your hearts?

TRUST IN GOD.

"Tis a world of wrong! Oh, is it not?
Of fault and indiscretion;
And every where has error stamped
Her own uncouth impression.

'Tis true that those who wait on God,
And seek of Him direction,
Will walk unscathed amid the flames,
Through his Divine protection.

And *they are blest*. Whate'er betide,
They dread not hopeless sorrow,
Who humbly work for God to-day,
And trust him for to-morrow."

ANON.

THE ANXIOUS WATCHER.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

THE night is brooding darkly
On the earth and in the sky,
While a weary, woful watcher,
All alone, to-night, am I!

All the village lights have faded,
To await the blush of morn,
But the lamp that lights my chamber,
Through the live-long night must burn.

Here I sit and sadly ponder;
For my darling's crimson cheek,
And her loud and rapid breathing,
And her lips which scarce can speak,

Only murmuring, faintly, "*water*,"
Bid me think of that deep gloom,
Which will shroud our happy dwelling,
Should we bear her to the tomb!

'Tis with grief I give these powders,
For I know they cause her pain;
But my hope and prayer are fervent,
She will yet be well again.

O! this dreadful Scarletina
Has so marred her little face,
That her friends would scarcely know her,
So distressful is her case!

Yet I sit a willing watcher
By the sick bed of our child,
And I think of all our pleasure,
When the little maiden smiled.

Now she sleeps. But her best slumber
Is quite fitful, you must think,
For the times I cannot number
That she wakes and asks for "*drink*."

If the Lord be pleased to take her
 While her life is scarce begun,
 We will bow with meek submission,
 Saying, "*Lord, Thy will be done!*"

But, Lord, if thou canst spare her,
 To rejoice our weeping eyes,
 Hear our prayers and bless our efforts;
 Bid the little maid "*arise!*"

And, in token of our gladness,
 We will train her up for Thee,
 That our Saviour one more trophy
 Of his travail-pain may see.

A BEREAVED MOTHER—SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING.

THE paradoxes of the Scriptures are incomprehensible to the unsanctified mind; but the Christian knows, from his own experience, what it is to save his life when he loses it, to be strong when he is weak, and to rejoice when he is sorrowful.

The following letter, written by a Christian mother, who, in addition to other afflictions, was called, in a western city, a few weeks since to surrender to that terrible disease, cholera, a dearly loved and noble boy of six years of age, exhibits a touching illustration of the beauty of Christian resignation—the moral sublimity of a saint trusting in God, though slain, singing at once of mercy and of judgment.

I doubt not but that many a mother among the readers of "*THE ASSITTANT*," who has been called to hide a little treasure beneath the coffin-lid, will take a melancholy satisfaction in reading this letter, and will find an echo to its sentiments in her inmost heart.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 17th, 1854.

My Beloved Brother and Sister,—Do not think me ungrateful for your affectionate letters of sympathy, because so long unacknowledged.

When the waves and billows of sorrow began to flow over my soul, to no human source of consolation did I turn more confidently, than to your dear hearts, for I felt that you knew a parent's love, and would know the depth of my sorrow. I have written but few letters since the flower fell, for the mechanical part of writing is attended with some effort and suffering to one in my feeble state; and then my heart, my poor lacerated heart, seems to bleed more deeply, as I recall and recount the scene when so unexpectedly I was deprived of one of my dearest, earthly dependencies. Yet do not think I would murmur, or bring back again the darling spirit which I feel has been safely moored beyond the storms of this tempest-tossed life. Oh, no! Has not my darling boy attained what we are all reaching forward to grasp—the purity and joy of the redeemed?

Your words, my dear brother, which fell upon my ears in the first hours of my loss, when the work of the spoiler was so terrific to my weak faith, did much to soothe and comfort me. Your comfortings were sweet, for they turned my thoughts to the blessed belief that death is only a servant, and that our Redeemer who gave himself to its power for a short time, will take our choicest treasures from its stern grasp, and guard them safely in his bosom. Did I not love my first deceased child, my sweet little Mary? And did not my heart also cling to my enthusiastic, confiding Willie? Oh, how could I then have seen my precious children struggle and gasp in those last convulsive agonies, but for my faith that a mightier, tenderer arm bore away their gentle spirits beyond the reach and the sting of death? How could I consign those loved caskets, which, by a mother's woes alone, can be estimated, to the darkness and silence of the tomb, did I not believe Christ is the victory?

You know how much of hope and joy, in my earthly future, must have passed away with that sweet life; but oh, shall I repine, if my poor sinful heart is thus drawn still more within the vail, beyond which my loved lambs are folded? Shall we not thank our merciful Father for all the chastisements which, though they bruise and break our spirits, draw us away from time and sense and elevate us to the spiritual world?

When I saw my sweet Willie, under the power of that monster, cholera, close his eyes upon this world, I felt as if it would be very easy for me to lie down and sleep the long sleep of death with him. But I knew this was wrong, and I rallied every energy. My mission is not yet finished; and, for the sake of my dear husband and Jamie, my lone jeweled child, I would still live, though the path seems starless, when I think of the lights which once illumined it, but which are now withdrawn.

I often think of your trio group of olives, and remember that such a cluster once graced our Vermont cottage-home. I know with what feelings you press that last, best daughter-gift to your hearts. Oh, may you be spared our blighted experience! How thankful should we be, that a God of wisdom and love reigns and ordains life, or death for us and for our precious ones! I know you have consecrated your jewels to your Saviour's crown, and, whether sparkling here, or above, may you rejoice in the offering!

I hope sometime to be able to write you more particulars than I now dare trust myself to dwell upon, of the last days of my transplanted one, and of the consolations which fill my heart with peace. I am most thankful, my brother, that you so recently saw my now sainted Willie, for you can know better my loss, and what a sweet offering I have made at my Master's bidding.

Do both write to us again soon, and pray for us; and may God let us still love, till on high we join the household band of our precious, redeemed parents and children in a world of love.

Most affectionately, your fond sister,

A.

LOVE.

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily carolled day by day—
The haunt is lone,—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her,—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told;
And like a lamb from fountain clear,
She turns, confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet, domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That's man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,¹
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

It is said the late Dr. Spurzheim, in selecting a companion for life, made choice of a lady who had passed through uncommon scenes of calamity. He considered great mental suffering necessary to the formation of human character and to the development of the highest and purest qualities of the soul. There is philosophy in the idea, as well as prudent calculation.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

NO. II.

"I must work . . . while it is day."

IN a house situated on the principal street of a populous town in Massachusetts, lived a family by the name of Carter. They were in reduced circumstances at the time of my first acquaintance with them, Mr. Carter being enfeebled in health, and not able to do much toward the support of his family. This consisted of father, mother, and three children, Katy, Rebecca, and Samuel. Katy the eldest was ten, Rebecca six, and Samuel four years of age. Mrs. Carter had been blessed in her youth with pious parents, who had not failed to teach her the whole counsel of God, as set forth in his Holy Word. These instructions had been blessed to her soul, and now she earnestly endeavored to impress the same upon the minds of her young children.

Mr. Carter failed not to do the utmost in his power to aid his wife in her efforts for the little ones committed to her care; and when, as was often the case, he could not rise from his bed, he assisted them in preparing their lesson for the Sabbath school, or heard them repeat the Catechism. The latter exercise, he simplified and illustrated to suit the comprehension of his little class. He rendered it so interesting to them, that they longed for the time when "father would catechise them."

Katy was a very modest, lovely girl. She was loved not only by the members of her own family, but by all her companions, and particularly by her teachers. She was the first-born, and had early been dedicated to God in baptism. She was the child of many prayers, and her mother had humbly hoped for more than two years, that her dear Katy was a lamb in the fold

of the good Shepherd. Gentle and quiet in her manners, this dear child exercised a great, though silent influence over her younger, but noisy and volatile sister.

Rebecca was naturally irritable and violent in temper. She used often to put Katy's love and patience to the test, when she and Samuel were left in the charge of their staid and faithful sister. But Katy never was angry; when tried beyond her strength, she would sometimes weep, and say, "Oh Rebecca! why will you do so, when I'm trying to keep you still, and father is sick?" Often Rebecca would be moved by this appeal, and kissing her sister, say, "Now, Katy I'll do just as you tell me." Then they would play school, or meeting; and even little Samuel knew he must be very quiet and still, while "sissy made the prayer."

Month after month passed away, and Mrs. Carter was at length obliged to acknowledge to herself, that with her utmost efforts she could not take proper care of her sick husband and do sewing enough to supply her family with food and fuel for the coming winter. How was she then to purchase dresses and shoes, which had become absolute necessities for the children?

The distressed mother lay awake night after night revolving in her mind some plan by which she might reasonably expect to obtain money. But though in her midnight tossings something occurred to her, yet the light of day would dispel the illusion, and leave her as much distressed as before.

One day, early in the fall, a biting frost was succeeded by very mild pleasant weather. Katy and Rebecca, who had been detained from Sabbath school the previous Sabbath for want of suitable clothing, were playing merrily in the small enclosure attached to their house, when Miss Winslow, the Sabbath school teacher of the former, passed by.

She stopped on seeing them, and immediately inquired, "Were you ill last Sabbath, Katy? I missed you from the class."

"No, Ma'am," replied the child, blushing and looking down.

"Why, then, didn't you attend school, my dear?"

Poor Katy tried very hard to keep from crying, as she answered, "I have no clothes to wear."

Miss Winslow turned to enter the house. She saw that the

children were barefoot; and she well knew that Mrs. Carter prized their religious privileges too highly to allow them to be absent, unless pressed by necessity.

I have already said that Katy was beloved by her teacher. No child in the class was more regular in her attendance, or prompt in her lessons. But what had more than all, gained the love of Miss Winslow, was the interest the child manifested in the appeals made to the class, to love their Saviour and give themselves to Him. The moistened eye, and the flushed cheek bore witness for little Katy that these were appeals to which her heart responded.

When Miss Winslow, taking a hand of each of the little girls, entered the humble dwelling, she found their mother busily engaged on some coarse sewing, while her countenance expressed great despondency. Mr. Carter sat in a rocking chair, which his wife had drawn up near the wood box. With his feet on a piece of braided mat, the sick man sat, feebly trying to whittle some splinters to kindle the fire.

Mrs. Carter rose, set a chair for her visitor, and resumed her sewing.

"You hardly appear able to do that," said the young lady, as the poor man wiped his forehead, which was wet from the exertion he had made.

"Our wood is very green," he replied, "and wife has such hard work to get the fire to burning; I thought I might help her a little."

Katy ran to her father, saying, "If you will let me try once more, I will promise not to cut myself if I can help it." They all smiled at her guarded promise; Miss Winslow was thinking of some way in which she could offer to assist Mrs. Carter without wounding her feelings. The kind lady knew that this was not a common case of poverty. Mrs. Carter had been respectably educated, and until her husband's sickness, he had provided well for his family.

"I missed my little scholar, last Sabbath, and feared she was ill."

Without raising her eyes from her work, Mrs. Carter answered with a sigh, "I am afraid my children will not be able

to attend school this winter ; I cannot provide them clothes." Katy hid her face behind her father's chair and burst into tears.

"If that is all the objection, I think I can easily obviate it, with your consent. Indeed, I don't know how I can spare Katy from the class:" and she smiled lovingly at her little pupil, who had looked up at the sound of her cheering voice.

"You are very kind," was all the reply Mrs. Carter could make.

I have a plaid dress, continued the teacher, which, with a piece of new like it, will, I think, make two neat dresses for the little girls ; and then they will need warm shawls and hoods. If you will allow them to come and spend Saturday afternoon with me, I think I can promise myself the pleasure of seeing at least Katy, in her place in the class."

Mrs. Carter dropped her work, and hiding her face in her apron, sobbed aloud. The sick man, seeing Miss Winslow looked distressed, said, with suppressed emotion, "Wife has got clear discouraged, and it is kind of sudden to her to hear any one speak so kindly as you do. May God reward you for it," he continued, after a moment's pause, as he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his wrapper.

When the good mother composed herself sufficiently to speak, she said, "I gratefully accept your kindness. It was the thought of keeping the children from the Sabbath school and day school, which had troubled me more than every thing else."

"I cannot conceive," exclaimed Miss Winslow, "how you can support your family, by this coarse sewing," taking up a specimen from a pile of wheat bags, lying on the table.

"I should be very glad of more profitable work," resumed the poor woman with a sigh, "but I ought to be grateful that I can get this, and have my pay for it."

"I remember," said Miss Winslow, "hearing a lady express the wish, that some one would make up a quantity of woollen jackets, that were to be given in charity to some poor laborers, and I will try at once to obtain the work for you, if you wish it."

Mrs. Carter looked quite cheerful, as she replied, "I once learned to be a tailoress, and if you can give me the size, I can cut, as well as make them."

"So much the better," replied the lady, rising, "I will go and see her directly; and don't forget my invitation to Katy and Rebecca." The little girls looked as if they thought there was not much danger of their forgetting, as she kindly shook hands with them, and took her leave.

The next morning, as Mrs. Carter was busily occupied in finishing a pile of bags, for Katy to take to her employer, a knock was heard at the door of their room. Rebecca, who had been waiting upon her father, while her sister had washed the breakfast dishes, now ran to open the door, and a boy walked in bringing a bundle nearly as large as himself. Mrs. Carter rose, took it from him, and laid it upon the table. He then proceeded to take a note from his pocket, and to pass it to her.

Katy passed a chair for their visitor, while her mother proceeded to read the note, which was from Miss Winslow. In it, that kind friend informed her that it would be a great favor to the benevolent ladies, if she would cut the jackets, as she had proposed, and that they were willing to pay her the same as they should pay the tailor. The note closed with an offer from the ladies to pay her for the work in advance, if it would be any accommodation to her.

The children looked anxiously at their mother as tear after tear trickled down her cheeks. They little realized the feelings of joy and gratitude swelling in her heart, and causing the fountain of her emotions to overflow. She soon, however, wiped away her tears, and thanking the boy for bringing the bundle, asked him if he should see Miss Winslow on his return.

"I shall see her when I go home from school. She's my sister," said the boy. He was now regarded with fresh interest as being related to their kind friend. He soon rose, and said it was time for school; and Mrs. Carter desired him to say to his sister, that she could not find words to tell her what a relief her kindness had been.

Katy had just taken her broom to sweep, before she went with the bags, when the boy ran back and opened the door, saying, "Sister said she wanted your little girls to come to our house directly after dinner on Saturday;" and away he went. Mrs. Carter then told the little girls to sit down for a few mo-

ments, as she wished to talk with them. Then taking Samuel on her knee, she said, "My dear children, I am going to tell you something which I hope you will always remember, and learn from it to trust in your Heavenly Father. You, Rebecca, little knew, this morning, when you asked why I prayed so long, that I was pleading for a spirit of trust and confidence in God. I feared that we should have to leave our home, and I knew not where we should find a shelter.

Our landlord came last evening and told me, that unless I paid the rent punctually to the very day, he should let our house to another tenant, who had offered him a higher price for it. He said, as we had been quiet tenants, and had hitherto paid well, he should not increase our rent; but we must be very prompt. I should have told him that your father was now confined to the bed, and that I had nothing but the labor of my hands to depend upon, but this he knew already. I hardly closed my eyes all night. I was almost in despair. I had all along been hoping that, as Mr. Howard knew of our distress, he would be willing to wait for his rent.

But with the first ray of light a feeling of hope and trust in my Maker, began to fill my soul. I came down, and prepared our simple breakfast. Every thing was cold and cheerless, and I asked myself what reason I had to feel so quiet and happy, when the words of Scripture came to my mind, — "For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." — From that moment, I determined, let come what would, to trust in God. Now I will read you this note from a friend, sent us in this hour of distress by One who has been watching over us, and who knows all our need."

When she had finished reading, she said, "Now Katy and Rebecca, and you too, my little Sammy, I want you all to learn from this, how safe it is to trust in God. If we ask, He will answer. He knows the poverty and troubles of all His children, and He says, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that hear him." Through the kindness of your good teacher, Katy, I have profitable work for several weeks, and if blessed with health as I have been heretofore, I

see my way clear, not only to pay our rent, but to purchase fuel and food.

When Mrs. Carter arose to resume her sewing, she left her little audience weeping, Mr. Carter and Katy from gratitude, Rebecca and Sammy from sympathy with them.

Saturday afternoon was drawing to a close. Mrs. Carter set cheerfully at her work, and said, "I can't tell what I should do without Katy. She's grown to be such a help. She can get tea, and wash up the dishes as well as I can. But I suppose I must get it to-night, as she is not here."

The last words were hardly spoken before there came a rush against the door, and two little rosy cheeked girls came bounding into the room. The inmates looked up with surprise, not instantly recognizing in the gaily dressed misses their own Katy and her sister. Not a word was spoken by the children; their hearts were too full for that, but they stood before their mother slowly turning themselves about, that she might have the full advantage of their neat appearance.

At length Rebecca burst out, "An't we nice little girls, mother? I'm glad my cloak is prettier than Martha Jackson's, 'cause she can't laugh at me any more."

"I can't understand how your kind teacher could have accomplished so much, in so short a time," said the mother, surveying them from head to foot.

Katy went to the door, pulled in two bundles, and then said, "Oh, Miss Winslow had a great party, and almost all the Sabbath school teachers were there; and they all sewed on our clothes, and our bonnets, and a great deal of our cloaks and dresses were made before, only they made the waists." Here the excited child stopped to recover her breath.

"And we've had a real good supper too," said Rebecca, beginning to recover her speech, and jumping up and down, "and I've got something nice for Sammy in my pocket."

They had now pulled off their cloaks, and exhibited warm woolen dresses, and pretty calico aprons.

"We've got every thing new," said Katy, turning up her dress to show a warm quilted skirt, "and Rebecca's is the same. I sewed on the waist to mine, and she hemmed a pocket handkerchief for herself."

"Here it is!" shouted Rebecca, "and here's Sammy's cake."

"Oh," said Katy, "how I did want to put my cake in my pocket for you, mother, but I didn't think 'twould look well, when she had given us so much."

"No, my dear," replied the grateful mother, "you did perfectly right."

"Here are our clothes, we wore," added Katy, untying the bundle. "Oh! mother," she shouted with delight, "see what else! I didn't know these were in, or I wouldn't have thrown them down at the door," and she pulled out a number of second hand articles of clothing, such as Mrs. Carter saw at a glance would be of great use in her rising family.

Among them, Rebecca was delighted to find a suit for a little boy. Sammy had never worn boy's clothes, as it had been more convenient and economical to have him take those, his sisters had out-grown. But now he was speedily dressed, and his happy sisters declared, as they danced around him, "he looks like a real boy."

As for the young gentleman, he hardly knew how to conduct himself in his new apparel, and seemed to have business enough for the present, in walking back and forth majestically across the room, with one hand in each pocket.

Mr. Carter laughed till he cried, at the airs the little fellow assumed, and altogether the family had never passed a merrier hour, than the one which followed.

But at length quiet was restored, and Katy made the fire anew, and prepared supper for her father and mother, while Rebecca reminded her at least half a dozen times, "You know, Katy, you needn't get any for us, we've had ours, and I a'nt a bit hungry."

We must pass over many months in the history of our young friends. Spring had come with its balmy air, its buds and flowers. Many a silver coin had found its way into Mrs. Carter's purse, by the industry of her little girls, in selling dandelions to their neighbors.

But Katy could no longer be spared from home, and Rebecca with Sammy went regularly to school. The warm days which had operated so favorably on Mrs. Carter and her children, had

exhausted the little strength which remained to the husband and father. He felt that his days on earth were numbered, and he prayerfully endeavored to prepare himself for his great and last change. He suffered little pain, and it was difficult for the children to realize that he was so soon to leave them.

Mrs. Carter, however, perceived that he grew daily more feeble, and sent Katy to request the doctor to call. His physician, who had not visited him for several weeks, now saw at a glance that he was near his end. Sitting down by the bed side, he endeavored to prepare the mind of his patient for the intelligence that death was near.

He soon found, that the dying man perfectly understood his condition, and was only awaiting his summons to depart.

"I can give them all up into His hands," he answered, in reply to a remark of the doctor's. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. I feel safe in leaving wife and children with Him. At the request of the invalid, the physician prayed with them before he left, and promised to ask their pastor to call.

It was the Sabbath eve. The day had been uncomfortably warm and sultry, and now not a breeze stirred the air. Mr. Carter lay panting for breath, while a kind neighbor stood by him with a fan. The afflicted wife sat holding her dying husband by the hand, while her face was buried in his pillow, to smother the sobs which she could not restrain, and which she feared would disturb the last moments of the poor sufferer.

Katy sat near her mother, with her face hidden behind her little brother, whom she held in her lap. Sammy looked in wonder from one to another, and was awe stricken by the sight of their grief. Rebecca was seated in the lap of Miss Winslow, who had come in, on her way from church.

Mr. Carter has spoken his last words of love and tenderness to his wife and children. He had reminded the former of the time when her faith was tried to the utmost, and her Heavenly Father had appeared for her relief; and he besought her to remember the many promises He had made to be the widow's God, and a Father to the fatherless. He had taken each of his little flock, and had told them in a way suited to their years that

he was going to the mansion Jesus had prepared for him, and that if they wished to meet him in that bright world, they must repent of all their sins, and give their hearts to Christ, who had died for them, and who had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Now he had done with earth, and was already beginning to taste the joys of heaven. A bright celestial smile lit up his countenance, as he whispered, "Dear — Jesus — come — oh! Come quickly!" A slight shudder for one instant agitated his frame, and his freed spirit ascended to his dear Saviour, with whom he longed to dwell.

A solemn stillness reigned in the room, as the kind neighbor bent her head to listen for another breath. "He is gone!" said she, in a whisper, which however was heard by all in the room. The newly made widow bent over the body, pressing her lips passionately to his cold brow, while her sobs burst forth afresh. It was a long time before her kind friends could persuade her to leave the cold clay, which no longer contained the soul of him she loved.

At length, Miss Winslow whispered to Katy, who went to her mother, and taking her hand begged her to retire with them.

But I must pass over the grief of the widow and orphans; the affecting scenes of the funeral and sepulchre of the departed, and hasten on to the conclusion of my history. In fulfilment of His gracious promises, God had raised up friends on every side, and the widow found herself in possession of many comforts, to which she had long been a stranger.

Dear Katy grew every day more of a companion and comfort to her afflicted mother, who hoped much from her influence upon her brother and sister. There was at times a look of such earnest thought, and such maturity in her expressions upon religious subjects as sent a chill through the mother's heart. She noticed that Katy often took her sister and brother into the bed room, especially upon the Sabbath, and when all in the room was quiet, she had heard her infant voice raised in prayer to God.

Summer wore on, and Katy continued to enjoy perfect health,

while Rebecca lay prostrate upon a sick bed. When the immediate danger had passed, Katy begged her mother to allow her to pick berries to sell, as many of her schoolmates were doing, during the vacation. She told so earnestly how much one and another had made, and what comforts she could procure for her sick sister, that her mother at length consented, and Katy joined her companions in great glee.

Wednesday and Thursday passed, and at the close of each day, Katy returned, weary and hungry to be sure, but with quite a little handful of silver and copper coin, which she was so happy to pour into her mother's lap, and to watch the start of surprise which it called forth.

"Mother," said she, after she had eaten her supper, "if it don't rain to-morrow, we're going to a new place, where the whortleberries are very thick. Ellen Jones says, you can pick them off, by the handful; but she doesn't pick hers clean. Mrs. Winslow said she'd take all I could pick, because they are so clean. She don't have to pick them over. "Mother," she continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I wan't to ask you two things, and I hope you'll please to let me do them. Will you?"

"I can't say, my dear, until I know what you wish."

"Well, the first one is, I wan't to know if I may take your purse, because I am afraid all the time I shall lose the money."

Encouraged by her mother's smile, Katy went on. "I don't care so much about that. The other thing is what I want most, and I hope," said she, looking lovingly up into her mother's face, "*I hope* you'll let me do it."

"What is it, dear?"

"Well, I want," said the child, heaving a deep sigh, on account of the importance of the subject, "I want to pick out a quart of my nicest berries, and make them a present to my teacher, because she's been so very kind to me, may I?"

"Certainly, I shall be glad to have you, and I think your little offering will please her."

"Oh, mother, I'm so glad! and may I take your best basket? I'll put currant leaves all round it, and all over the top. Won't it look beautifully!" and Katy forgot all her weariness, in her delight that she should be able to show her gratitude to her beloved teacher.

That night before Mrs. Carter retired to rest, she held the light so that it would shine upon the face of her bedfellow; so happy did she look in her innocent sleep. "Strange," said she to herself, "that I keep gazing at her so," and she turned to the couch of Rebecca, who was now rapidly recovering. Alas! alas!! Before another setting sun, she knew *too well*.—But I must not anticipate.

The next morning, Katy was up with the lark, and went through her morning duties with a velocity that surprised her mother. "I'm so happy," said she, "I feel like singing all the time." But in her hurry to join her companions, the dear child did not forget her morning prayer. She asked God to take care of her all day, and help her to be good, so that she could go to heaven with her dear father, and live with Jesus forever and ever.

It was near eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Carter was surprised to see her return with a large pail of berries. She had not generally returned until past noon.

"Oh, mother!" she said, joyfully, "I've got beautiful ones.—I want to measure out a quart quick, and carry them before dinner. May I?"

"Yes, my child; but you had better fill the basket."

Katy ran joyfully into the small garden, and picked the largest and finest of the currant leaves. Having washed them, she laid them in the basket, and poured in the berries. She found there were nearly two quarts. Then she laid a few of the fresh leaves over the top, and ran to prepare herself for her important visit.

In a few minutes she returned, with a clean apron, having a rosy face and smooth hair, when she presented herself to her mother for a kiss.

"These in the pail are to sell, and these are for my dear teacher," she kept repeating. She reached the gate, when she suddenly turned, came into the house, and again kissed her mother, sister and brother.

In reply to a smile on her mother's face, she said, "I'm so happy, I couldn't help it! I love every body!"

And these were the last words they ever heard from the lips

of my husband's sweet little patient! She carried her humble offering to her teacher, who fully appreciated the grateful heart which prompts it. She sold the remainder to Mrs. Winslow, and with a sunny face started for home, holding lightly in her hand the purse she had obtained leave to carry.

Passing quickly along, she was suddenly startled by a loud noise behind her, and looking around, saw that a horse broken away from his driver, and attached to a carriage, was dashing furiously along the street. In her fright, she had only time to run close to the fence by the sidewalk, when the screaming and shouting of the crowd drove the infuriated animal directly toward her. She never knew what hurt her, for though she lived till midnight, during which time her physician did not leave her, she was not conscious a moment.

Katy's last prayer was quickly answered. Her young heart was filled with love, and Jesus called her to swell the anthem of love and adoration before his throne.

The afflicted mother never regretted the prayers she had offered for her beloved child. She did not feel that she had begun too early to point her to the Saviour, as the One who could forgive all her sins and prepare her for an eternal heaven. Neither did her Sabbath school teacher regret, who had proved herself so worthy of the name of friend, that she had from time to time, Sabbath after Sabbath, instructed her pupil in the things which belonged to her everlasting peace. They had now their reward. Katy was an angel in Heaven, and would bear witness to their faithfulness and zeal in their Master's work.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

[SEE MUSIC AT THE END OF THIS NUMBER.]

"She stands amidst the glittering crowd,
The same in form and face,
As when at first her sweet cheek glowed,
Even in this very place.
The same bright tresses hid her brow,
The same rich pearls, her hair;
Her lip is just as roseate now,
Her hand as soft and fair.

She looks the same young radiant bride
As when we saw her first,
When in her flash of happiest pride
Upon our eyes she burst.
And even now she leans as then
Upon her husband's arm;
Yes, 'tis the very same again,
With every faultless charm.

Yet there's a change — her eyes are still
Most beautiful and bright;
But they seem within their lids to fill,
With softer, tenderer light.
Her voice is sweet, and rich and low,
And just as musical;
But 'tis grown more like a river's flow,
Than a fountain's laughing fall,

Still, still she smiles as radiantly,
When friends are speaking near;
But in her smile there's less of glee,
And more of bliss sincere.
'Tis not the brilliant scene around,
That her quiet heart beguiles;
In her pure spirit may be found,
The fountain of her smiles.

Now, ever and anon, her eye
Is fixed on vacancy,
And she seems to listen earnestly;
For midst the revelry,
In fancy comes an infant's wail,
Or its murmuring in its sleep;
And the splendid hall seems cold and pale,
When such visions o'er her creep.

And though the scene is very fair,
She wearies for her home,
And thinks the hour to take her there,
Will never, *never* come!
She who once watched time in pain,
That would too quickly flow
Oh! sure she might be *gayer* then,
But she is *happier* now."

FAMILY DEVOTION.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

A Christian merchant relates that when he commenced business he was very strict in the observance of family prayer. He required every member of his household to be present at the exercise—clerks, domestics, all. He felt that the blessing of God would abide upon him just in proportion to his fidelity in this regard. For a long time he continued faithful at the family altar, and the Lord prospered him in every enterprise. His reputation, influence, wealth, all increased from year to year. At length, however, his business became so extensive as to make slight drafts upon the time usually devoted to morning prayers. He was led to hurry through the exercise, in order that his clerks might be at their place of business betimes. In this way the tempter caused him to relax his Puritanic strictness, and finally to fall away into a wicked negligence of duty. He persuaded himself that he might omit the morning devotions in his family with impunity, now that his business was so pressing. Besides, he could pray with his companion before leaving their chamber, and this, surely, would answer. So morning prayers were omitted in the household, and the clerks hurried away to their business as soon as they swallowed their early breakfast.

Some months after this sad change in the family, Mr. — received a letter from a former clerk, one who was a member of his family when morning prayers were observed. In that letter he said, "Oh, my dear master, never, *never* shall I be able suffi-

ciently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O, sir, eternity will be too short too praise my God for what I learned there! It was there, I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there, I first knew the way of salvation, and there, I first experienced the preciousness of Christ formed in me, the hope of glory! O, sir, permit me to say, never, *never* neglect those precious services! You have still a family and other apprentices! May your house be the birth-place of their souls?"

The reader can easily imagine what were the merchant's feelings as he pondered this letter. He said, "I trembled, and I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul-murdering hands. . . . I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful, and have determined that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotions."

The above incident is replete with instruction. Nor is it a solitary case of the kind. It may be a marked example, but kindred cases are very common. Multitudes of Christian fathers allow their daily business to interfere with family devotions. They may not become so worldly as entirely to omit the exercise, but they hurry through it in such a manner as to render it well nigh a solemn mockery. The Scriptures are read in great haste, perhaps with half the interest and feeling that the record of a rail-road accident is perused in a daily paper; and then the prayer is uttered in the same driving, impatient, hurrying way; and off goes the suppliant to his trade or office, having read and prayed in the shortest possible time. The hasty way of doing business at the present day enters altogether too much into our devotions. Thousands cannot spare time to pray with their families, except in a hurry. They are as avaricious in respect to time as money, making the most of the former in order to make more of the latter. There is a serious defect in many Christian families, and it affords one reason why so few happy results flow from family devotions. That this exercise may be the medium of great blessings to the household is evident from the power of prayer and from facts.

Dr. Scott lived to see his numerous family of children converted to God ; and he ever regarded their conversion to be the result of family devotion. A short time before his death, he said, " I look back upon my conduct in this respect with peculiar gratitude, as one grand means of my uncommon measure of domestic comfort, and of bringing down upon my children the blessings which God has been pleased to bestow upon them."

Says a minister of Christ, " My heart turns to the family altar where first I knelt by a mother's side, and a father lifted his voice in supplication. Impressions were then made which time has never effaced. With the first hour of waking, and the last hour before repose, the breath of prayer mingled. It arrested our youthful feet at the close of each day, and lingered on our ear, as we laid our heads on the pillow. Like the still, calm light, it blessed the dawn and the twilight."

Such testimony to the value of family prayer might be almost indefinitely multiplied ; but this is sufficient. In all such examples of its blessed influence it will be found that much time and attention were devoted to the exercise. It was made a primary, and not a secondary, duty of each day. The Bible was not merely read, but expounded. Prayer was not merely said, a dull, dead formality, but offered as a genuine sacrifice of the heart.

(To be continued.)

THE BARTLETT PEAR.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE PLATE AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS NUMBER.]

Take from our homes all the pleasures immediately or remotely dependent upon fruit, and how large a portion of their happiness would depart ! We shall account it an honor, if we can multiply and diffuse these pleasures, if we can awaken in any of our fruit-growing readers, a warmer gratitude to the Author of all our mercies for such a source of enjoyment, if we can quicken their zeal in this department of labor, or if we can persuade others to plant trees, that they and their families may eat the fruit thereof.

For this purpose, we intend to insert occasionally in our pages, plates of the best varieties of fruit, accompanied with historical sketches, descriptions and remarks on the arts of their cultivation. In this department, we expect the aid of some of the best pomologists in the country.

We commence with the pear, because it is our favorite fruit; and we have selected the Bartlett, for if we had but one variety, it should be this. It is well known and universally popular. The Horticulturalist pronounces it "every way worthy to be placed at the head of the list. No other variety has stood the test of so many climates and localities. It is cultivated throughout the country, and is a special favorite in New England.

It originated in Berkshire, England, about the year 1770, and was introduced by a Mr. Williams, a nurseryman, near London, and there called, '*William's Bon Chretien*' by which name it is still known in that country. In the French and Belgian catalogues it is called '*Williams*,' or '*Poire Guillaume*'; latterly they add, '*Bartlett of the Americans*.' The name Bartlett, by which it is almost universally known in this country, was originally given to it in consequence of its being imported and first grown here by ENOCH BARTLETT, of Roxbury, Mass., who lost the name under which it was sent to him. It was forwarded to him from England, about the year 1799, so that it has been now upwards of half a century in this country; but it has not been widely known more than half of this period.

The fruit is large; on young, vigorous trees, often *very* large, in some cases weighing a pound. Its form is pyramidal, irregular; its surface, quite uneven; its skin, smooth, and light yellow, with a delicate blush frequently on the sunny side; its stalk, stout and fleshy, an inch to an inch and a-half long, and but slightly sunk; its calyx, open and shallow; its basin, very slightly plaited; its flesh, white, fine grained and buttery, with a rich, musky perfume, not wholly agreeable to many tastes. It ripens throughout the month of September. Few pears admit of being picked so soon as the *Bartlett*, for they ripen well when gathered, even before they are fully grown; and this quality is of great value, as it allows them to be picked and transmit-

ted to markets at a considerable distance. The tree is a handsome, erect grower, vigorous, and exceedingly productive, bearing quite young, both on pear and quince bottoms. It is readily distinguished by its narrow folded leaves and yellowish shoots. It takes and grows well on the quince, but is so disposed to fruitfulness, as to become very soon enfeebled, unless pruned pretty closely annually, and the soil about its roots kept in a condition to afford abundant nourishment. The reason why this pear is short-lived on the quince, is, that the course of management is not adapted to its habits."

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"MELCHISEDEC," "LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD." — Heb. 7 1... 3.

They were alike in name, the first being called King of Righteousness, King of Peace; and the second, Branch of Righteousness, Sun of Righteousness, Prince of Peace.

They were alike in office, both being royal priests. Melchisedec was priest of the most High God and King of Salem; and Christ was High Priest and King of kings. Neither was illustrious by birth. Melchisedec was "without father, without mother, without descent," that is, of ignoble parentage. Of such a person Livy says, he was "born without father;" and Horace, he was "born without ancestors." So Philo calls Sarah motherless, meaning that her name appeared not in the national records or sacred genealogies. The Arabs now say of such a person, she has no mother, no father. Melchisedec was not enrolled in the catalogue of priests and had no lineal successor in that office, "having neither beginning of days nor end of life;" that is, either his birth and death are unknown in history or his priestly office, unlike that of the sons of Aaron which was entered upon at thirty and terminated at fifty years of age, had no prescribed limits. So Christ was born of poor and unrenowned parents, of Joseph and Mary, who were not of the children of Aaron, and

therefore neither they nor their son had any natural claim to the title and immunities of the priesthood. Was Melchisedec's priesthood more durable than that of Aaron? So was Christ's; he "abideth a priest continually." Did Melchisedec receive tithes of Abraham? Christ was lifted up that he might draw all men unto him, the low and high, vassals and crowned heads. "Such an High Priest became us," "made higher than the heavens,"—"holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners,"—to whom "every knee should bow, and every tongue confess," and whom heaven adores. Seeing that we have such a royal High Priest, "let us come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

P A S S I N G E V E N T S .

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

In our last, we spoke of the only event of this kind, believed by Protestants, to have occurred in the history of the world. But the officials of the Roman church have lately extended the idea, expressed by these words, to the origin of the mother of Jesus, as well as to that of her son. But the action was not unanimous; out of five hundred and seventy-six, thirty-two questioned its propriety, and four protested against the dogma. Rumor says that many serious and sensible Roman Catholics are much disturbed by this addition to their creed. If their church is infallible in its adoption, did she not err egregiously before she received it? Has absolution been dispensed for that sin of omission?

The question on which this decision has been pronounced was not whether Mary, like Jesus, was conceived supernaturally; not, what saith the Bible, for the Scriptures are silent on the subject; but whether the mother of our Lord in her inception was infected with original sin?

On this question Roman Catholics have been divided, from the days of Paschase Radbert, the real father of the doctrine of the immaculate conception of Mary, as well as of that of transubstantiation, a man who found a powerful opponent in St. Bernard, in 1140 A. D. The Dominicans followed one, and the Franciscans the other. The controversy has descended in the Papacy from age to age; neither will this decision terminate it. One party maintains that Mary was conceived free from the taint of original sin; the other, that she

was originally infected therewith, but was marvellously delivered from it before her birth. Let Pius IX. and his council decide this question, and let all their followers who will, believe their decision ; we are content to restrict the terms *immaculate conception* to the origin of the human nature of our blessed Lord, because so far the Scriptures are explicit ; but farther than this, they give us no knowledge. As Protestants we take *the Bible* as we have it in king James' version, *the whole Bible*, and *nothing else*, for our perfect religious guide.

The Mormons.—The king of Prussia not long ago sent to his ministers of state in Washington, D. C. and in London, for all the publications of this religious sect issued by the American and English presses. This, that denomination regarded as an indication of his royal favor toward them and their sentiments. Elated and flattered by the prospect of coronation and enthronement, they speedily resolved on a deputation to acknowledge the compliment and to encourage what they supposed, his designs. But when the commissioners reached Berlin, instead of being saluted and welcomed by his Highness, they were met by policemen and armed soldiers, who arrested them, and conducted them to the inferior court, where they were critically examined and ordered to leave the city and kingdom the next morning. One more leap is requisite, ye followers of Joe Smith, to reach the throne. Before you attempt another such mission, would it not be well to consult your prophet by some of the spiritual mediums about its practicability and probable success ?

The War.—No decisive engagement has yet transpired between the belligerent powers in the Crimea, since the sanguinary battle of Inkermann, on *the Sabbath*, the fifth of November, a battle in which the Russian soldiers were excited by drink, each carrying a bottle as well as a cartridge-box. Report says that Russia and the Allies are recovering from that terrible irruption of the war-spirit, recruiting their armies, and preparing for other conflicts, of which the printing press and daguerreotype saloon connected with the camp of the Allies will undoubtedly give us accounts and pictures. The allied forces are estimated as high as two hundred thousand men, and the Russian cannot be much less. Austria, it is said, has assumed the defence of the Principalities, and relieves the Turkish troops. A treaty between this power and England and France, exactly defining previous stipulations for peace, has been drawn up, signed by their commissioners, and sent to the Czar. How long shall the voice of

these nations be for war and the rest of Christendom offer no general and united plea for peace? Is it not time to stay this stream of blood? We rejoice to hear young America talking about peace, mediation and the like.

The Jews. — God delights to bring good out of evil. The war in Russia has driven many of the children of Abraham into England. The Abrahamic Society in the latter country reports grants to one hundred and twenty-three Jewish Converts.

Large subscriptions have been made by wealthy Jews in Austria, Prussia and other European countries, to enable some of the most intelligent and enterprising of their Jewish brethren in Asia to travel westward and learn the arts of a more perfect civilization. May the prayers of Christians open their ears to hear of Him whom their fathers crucified!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Japan. — America first leaped her walls; but England follows the example. The overland mail has brought to London the news of a treaty between the British Government and Japan, by which two of the ports of the latter are to be open to the vessels and trade of the former.

China. — Letters as late as the last of October or the fore part of November report disorder and fanaticism among the revolutionists. At this, doubtless, some unbelievers will carp, while fearful and unintelligent disciples will fear the worst consequences. But it would be well for both to inquire, what great moral revolution has ever been exempt from such extravagances? When a thunder-cloud breaks, scuds and vapors must be expected before the serene sky appears. Ashes, cinders and smoke are to be looked for after such an eruption.

Africa. — The Mendi Mission enjoyed an interesting work of grace the last season.

Rome. — The formal declaration of the immaculate conception of Mary and the coronation of the virgin took place in St. Peters, Sabbath morning, January 8th, with the pageantry and pomp for which the papacy enjoys an unenviable reputation. Her functionaries as-

sembled in council with the pope at their head, have published a form of prayer for the conversion of the Greek church to their faith and offer to all who repeat the same devoutly indulgence for three hundred days, and plenary indulgence to all who repeat it daily for a month," and then come to confession. Do they need *confession* for repeating the prayer?

Sweden. — The officers of this government have been ordered to seize the children of her Baptist subjects, and to cause the rite of infant baptism to be administered to them. We have thought and written upon this ordinance; but we never expected to live to see it administered at the point of the bayonet, nor become a baptism of fire.

Spain. — The bloody wave of revolution has dashed over this country, but the Queen survives the shock, and is regaining her sceptre and her throne amidst the discontent, murmurings and threats of a portion of her subjects.

England and France. — The councils of these nations are in session, deliberating about the prosecution of the war with Russia. To us who have seen them in other days fight each other like tigers, it is a little amusing to hear their mutual laudations and to read their resolutions complimentary to their respective armies. We sincerely hope that they may be affianced for life, and when this war terminates, may prove themselves equally zealous in the division of spoils, in the amicable settlement of their accounts, and in the cultivation of the arts of peace. But we have our fears as well as our hopes in respect to their future.

The British parliament has passed a bill authorizing the recruiting officers to enlist in her army German and Swiss soldiers. She needs some of the thousands of her Irish subjects whom she has sent to this country. By immigration alone her population decreased during three months last summer, more than forty thousand. She now feels her want of them, not only to recruit her army, but also to limit the rise in the price of labor, to run her manufactories, to cultivate her soil, and to prosecute other arts of life. We are not sure whether this want of England or the Native American sentiment and party of our own country will do more to stay or turn back the tide of immigration which has been so long rising, dashing over our hills, and rushing through our vallies.

Kossuth is assistant-editor of the London Times, an excellent po-

sition for him to occupy in order to wait and watch for the redemption of his beloved Hungary.

Poland.—We see it reported that the Czar has ordered a hundred thousand additional troops to this dependence of his vast empire. The scene in the great European drama, now acting, is yet to be displayed when these two down-trodden and oppressed servants of autocratic tyranny, Poland and Hungary, shall rise from their degraded vassalage, and appear upon the stage free, fair and powerful. The time for this development is not yet; but we hope, and pray, and believe that it will come.

Switzerland.—Her Federal Council forbids any of her soldiers to enlist in the army of other nations or to engage in the war of the Crimea.

Judea still fruitful.—After the reports of certain travellers and naturalists, respecting the present barrenness of the land of Judea, it is gratifying to read the following in the report of one sent to examine the country in this particular:—“I saw quince trees with four hundred specimens of fruit; vines with a hundred large bunches of grapes, some of them three feet long with berries, each three inches in circumference; Indian corn eleven feet high; watermelons weighing twenty, thirty and forty pounds apiece.” Infidels who laugh at the Scriptural account of the grapes of Eshcol, should ponder such statements. Nor is there any real contradiction between this report and that of travellers who speak of its barrenness; doubtless parts of it are as barren as they represent, while other parts possess the fertility here spoken of.

Sardinia.—These States which had previously expelled the Jesuits, have introduced into their present parliament a bill for the suppression of all monastic institutions, except those for public instruction and charity. We shall watch the course of this bill with lively interest, and should rejoice to see it pass into a law, and extend its influence through Italy.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Another flood threatened.—An appeal to the women in the State of New York, has been issued by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in behalf of the Woman's Rights Convention, calling for petitions from

every County in the Empire State to its Legislature, in furtherance of the objects of the Convention. The address concludes with this terrible threat —

“But should there be any county so benighted that a petition cannot be circulated throughout its length and breadth, giving to every man and woman an opportunity to sign their names, then we pray . . . that the ‘Napoleons’ of this movement will *flood* it with Woman’s Rights Tracts and Missionaries.” — Get your ark ready!

Tide of Immigration turning. — We were not a little surprised and grieved by perceiving, some weeks ago, an article in the Edinburg Review, on the management and disposal of the criminal population of that country, by the recommendation to send the same to the United States; and we were rejoiced to learn from a recent number of the Journal of Commerce, that a ship load of this kind of surplus from Belgium, has been sent from New York back to the port from which it came. Fifteen thousand were sent back from that city alone, between the first of May and the fifteenth of November. Success to every such enterprise!

New Governments. — Since our last issue, new governments have been constituted in many of our cities and States. Mayor Wood, of New York, has taken hold of the plough of reform with a strong hand; and those best acquainted with him, entertain no fears of his looking back.

Gov. Gardner has made his debut on the stage of Native Americanism in the Old Bay State, by a somewhat questionable exercise of the power of the Executive over the Militia of this Commonwealth, disbanding several companies of foreigners.

Massachusetts Senator. — Gen. Wilson, of Natick, was elected to the United States Senate by the House of Representatives, on the twenty-second, and by the Senate on the thirty-first of January, for the unexpired term of Hon. Edward Everett, resigned, and of Hon. Julius Rockwell, appointed by the Executive.

Kansas. — The report in our last, of scarcity in that territory, was derived from various exchanges. A gentleman, who has recently returned from that district, thinks it needs qualification. [See Kansas and Nebraska, under book notices.] From all that we have read and heard on this subject, and from the history of most new settlements, it appears to us probable, that while plenty may bless

some companies of the settlers, scarcity may distress others; and this may account for apparent discrepancies in the reports.

We are exceedingly happy to learn that the territorial governor and his subalterns are making vigorous efforts to take the census of the territory, and by registration, to prevent the corruption of elections before the choice of a territorial legislature, which may decide the question whether it shall seek admission into the Union as a free State.

Congress. — Mr. Barry, of Miss., made an attack, in the House of Representatives, upon the Native American, or Know Nothing party, to which Mr. Banks, of Mass. replied, charging the Pope and the Papacy with political designs and with interference with government. Mr. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, denied the charge, and maintained that Catholicism is not a politico-religious system; and if it should attempt to exercise civil power in this country, or to interfere with politics, the members of that communion would be among the first to cry out against the usurpation. Do you believe it?

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Revivals. — It is pleasant to discover, in our numerous exchanges, evidence that God has not forsaken his people. We notice reports of refreshings from his presence in Houston, Mooresville, Vincennes, Raglesville, Kokoino, Manilla, Camden, Selma, Gilboa, New Washington, Jonesville, Hartford, Ia.; in Dunbarton, Westerville, Waterville, Springfield, Etna, Seiotto, Ohio; in Glasgow, Iowa; in Mulberry Grove, Ill.; in Palestine, Va.; in Danville, Vt.; in Wakefield, R. I.; in Sacramento, Stockton, Jane Valley, and Columbia, Cal., and in several other places. The Lord multiply these showers of grace, till the whole earth shall have been refreshed!

The Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions has issued an appeal to its patrons for additional aid to relieve present embarrassments, and to enable it to prosecute its worthy enterprise with increased efficiency, and to extend the sphere of its action.

The Am. B. C. F. Missions. — The Prudential Committee of this body have recently appropriated three hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars to the various stations under its care for the current

year. Its last annual report speaks of its missions generally, as prosperous, and of the field as white and ready for the harvest.

LITERARY RECORD.

The New England Historical Genealogical Society. — The object of this association is to collect, preserve and disseminate the local and general history of New England and the genealogy of New England families. Its rooms are on Tremont Street, and its valuable library is kept by Rev. Luther Farnham. Its mission is important, and its labors therein abundant and of inestimable value to individuals and families, to the State and the Church. Its annual meeting was on the third of January.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY. — All the articles of this number are of a high order; we were particularly gratified with the third, fifth, and seventh. The first is on the studies and discipline of the Preacher; the second, on the plan and purpose of Patriarchal History; the third, on the Exigesis of Heb. vi. 4—8; the fourth, on the World in the Middle Ages; the fifth, on Recent Works upon Mental Philosophy; the sixth, on Naham's Prophecy concerning Nineveh; the seventh, on the Memoir of Dr. Archibald Alexander; the eighth, notices of books; and ninth, Literary Intelligence.

Monthlies — Harpers', Peterson's, Graham's, the Ladies' Repository, The National Magazine, The Ladies' Wreath, The Mother's Journal, The Monthly Jubilee, The Genesee Farmer, and the United States Magazine, have been received and their contents examined with interest and pleasure.

Weeklies. — The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, by Mayor Smith, with several scores of newspapers, have come to hand, and from them we have gleaned our summary of foreign and domestic intelligence.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES. — That in Princeton has one hundred and nine in the regular course of study; that in New York City has ninety-six; and that in Andover has one hundred and five.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN EUROPE. — Thirty students from our own country are this season attending lectures in the University in

Berlin. When will America afford such opportunities to her scholars, as will supercede the necessity of their going to Europe to complete their education or their literary works?

BOOK NOTICES.

KANZAS AND NEBRASKA.—This is the title of a duodecimo of 256 pages, by Edward E. Hale, from that enterprising publishing house, Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city. It contains the history, geographical and physical characteristics, and political position of those territories, with an account of the Emigrant Aid Companies and directions to emigrants. It has a map drawn from the latest surveys. This work is very seasonable, written with no labored ornaments of style, but so far as we can judge a clear and faithful expression of the truth on a subject upon which thousands desire information. It will well reward its reader. We cordially commend it to public attention.

'THE CHEERFUL HEART,' 'THE ANGEL CHILDREN,' 'COUNTRY LIFE,' and 'THE CHARM,' are from the same firm, four small volumes for children, elegantly printed and bound, and illustrated with pictures, well adapted to instruct and delight them, not of a very positively religious character, yet of a good social and moral tendency, well adapted for gift-books.

NEW MUSIC, published by O. Ditson, Boston, 115 Washington Street:—Midnight, by H. E. Dow;—New London City Guards March;—Short Melodies for the ORGAN;—Casket of Jewels, 5, by J. Rocca;—La Grace Mazurke;—Greeting to Rogersville, for the Piano forte;—One smile from thee;—The Redowa, for Piano forte;—The Slave Mother;—The Old Familiar Faces;—Songs of Ireland;—White Swallow and Favorite Waltz;—Cascade and Reindeer Polkas, composed for the Piano.

THE WARDROBE AND FASHIONS.

For Gentlemen.—Surtouts are made with short waists, and long skirts, and Frock-coats in similar style with large sleeves stitched about the edges. The fashion of sacks continues as in preceding months. Dress-coats should be made with short waists, skirts of medium length, and lined with silk or satin, sleeves without cuffs, and collars rolling. Pantaloons are cut quite long with spring bottoms.

For Boys.—Roundabout jackets with collar turned down with bow in front and pants are still in vogue; some wear cloaks and capes

For Ladies.—There is nothing new, says Peterson, in the general style of ladies dresses this month. Basques are still very much worn, though they are slowly going out of fashion. They are not seen at all in evening dress. Jackets of white and black lace are much worn. They are appropriate for public assemblies and for a style of evening costume somewhat more simple than what is usually understood by full dress. A jacket of a very elegant kind has been made of rows of needlework and lace insertion, ranged alternately and in a slanting direction from the shoulders to the waist. The basque, which is somewhat longer than those previously worn, and the rows of lace and needlework run straight—that is to say, the ends are carried up so as to make those in front round instead of regular. The sleeves are finished by a deep fall of

lace, and are gathered up by rows of satin ribbon with long flowing ends. The same style of jacket has been made in black lace and velvet, the rows of lace consisting of guipure insertion. Another has been made entirely of black chantilly, the pattern being enriched by the addition of black velvet *application*, and the trimming being cut velvet.

Sleeves, intended for full evening dress, consist merely of full puffings of tulle, confined by bands of white satin ribbon, or of ribbon in accordance with the dress, finished by bows with flowing ends. Sometimes the tulle banillons are covered by falls of blonde or Honiton lace.

Lace Scarfs are also very much worn in evening dress, but as these are exceedingly expensive when of a fine quality, scarfs of illusion often take their place, and are generally more becoming, particularly to a youthful face and figure, as they have a most airy lightness of appearance.

FUN AND FROLIC.

Under this head, we intend to give such specimens of wit and humor falling under our observation as we think, will entertain our readers,—also such healthful sports and recreations as every wise parent occasionally desires, if not for himself, yet certainly for his children. But our pages are full, and we must defer our debut in this department till our next issue.

HOUSEWIFERY.

Kitchen Economy.—Never waste anything, but have places and purposes for all articles in your keeping. Habits of economy are easily acquired, and the cook would do well to consider how much more valuable she must be to her employer, and how much more she will be respected, if she be careful and make the most of the property intrusted to her charge, than if she uses it wastefully.—*The Genesee Farmer.*

Love the first law of the Household.—With love constantly cherished, cultivated and manifested by all the members of a family, the humblest dwelling may become like a delightful and productive garden, full of beauty and sweetness; but without the affections which each owes the other, the most princely habitation will become like a hedge of thorns wounding all who enter it.

THE FLOWER STAND AND CONSERVATORY.

These are now presenting us fine specimens of the beauty of the Floral kingdom; Camellias, Roses, Ericas and Epacrisis, Verbenas, Accacias, Lawrustinus, Azaleas, Habrothamnus, Geraniums, Tropeolums, Orange, Lemons, Eupatoriums, Heliotropes, Daphnes and Perpetual Pinks. These are found in the bouquets in the flower-stores of this city: They adorn the festive board, diffuse a balmy fragrance in the house of mourning, and make the bridal face of beauty smile. *Flowers!* Who does not love them? Let every young lady have her flower-stand, and every young gentleman his garden; and what is more and better, let them take care of them and delight in them, and they may expect health, intelligence and virtue.

THE HAPPY HOME.

Poetry by Mary Grace Halpine. — Music by J. C. Johnson.

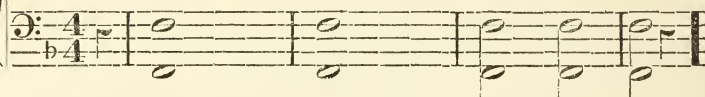
Tenor.



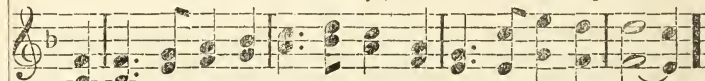
When our full soul is tempest-torn, All wea-ry and op-pressed,
'Tis where the cheerful fire burns high, Our dear and hap-py home;



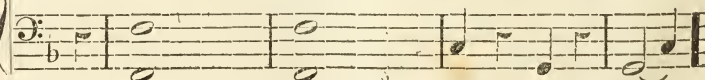
The cherished friends of ear-ly youth, How beau-ti-ful they seem!



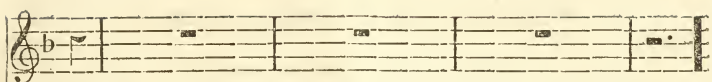
Where is the place to which we turn, The spot we love the best?
To it we turn a wish-ful eye, Where'er our foot-steps roam.



How sweet, in their un-sul-lied truth! How peaceful and se-rene!



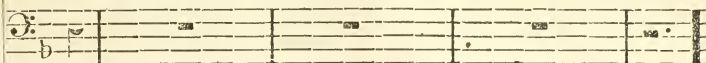
THE HAPPY HOME.



Where do our will - ing steps re - pair, When day's dull la - bors close?
'Tis not the gifts that for - tune brings, Which make that place so fair;



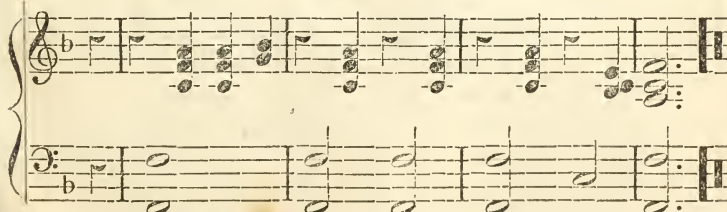
Al-though their paths be sev - ered now, And far a - part they roam,



Where do we seek re - lief from care? Where do we find re - pose?
Nor yet the light that grandeur flings; *The friends we love are there —*



Fa - ther in heaven, we know that thou Wilt lead thy chil-dren home.



"Soft is the Morning Dew."

DUETT.

By G. J. WEBB.

POETRY BY MRS. MARY H. MAXWELL.

Andantino.

The musical score is written for a duet in 3/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words aligned with specific notes and others spanning across measures. The lyrics are: "Soft is the morning dew Resting on flowers; Gentle the balmy breath, 'Mid summer bowers; Green is the moss-couch Spread to repose; Sweet o'er the heather hill The wild flower blows. Sweet o'er the heather hill The wild flower blows."

2.
Dew on the bright flowers
Soon glides away;
Calm breath of Summer
Speeds on its way—
Yellow the moss-bed,
Bleak is the hill—
Gone are the silver buds, |
Hushed is the rill.

3.
Days without number,
Thus on the wing,
Fly as the shadow
Glides o'er the hill;

Star of the morning,
Gilding our bloom,
Lights up at evening |
Our path to the tomb. |

4.
Not this our Eden home,
Rocked by the blast—
Not this our beacon star,
Fading so fast;
Dark though the stormy hours,
Fleeting and short—
Bark of our pilgrimage |
Soon is at port |





